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THE

WORKS

OF

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

WITH

The AUTHOR'S LIFE and CHARACTER; NOTES Hiſtorical, Critical, and Explanatory; TABLES of CONTENTS, and INDEXES.

More complete than any preceding Edition.

IN THIRTEEN VOLUMES.

Accurately corrected by the beſt Editions.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for A. DONALDSON, and ſold at his Shop (No 195.) in the Strand, London; and at Edinburgh.

M.DCC.LXVIII.

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THE

EDITOR's PREFACE.

THE Works of Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT have been univerſally admired, and have paſſed through many editions, both in England and Ireland. How they have been received in Scotland, appears from the quick ſale of four Scotch editions ſince the year 1752. A fifth one is now offered to the public, which it is hoped will meet with a favourable reception. As this edition is partly upon a different plan, more complete, and illuſtrated with a far greater number of notes, than any that hath yet appeared in England; we think it neceſſary to give an account of the method uſed in conducting it.

As to the arrangement of particular pieces in each claſs, there were only three things that ſeemed to deſerve attention, or that could direct the choice; that the verſe and proſe ſhould be kept ſeparate; that the poſthumous and doubtful pieces ſhould not be mingled with thoſe which the Dean is known to have publiſhed himſelf; and that thoſe tracts, which are parts of a regular ſeries, and illuſtrate each other, ſhould be ranged in

ſucceſſion, without the intervention of other matter. Such are the Drapier's Letters, and ſome other papers publiſhed upon the ſame occaſion, which have not only in the Iriſh edition, but in every other, been ſo mixed, as to miſrepreſent ſome facts, and obſcure others. Such alſo are the tracts on the Sacramental teſt; which are now put together in a regular order, as they ſhould always be read, by thoſe who would ſee their whole ſtrength and propriety.

As to the arrangement of the different pieces, we have claſſed them in the order which appeared the moſt natural, according to the plan pointed out by the Earl of Orrery, and, as near as can be, in chronological order. The firſt ten volumes contain what were publiſhed in the author's lifetime, the 11th. 12th, and 13th volumes are a ſelection from what is called The Poſthumous Works, containing all that the original editor, Mr. Falconer, has thought worthy of publication.

As to the Notes, this edition will be found to contain double the number that is inſerted in any London edition. Moſt part of thoſe notes to which no name is annexed, are taken from the Dublin and other editions. The greateſt part of the other notes are taken from the Earl of Orrery's remarks on the life and writings of Dr. Swift, Mr. Dean Swift's Eſſay on the ſame ſubject, and Warburton's edition of Pope's Works. A few notes of reference,

reference, and ſome hiſtorical remarks, are inſerted by the editor. To ſome of the large extracts from Orrery and Swift, we have given the title of Criticiſms; which are to be found in the 1ſt, 7th, and 9th volumes. And care has been taken not to omit any remark of importance contained in the writings of theſe authors upon any piece of Swift's works.

Dr. Hawkeſworth's edition of this celebrated author, has been juſtly eſteemed; yet, upon compariſon, this one will be found to contain ſeveral pieces, both in verſe and proſe, not inſerted in his; beſides other advantages of Indexes, *&c.*

As to the Life of Dr. Swift, many accounts have been publiſhed of it. Theſe have mutually reflected light upon each other, aſcertained controverted facts, and rectified miſtakes, which, if they had ſtill been traditional and oral, would ſtill have been believed. Several little incidents, which ſhewed the peculiarities of his converſation and domeſtic life, were related by Mrs. Pilkington, in her memoirs; though theſe could be believed only in proportion as they verified themſelves. Lord Orrery's letters contained many of the principal events, intermingled with many characteriſtic incidents, ſupported in general upon better authority; but ſometimes founded upon falſe information. Some of theſe miſtakes were detected by a volume of letters ſigned J. R. in which were alſo ſome new materials; and the account ſince publiſhed

publiſhed by Mr. Swift, with an imperfect ſketch by the Dean himſelf, has furniſhed yet more. It was not thought neceſſary (ſays he) to relate every trifling particular that has been recorded, but only to ſelect ſuch as will ſufficiently diſtinguiſh the peculiarities of his character and manners, and tranſmit a knowledge of him to poſterity, of the ſame kind, if not in the ſame degree, as was obtained by thoſe among his contemporaries, who were admitted to his converſation and friendſhip.

In the account of Dr. Swift's Life, ſeveral anecdotes, and different relations of particular incidents, are thrown into notes; and ſome critical remarks on his character, taken from Lord Orrery and Mr. Swift, are now added. An abridgement of Mrs. Pilkington's account is annexed. In the tenth volume, immediately after the Dean's Will, are two letters deſcribing his furioſity. After which is given Lord Orrery's account of Swift's death, and his Lordſhip's diſſertation on lunacy and idiotiſm, occaſioned by the melancholy ſituation of the Dean's underſtanding, ſome years before his death.

In works of great extent, the utility of indexes is obvious to every reader, and the want is generally complained of: Yet few of the London editions have any index. Therefore, to ſupply ſo material a defect, three indexes are annexed to the tenth volume. The firſt is of the titles of the pieces in proſe; the

the ſecond, of thoſe of the poetry; and the third is of the principal matters. Beſides theſe indexes, unto volume 13th is added an index to the three volumes of Poſthumous Works.

Care has been taken to print this edition as correctly as poſſible; and it is hoped, that, in point of accuracy, it will not be found inferior to any former one. In ſhort, no pains or expence have been ſpared to render this a complete and correct edition of the Works of the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's.

Edinburgh, Decem. 26.
1768.

THE

THE LIFE OF Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

Late Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.

DR. Jonathan Swift, an illuſtrious Engliſh wit, and juſtly celebrated alſo for his political knowledge, was deſcended from a very ancient family, and born on the 30th of November 1667. His grandfather, Mr. Thomas Swift, was vicar of Goodrich in Herefordſhire, and married Mrs. Elizabeth Dryden, aunt of Dryden the poet; by whom he had ſix ſons, Godwin, Thomas, Dryden, William, Jonathan, and Adam. Thomas was bred at Oxford, but died young; Godwin was a barriſter of Gray's-Inn; and William, Dryden, Jonathan, and Adam, were attornies. Godwin having married a relation of the old Marchioneſs of Ormond, the old Duke of Ormond made him his attorney-general

general in the palatinate of Tipperary in Ireland. Ireland was at this time almoſt without lawyers, the rebellion having converted men of all conditions into ſoldiers. Godwin therefore determined to attempt the acquiſition of a fortune in that kingdom, and the ſame motive induced his four brothers to go with him. Jonathan, at the age of about twenty-three, and before he went into Ireland, married Mrs. Abigail Erick, a gentlewoman of Leiceſterſhire; and about two years after left her a widow with one child, a daughter, and pregnant with another, having no means of ſubſiſtence but an annuity of 20 l. which her huſband had purchaſed for her in England, immediately after his marriage. In this diſtreſs ſhe was taken into the family of Godwin, her huſband's eldeſt brother; and there, about ſeven months after his death, delivered of a ſon, whom ſhe called Jonathan, in remembrance of his father, and who was afterwards the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's.

It happened, by whatever accident, that Jonathan was not ſuckled by his mother, but by a nurſe, who was a native of Whitehaven, and when he was about a year old, her affection for him was become ſo ſtrong, that finding it neceſſary to viſit a ſick relation there, ſhe carried him with her, without the knowledge of his mother or uncle. At this place he continued about three years; for, when the matter was diſcovered, his mother ſent

orders not to hazard a second voyage, till he should be better able to bear it. Mrs. Swift, about two years after her husband's death, quitted the family of Mr. Godwin Swift in Ireland, and retired to Leicester, the place of her nativity; but her son was again carried to Ireland by his nurse, and replaced under the protection of his uncle Godwin. It has been generally believed, that Swift was born in England; and, when the people of Ireland displeased him, he has been heard to say, "I am not of this vile country, I am an "Englishman:" but this account of his birth is taken from that which he left behind him in his own hand-writing. Some have also thought that he was a natural son of Sir William Temple, because Sir William expressed a particular regard for him: but that was impossible; for Sir William was resident abroad in a public character from the year 1665, to 1670; and his mother, who was never out of the British dominions, brought him into the world in 1667.

At about six years of age he was sent to the school of Kilkenny, and having continued there eight years, he was admitted a student of Trinity college in Dublin. Here applying himself to books of history and poetry, to the neglect of academic learning, he was at the end of four years, refused his degree of bachelor of arts for insufficiency; and was at last admitted *speciali gratia*, which is there considered as the highest degree of reproach

and diſhonour. Stung with the diſgrace, he ſtudied eight hours a day, for ſeven years following, He commenced theſe ſtudies at the univerſity of Dublin, where he continued them three years: and, during this time, he drew up the firſt ſketch of his Tale of a Tub; for Waſſenden Warren, Eſq; a gentleman of fortune near Belfaſt in Ireland, who was chamberfellow with Swift, declared that he then ſaw a copy of it in Swift's own hand-writing.

In 1688, his uncle Godwin was ſeized with a lethargy, and ſoon deprived both of his ſpeech and memory: by which accident Swift being left without ſupport, took a journey to Leiceſter, that he might conſult with his mother what courſe of life to purſue. At this time Sir William Temple was in high reputation, and honoured with the confidence and familiarity of King William. His father, Sir John Temple, had been maſter of the rolls in Ireland, and contracted an intimate friendſhip with Godwin Swift, which continued till his death; and Sir William, who inherited his title and eſtate, had married a lady to whom Mrs. Swift was related; ſhe therefore adviſed her ſon to communicate his ſituation to Sir William, and ſollicit his direction what to do. Sir William received him with great kindneſs, and Swift's firſt viſit continued two years. Sir William had been ambaſſador and mediator of a general peace at Nimeguen before the Revolution, in which character he became known to the Prince of Orange, who frequently

frequently visited him at Sheen, after his arrival in England, and took his advice in affairs of the utmost importance. Sir William being then lame with the gout, Swift used to attend his Majesty in the walks about the garden, who admitted him to such familiarity, that he shewed him how to cut asparagus after the Dutch manner, and once offered to make him a captain of horse; but Swift had fixed his mind upon an ecclesiastical life.

About this time a bill was brought into the house for triennial parliaments, to which the King was very averse, but sent however to consult Sir William Temple, who soon afterwards sent Swift to Kensington with the whole account in writing, to convince the King how ill he was advised. This was Swift's first embassy to court, who, though he understood English history, and the matter in hand very well, yet did not prevail. Soon after this transaction he was seized with the return of a disorder, which he had contracted in Ireland, by eating a great quantity of fruit, and which afterwards gradually increased, though with irregular intermissions, till it terminated in a total debility of body and mind.

About a year after his return from Ireland, he thought it expedient to take his master of arts degree at Oxford; and accordingly was admitted *ad eundem* on the 14th of June 1692, with many civilities. These, some say, proceeded from a misunderstanding of the words, *speciali gratia*, in his *testimonium* from Dublin,

which were there ſuppoſed to be a compliment paid to uncommon merit; but are more probably aſcribed by others to his known connection with Sir William Temple. It is eaſy to conceive, however, that Swift, after his reputation was eſtabliſhed, might while he was ſporting with this incident in the gaiety of his heart, pretend a miſtake which never happened. From Oxford he returned to Sir William Temple, and aſſiſted him in reviſing his works: He alſo corrected and improved his own Tale of a Tub, and added the Digreſſions. From the converſation of Sir William, Swift greatly increaſed his political knowledge: but ſuſpecting Sir William of neglecting to provide for him, merely that he might keep him in his family, he at length reſented it ſo warmly, that, in 1694, a quarrel enſued, and they parted.

Swift, during his reſidence with Sir William, had never failed to viſit his mother at Leiceſter once a year, and his manner of travelling was very extraordinary. He always went on foot, except when the weather was very bad, and then he would ſometimes take ſhelter in a waggon. He choſe to dine at obſcure ale-houſes among pedlars and oſtlers, and to lie where he ſaw written over the door, lodgings for a penny; but he uſed to bribe the maid with a teſter for a ſingle bed, and clean ſheets.

His reſolution was now to take orders: and ſoon after obtained a recommendation to Lord

Lord Capel, then lord-deputy of Ireland, who gave him the prebend of Kilroot, in the dioceſe of Connor, worth about 100 l. *per annum*. But Sir William, who had been uſed to the converſation of Swift, ſoon found that he could not be content to live without him; and therefore urged him to reſign his prebend in favour of a friend, promiſing to obtain preferment for him in England, if he would return. Swift conſented, and Sir William was ſo well pleaſed with this act of kindneſs, that, during the remainder of his life, which was about four years, his behaviour was ſuch as produced the utmoſt harmony between them. Swift, as a teſtimony of his friendſhip and eſteem, wrote the Battle of the Books, of which Sir William is the hero; and Sir William, when he died, left him a pecuniary legacy, and his poſthumous works*.

Upon the death of Sir William Temple, Swift applied by petition to King William, for the firſt vacant prebend of Canterbury or Weſtminſter, for which the royal promiſe had been obtained by his late patron, whoſe poſthumous works he dedicated to his Majeſty, to facilitate the ſucceſs of that application. But it does not appear, that, after the death of Sir William, the King, took the leaſt notice of Swift. After this he accepted an invitation from the Earl of Berkeley, appointed

* Two volumes of Sir William's Letters, which he dedicated to his Majeſty.

one of the lords juſtices of Ireland, to attend him as chaplain and private ſecretary; but he was ſoon removed from this poſt, upon a pretence that it was not fit for a clergyman. This diſappointment was preſently followed by another; for when the deanry of Derry became vacant, and it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to diſpoſe of it, Swift, inſtead of receiving it as an atonement for his late uſage, was put off with the livings of Laracor and Rathbegging, in the dioceſe of Meth, which together did not amount to half its value. He went to reſide at Laracor, and performed the duties of a pariſh prieſt with the utmoſt punctuality and devotion. He was indeed always very devout, not only in his public and ſolemn addreſſes to God, but in his domeſtic and private exerciſes: and yet, with all his piety in his heart, he could not forbear indulging the peculiarity of his humour, when an opportunity offered, whatever might be the impropriety of the time and place. Upon his coming to Laracor, he gave public notice, that he would read prayers on Wedneſday and Friday, which had not been the cuſtom; and accordingly the bell was rung, and he aſcended the deſk. But, having ſat ſome time with no other auditor than his clerk Roger, he began, "Dear-"ly beloved Roger, the ſcripture moveth "you and me in ſundry places;" and ſo proceeded to the end of the ſervice. Of the ſame kind was his race with Dr. Raymond, vicar of

of Trim, ſoon after he was made dean of St. Patrick's. Swift had dined one Sunday with Raymond, and when the Bells had done ringing for evening prayers, "Raymond," ſays Swift. "I will lay you a crown, that I will "begin prayers before you this afternoon." Dr. Raymond accepted the wager, and immediately both ran as faſt as they could to the church. Raymond, the nimbler of the two, arrived firſt at the door, and when he entered the church, walked decently towards the reading deſk: Swift never ſlackened his pace, but running up the iſle, left Raymond behind him; and ſtepping into the deſk, without putting on the ſurplice, or opening the book, began the ſervice in an audible voice.

During Swift's reſidence at Laracor, he invited to Ireland a lady, whom he has celebrated by the name of Stella. With this lady he became acquainted while he lived with Sir William Temple: She was the daughter of his ſteward, whoſe name was Johnſon; and Sir William, when he died, left her 1000 l. in conſideration of her father's faithful ſervices. At the death of Sir William, which happened in 1699, ſhe was in the 16th year of her age; and it was about two years afterwards, that, at Swift's invitation, ſhe left England, accompanied by Mrs. Dingley *, a lady who

* The Doctor gave her fifty guineas a year, and left her by his will an annuity of twenty pounds.

was

was fifteen years older, and whose whole fortune, though she was related to Sir William Temple, was no more than an annuity of 27 l. Whether Swift at this time desired the company of Stella as a wife, or a friend, is not certain; but the reason which she and her companion then gave for their leaving England was, that in Ireland the interest of money was high, and provisions were cheap. But whatever was Swift's attachment to Miss Johnson, every possible precaution was taken to prevent scandal: they never lived in the same house; when Swift was absent, Miss Johnson and her friend resided at the parsonage; when he returned, they removed either to his friend Dr. Raymond's, or to a lodging; neither were they ever known to meet, but in the presence of a third person. Swift made frequent excursions to Dublin, and some to London, but Miss Johnson was buried in solitude and obscurity; she was known only to a few of Swift's most intimate acquaintance, and had no female companion except Mrs. Dingley.

In 1701, Swift took his doctor's degree, and in 1702, soon after the death of King William, he went into England for the first time after his settling at Laracor; a journey which he frequently repeated during the reign of Queen Anne. Miss Johnson was once in England in 1705, but returned in a few months, and never crossed the channel afterwards. He soon became eminent as a writer,

and

and in that character was known at leaſt to both Whigs and Tories. He had been educated among the former, but at length attached himſelf to the latter: becauſe the Whigs, as he ſaid, had renounced their old principles, and received others, which their foreſather abhorred. He publiſhed, in 1701, "A diſcourſe of the conteſts and diſſentions between the nobles and commons in Athens and Rome, with the conſequences they had upon both thoſe ſtates:" This was in behalf of King William and his miniſters, againſt the violent proceedings of the Houſe of Commons; but from that year to 1708, he did not write any political pamphlet *.

In 1710, being then in England, he was impowered by the Primate of Ireland, to ſolicit the Queen to releaſe the clergy from paying the twentieth part and firſt fruits; and upon this occaſion his acquaintance with Mr. Harley commenced. As ſoon as he had received the Primate's inſtructions, he reſolved to apply to Mr. Harley; and, before he waited on him, got himſelf repreſented as a perſon who had been ill uſed by the laſt miniſtry, becauſe he would not go ſuch lengths as they would have had him. Mr. Harley

* In the year 1708, he publiſhed ſeveral political works under the name of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq; which name was afterwards aſſumed by Sir Richard Steel, to recommend his Tatlers to the world. *Biographia Britannica.*

received

received him with the utmoſt kindneſs and reſpect; kept him with him two hours alone; engaged in, and ſoon after accompliſhed, his buſineſs; bid him come often to ſee him privately; and told him, that he muſt bring him to the knowledge of Mr. St. John. Swift preſently became acquainted with the reſt of the miniſters, who appear to have courted and careſſed him with uncommon aſſiduity. He dined every Saturday at Mr. Harley's with the Lord Keeper, Mr. Secretary St. John, and Lord Rivers: on that day no other perſon was for ſome time admitted; but this ſelect company was at length inlarged to ſixteen, all men of the firſt claſs, Swift included. From this time he ſupported the intereſt of his new friends with all his power, in pamphlets, poems, and periodical papers: his intimacy with them was ſo remarkable, that he was thought not only to defend, but in ſome degree to direct their meaſures; and ſuch was his importance in the opinion of the oppoſite party, that many ſpeeches were made againſt him in both houſes of parliament; a reward was alſo offered, for diſcovering the author of the Public Spirit of the Whigs.

Amidſt all the buſineſs and honours that crowded upon him, he wrote every day an account of what occurred to Stella; and ſent her a journal regularly, dated every fortnight during the whole time of his connection with Queen Anne's miniſtry. From theſe unreſtrained effuſions of his heart many particulars

lars are known, which would otherwiſe have lain hid; and by theſe it appears, that he was not only employed, but truſted, even by Harley himſelf, who, to all others, was reſerved and myſterious. In the mean time, Swift had no expectations of advantage from his connections with theſe perſons: he knew they could not long preſerve their power; and he did not honour it while it laſted, on account of the violent meaſures which were purſued by both ſides. "I uſe the mini-"ſtry," ſays he, "like dogs, becauſe I ex-"pect they will uſe me ſo.—I never knew "a miniſtry do any thing for thoſe whom "they make companions of their pleaſures; "but I care not." In the ſummer of 1711, he foreſaw the ruin of the miniſtry by thoſe miſunderſtandings among themſelves, which at laſt effected it; and it was not only his opinion, but their own, that if they could not carry a peace, they muſt ſoon be ſent to the Tower, even though they ſhould agree. In order therefore to facilitate this great event, Swift wrote the conduct of the allies: a piece, which he confeſſes coſt him much pains, and which ſucceeded even beyond his expectations. It was publiſhed on the 27th of November 1711; and in two months time above 11,000 were ſold off, ſeven editions having been printed in England, and three in Ireland. The Tory members in both houſes, who ſpoke, drew all their arguments from it; and the reſolutions, which were printed in the

the votes, and which would never have paſſed but for this pamphlet, were little more than quotations from it. From this time to 1713, he exerted himſelf with unwearied diligence in the ſervice of the miniſtry; and while he was at Windſor, juſt at the concluſion of the peace of Utrecht, he drew the firſt ſketch of An Hiſtory of the four laſt years of Queen Anne. This he afterwards finiſhed, and came into England to publiſh, but was diſſuaded from it by Lord Bolingbroke, who told him, the whole was ſo much in the ſpirit of party-writing, that though it might have made a ſeaſonable pamphlet in the time of their adminiſtration, it would be a diſhonour to juſt hiſtory. Swift ſeems to have been extremely fond of this work, by declaring, as he did, that it was the beſt thing he had ever written: but ſince his friend did not approve it, he would caſt it into the fire. However, it did not undergo this fate, but was lately publiſhed in octavo, to the diſappointment of all thoſe who expected any thing great from it.

During all this time he received no gratuity or reward, till the year 1713; and then he accepted the deanry of St. Patrick's Dublin *.

* This promotion was thought to be a diſappointment to him, as he expected a biſhopric in England; but the Earl of Oxford did not think it proper to offend the oppoſite party, by bringing him into the Houſe of Lords, where he would, no doubt, have made a figure as a ſpeaker.

A biſhopric had been ſome time before intended for him by the Queen; but Archbiſhop Sharpe having repreſented him to her Majeſty as a man whoſe Chriſtianity was very queſtionable, and being ſupported in this by a certain very great lady, it was given to another. He immediately croſſed the channel to take poſſeſſion of his new dignity, but did not ſtay in Ireland more than a fortnight, being urged by an hundred letters to haſten back, and reconcile the Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke. When he returned, he found their animoſity increaſed; and, having predicted their ruin from this very cauſe, he laboured to bring about a reconciliation, as that upon which the whole intereſt of their party depended. Having attempted this by various methods in vain, he went to a friend's houſe in Berkſhire, where he continued till the Queen's death; and, while he was at this place, wrote a diſcourſe, called, "Free thoughts on the preſent ſtate of affairs," which, however, was not publiſhed till ſome time after.

Before we attend Swift to Ireland, it is neceſſary to give a little hiſtory of his Vaneſſa; becauſe his connections with her were made in England. Among other perſons, with whom he was intimately acquainted during the gay part of his life, was Mrs. Vanhomrigh. She was a lady of good family in Ireland, and became the wife of Mr. Vanhomrigh, firſt a merchant of Amſterdam, then of Dublin, where he was raiſed by King Wil-

liam, upon his expedition into Ireland, to very great places. Dying in 1703, he left two ſons and two daughters; but the ſons ſoon after dying, his whole fortune, which was conſiderable, fell to the daughters. In 1709, the widow and the two young ladies came to England, where they were viſited by perſons of the firſt quality; and Swift, lodging near them, uſed to be much there, coming and going without any ceremony, as if he had been one of the family. During this familiarity, he became inſenſibly a kind of preceptor to the young ladies, particularly the eldeſt, who was then about twenty years old, was much addicted to reading, and a great admirer of poetry. Hence admiring, as was natural, ſuch a character as that of Swift, ſhe ſoon paſſed from admiration to love; and urged a little perhaps by vanity, which would have been highly gratified by an alliance with the firſt wit of the age, ſhe ventured to make the Doctor a propoſal of marriage. He affected firſt to believe her in jeſt, then to rally her on ſo whimſical a choice, and at laſt to put her off without an abſolute refuſal; and, while he was in this ſituation, he wrote the poem, called, "Cadenus and "Vaneſſa." It was written in 1713, a ſhort time before he left Vaneſſa, and the reſt of his friends in England, and returned to the place of his exile, as he uſed frequently to call it. In 1714, Mrs. Vanhomrigh died, and having lived very high, left ſome debts, which

which it not being convenient for her daughters, who had alſo debts of their own to pay at preſent, to avoid an arreſt, they followed the Dean into Ireland.

Upon his arrival to take poſſeſſion of his deanry, he had been received with great kindneſs and honour; but now, upon his return after the Queen's death, he experienced every poſſible mark of contempt and indignation. The tables were turned; the power of the Tories and the Dean's credit were at an end; and as a deſign to bring in the pretender had been imputed to the Queen's miniſtry, ſo Swift lay now under much odium, as being ſuppoſed to have been a well-wiſher in that cauſe. As ſoon as he was ſettled at Dublin, Miſs Johnſon removed from the country to be near him, but they ſtill lived in ſeparate houſes; his reſidence being at the deanery, and hers in lodgings on the other ſide of the river Liffy. The Dean kept two public days every week, on which the dignity of his ſtation was ſuſtained with the utmoſt elegance and decorum, under the direction of Miſs Johnſon. As to his employment at home, he ſeems to have had no heart to apply himſelf to ſtudy of any kind, but to have reſigned himſelf wholly to ſuch amuſements, and ſuch company as offered; that he might not think of his ſituation, the misfortunes of his friends, and his diſappointments. "I was "three years," ſays he to Gay, "reconcil- "ing myſelf to the ſcene and buſineſs to

" which fortune hath condemned me; and " ſtupidity was what I had recourſe to."

The firſt remarkable event of his life, after his ſettlement at the deanery, was his marriage to Miſs Johnſon, after a moſt intimate friendſhip of more than ſixteen years. This was in the year 1716; and the ceremony was performed privately by Dr. Aſhe, then Biſhop of Clogher, to whom the Dean had been a pupil in Trinity-colledge, Dublin. But whatever were the motives to this marriage, the Dean and the lady continued to live afterwards, juſt in the ſame manner as they had lived before. Mrs. Dingley was ſtill the inſeparable companion of Stella, wherever ſhe went; and ſhe never reſided at the deanery, except when the Dean had his fits of giddineſs and deafneſs. Till this time he had continued his viſits to Vaneſſa, (Miſs Vanhomrigh), who preſerved her reputation and friends, and was viſited by many perſons of rank, character, and fortune, of both ſexes: but now his viſits were leſs frequent. In 1717, her ſiſter died; and the whole remains of the family-fortune centering in Vaneſſa, ſhe retired to Selbridge, a ſmall houſe and eſtate about twelve miles from Dublin, which had been purchaſed by her father. From this place ſhe wrote frequently to the Dean, and preſſed him, either to accept or refuſe her as a wife; upon which he wrote an anſwer, and delivered it with his own hand. The receipt of this, which probably communicated the fatal ſecret

cret of his marriage with Stella, the unhappy lady did not ſurvive many weeks; however, ſhe was ſufficiently compoſed to cancel a will ſhe had formerly made in the Dean's favour, and to make another, in which ſhe left her fortune to her two executors, Dr. Berkeley Biſhop of Cloyne, and Mr. Marſhall, one of the King's ſerjeants at law.

From 1716 to 1720 is a chaſm in the Dean's life, which it has been difficult to fill up: Lord Orrery thinks, with great reaſon, that he employed this time upon Gulliver's Travels. This work is a moral political romance, in which Swift has exerted the ſtrongeſt efforts of a fine irregular genius; but while his imagination and wit delight, it is hardly poſſible not to be ſometimes offended with his ſatire, which ſets not only all human actions, but human nature itſelf, in the worſt light. The truth is, Swift's diſappointments had rendered him ſplenetic and angry with the whole world, and he frequently indulged himſelf in a miſanthropy that is intolerable; he has done ſo particularly in ſome parts of this work. About this time the Dean, who had already acquired the character of a humouriſt and wit, was firſt regarded with general kindneſs, as the patriot of Ireland. He writ a propoſal for the Iriſh manufactures, which made him very popular; the more ſo, as it immediately raiſed a violent flame, ſo that a proſecution was commenced againſt the printer. In 1724, he writ the

Drapier's Letters; thoſe brazen monuments of his fame, as Lord Orrery calls them. A patent having been iniquitouſly procured by one Wood, to coin 180,000 l. in copper for the uſe of Ireland, by which he would have acquired exorbitant gain, and proportionably impoveriſhed the nation; the Dean, in the character of a draper, wrote a ſeries of letters to the people, urging them not to receive this copper-money. Theſe letters united the whole nation in his praiſe, filled every ſtreet with his effigy, and every voice with acclamations; and Wood, though ſupported for ſome time, was at length compelled to withdraw his patent, and his money was totally ſuppreſſed. From this time the Dean's influence in Ireland was almoſt without bounds: He was conſulted in whatever related to domeſtic policy, and particularly to trade. The weavers always conſidered him as their patron and legiſlator, after his propoſal for the uſe of Iriſh manufactures; and when elections were depending for the city of Dublin, many corporations refuſed to declare themſelves, till they knew his ſentiments and inclinations. Over the populace he was the moſt abſolute monarch that ever governed men; and he was regarded by perſons of every rank with veneration and eſteem.

He was ſeveral times in England on a viſit to Mr. Pope, after his ſettlement at the deanery, particularly in 1726 and 1727. On the 28th of January 1727, died his beloved Stella,

ſa, in the 44th year of her age, regretted by the Dean, with ſuch exceſs of affection, as the keeneſt ſenſibility only could feel, and the moſt excellent character excite; ſhe had been declining from the year 1724. Stella was a moſt amiable woman, both in perſon and mind. Her ſtature was tall, her hair and eyes black, her complexion fair and delicate, her features regular, ſoft, and animated, her ſhape eaſy and elegant, and her manner feminine, polite, and graceful: There was natural muſic in her voice, and complacency in her aſpect: ſhe abounded with wit, which was always accompanied with good nature; her virtue was founded upon humanity, and her religion upon reaſon; her morals were uniform, but not rigid, and her devotion was habitual, but not oſtentatious. "Why "the Dean did not ſooner marry this moſt "excellent perſon; why he married her at "all; why his marriage was ſo cautiouſly "concealed; and why he was never known "to meet her but in the preſence of a third "perſon, are inquiries which no man can "anſwer," ſays the writer of his life, "without abſurdity." Now ſo far at leaſt, if not ſomething farther, we think, may be anſwered, and without abſurdity too. "He did "not marry her ſooner," we ſay, becauſe his original intention was not to marry her at all: he never ſuffered his behaviour towards females to exceed the limits of Platonic love; and the innocence of his commerce with Vaneſſa

neſſa ſeems now to be acknowledged by every body, as well as by this writer. "He did "marry her at length," probably to cure and put an end to thoſe conſtant uneaſineſſes and jealouſies, which his frequent viſits to Vaneſſa muſt naturally raiſe in her. "His marri- "age was cautiouſly concealed," becauſe he never intended to acknowledge her as his wife: and "he was cautious never to meet "her but in the preſence of a third perſon," becauſe, by reaſon of his known intimacy and connection with Stella above all other women, her character was greatly expoſed to unfavourable ſuſpicions, and therefore to be guarded with all poſſible care and tenderneſs againſt them. Thus this author's inquiries may manifeſtly be anſwered, without abſurdity: but the main, and, indeed, ſole difficulty is, why Swift ſhould not deſire a nearer commerce with ſuch a woman as Stella, and conſequently acknowledge and receive her publicly as his wife. Yet the anſwer has been made a thouſand times, though no body ſeems to acquieſce in it; namely, that "he was "not made like other men." Add to this, that Swift was a man of great pride, and could not have borne to be deſpiſed, however ſecretly; that he loved female converſe, and to be courted and admired by wits of that ſex, of which Stella was at the head; that he deſpaired of ſupporting that dignity and credit, even with the delicate Stella, in a ſtate of nearer commerce, which he was always ſure of

preſerving at ſome diſtance: Add all theſe conſiderations together, and the ſolution of this mighty myſtery may probably not appear impoſſible. Suppoſing Swift to have been guided in this affair by mere caprice and humour, he cannot but be ſeen in a moſt ungracious light, and conſidered as a man utterly devoid of humanity; for it is generally agreed, that Stella's immature death was occaſioned by the peculiarity of his conduct towards her. It appears by ſeveral little incidents, that ſhe regretted and diſapproved this conduct, and that ſhe ſometimes reproached him with unkindneſs; for to ſuch regret and reproach he certainly alludes, in the following verſe on her birthday, in 1726.

" O, then whatever heav'n intends,
" Take pity on your pitying friends:
" Nor let your ills affect your mind,
" To fancy they can be unkind;
" Me, ſurely, me you ought to ſpare,
" Who gladly would your ſufferings ſhare."

It is ſaid the Dean did at length earneſtly deſire, that ſhe might be publicly owned as his wife; but as her health was then declining, ſhe ſaid it was too late, and inſiſted, that thy ſhould continue to live as they had lived before. To this the Dean in his turn conſented, and ſuffered her to diſpoſe entirely of her own fortune, by her own name, to a public charity, when ſhe died.

From the death of Stella his life became much

much retired, and the auſterity of his temper increaſed: he could not enjoy his public days; theſe entertainments were therefore diſcontinued, and he ſometimes avoided the company of his moſt intimate friends: but in time he grew more deſirous of company. In 1732, he complains, in a letter to Mr. Gay, that "he had a large houſe, and ſhould "hardly find one viſitor, if he was not able "to hire him with a bottle of wine:" and in another to Mr. Pope, that "he was in dan-"ger of dying poor and friendleſs, even his "female friends having forſaken him; "which," as he ſays, "vexed him moſt." Theſe complaints were afterwards repeated in a ſtrain of yet greater ſenſibility and ſelf-pity: "All my friends have forſaken me:"

"*Vertiginoſus, inops, ſurdus, male gratus amicis,*
"Deaf, giddy, helpleſs, left alone,
"To all my friends a burden grown.

As he lived much in ſolitude, he frequently amuſed himſelf with writing; and it is very remarkable, that although his mind was greatly depreſſed, and his principal enjoyment at an end when Miſs Johnſon died, yet there is an air of levity and trifling in ſome of the pieces he wrote afterwards, that is not to be found in any other: ſuch in particular are his directions to ſervants, and ſeveral of his letters to his friend Dr. Sheridan. In

1733,

1733, when the attempt was made to repeal the teſt-act in Ireland, the diſſenters often affected to call themſelves Brother-proteſtants, and Fellow-Chriſtians, with the members of the eſtabliſhed church. Upon this occaſion the Dean wrote a ſhort copy of verſes*, which ſo provoked one Betteſworth, a lawyer and member of the Iriſh parliament, that he ſwore, in the hearing of many perſons, to revenge himſelf either by murdering or maiming the author; and, for this purpoſe, he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to ſecure the Dean wherever he could be found. This being known, thirty of the nobility and gentry, within the liberty of St. Patrick's, waited upon the Dean in form, and preſented a paper ſubſcribed with their names, in which they ſolemnly engaged, in behalf of themſelves and the reſt of the liberty, to defend his perſon and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country. When this paper was delivered, Swift was in bed, deaf and giddy, yet made a ſhift to dictate a proper anſwer †. Theſe fits of deafneſs and giddineſs, which

* Thus at the bar that Blockhead Betteſworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his ſweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother-ſerjeant.

† The Dean's anſwer was as follows.

'Gentlemen,

'I receive, with great thankfulneſs, theſe many kind 'expreſſions of your concern for my ſafety, as well as 'your

which were the effects of his ſurfeit, before he was twenty years old, became more frequent and violent in proportion as he grew into years: and in 1736, while he was writing a ſatire on the Iriſh parliament, which he called The Legion Club, he was ſeized with one of theſe fits, the effects of which was ſo dreadful, that he left the copy unfiniſhed, and never afterwards attempted a compoſition either in proſe or verſe that required the courſe of thinking, or perhaps more than one ſitting to finiſh.

'your declared reſolution to defend me (as far as the 'laws of God and man will allow) againſt all murder-'ers and ruffians, who ſhall attempt to enter into the 'liberty with any bloody and wicked deſigns upon my 'life, my limbs, my houſe, or my goods. Gentlemen, 'my life is in the hands of God, and, whether it may 'be cut off by treachery, or open violence, or by the 'common way of other men, as long as it continues, 'I ſhall ever bear a grateful memory for this favour 'you have ſhewn, beyond my expectation, and almoſt 'exceeding my wiſhes. The inhabitants of the liber-'ty, as well as thoſe of the neighbourhood, have lived 'with me in great amity for near twenty years; which 'I am confident will never diminiſh during my life. I 'am chiefly ſorry, that, by two cruel diſorders of deaf-'neſs and giddineſs, which have purſued me for four 'months, I am not in a condition either to hear or re-'ceive you, much leſs to return you my moſt ſincere 'acknowledgements, which in juſtice and gratitude I 'ought to do. May God bleſs you and your families 'in this world, and make you for ever happy in the next.'

From this time his memory was perceived gradually to decline, and his paſſions to pervert his underſtanding; and in 1741 he was ſo very bad, as to be utterly incapable of converſation. Strangers were not permitted to approach him, and his friends found it neceſſary to have guardians appointed of his perſon and eſtate. Early in 1741, his reaſon was ſubverted, and his rage became abſolute madneſs. In October his left eye ſwelled to the ſize of an egg, and ſeveral large boils broke out in his arms and body; the extreme pain of which kept him awake near a month, and, during one week, it was with difficulty that five perſons reſtrained him by mere force from pulling out his own eyes. Upon the ſubſiding of theſe tumours, he knew thoſe about him; and appeared ſo far to have recovered his underſtanding and temper, that there were hopes he might once more enjoy ſociety. Theſe hopes, however, were but of ſhort duration: for, a few days afterwards, he ſunk into a ſtate of total inſenſibility, ſlept much, and could not, without great difficulty, be prevailed on to walk croſs the room. This was the effect of another bodily diſeaſe, his brain being loaded with water. Mr. Stevens, an ingenious clergyman of Dublin, pronounced this to be the caſe during his illneſs; and upon opening his body, it appeared that he was not miſtaken. After the Dean had continued ſilent a whole year, in this ſtate of helpleſs idiotiſm, his houſe-keeper went into

his room on the 30th of November in the morning, and told him, it was his birth-day, and that bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate it as usual: to which he immediately replied, "It is all folly, they had "better let it alone." Some other instances of short intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness ended in stupor, seem to prove, that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended the powers of his mind. In 1744, he now and then called his servant by name; and once attempting to speak to him, but not being able to express his meaning, he shewed signs of much uneasiness; and at last said, "I am a fool." Once afterwards, as his servant was taking away his watch, he said, "bring it here:" and when the same servant was breaking a large hard coal, he said, "that is a stone, you block-"head." From this time he was perfectly silent, till the latter end of October 1745, and then died, without the least pang or convulsion, in the 78th year of his age.

His character was very singular, and has been attempted by several writers, the substance of which is as follows. In his person, he was large, robust, and masculine, his deportment was commanding, and his walk erect. His voice was sharp and high toned, especially when he read prayers, but not effeminate; and there was a natural severity in his aspect, which even his smiles could scarce soften, nor could his utmost gaiety relax

lax. He was cleanly even to ſuperſtition; his nails were always paired to the quick, to prevent the leaſt gathering of dirt under them, and he never dreſſed without a baſon of water by him, with which he carefully cleanſed his feet. Among his ſingularities, were his reſolution never to wear ſpectacles, and his obſtinate perſeverance in the uſe of too much exerciſe. Regularity was peculiar to him in all his actions, even in the greateſt trifles. His hours of walking and reading never varied. His motions were guided by his watch, which was ſo conſtantly held in his hand, or placed before him on the table, that he ſeldom deviated many minutes in the daily revolutions of his exerciſes and employments. His manner was without ceremony, but not ruſtic; for he had a perfect knowledge of all the modes and variations of politeneſs and complaiſance, which he practiſed in a manner peculiar to himſelf; and the reſpect that was due to him by theſe rules, he took care to exact, without the leaſt abatement. He had ſeen the great world, and profited much by his experience. His capacity and ſtrength of mind were undeniably equal to any taſk whatſoever. His pride, his ſpirit, or his ambition, call it by what name you pleaſe, was boundleſs; but his views were checked in his younger years, and the anxiety of that diſappointment had a viſible effect upon all his actions. He was ſour and ſevere, but not abſolutely ill-natured. He was ſociable only to particular friends, and to

them only at particular hours. In company his rule was never to ſpeak more than a minute at a time, and then to wait at leaſt as long for others to take up the converſation. His colloquial ſtile, like that of his writing, was clear, forcible, and conciſe. He greatly excelled in punning, a talent, he ſaid, which no man affected to deſpiſe, but thoſe who were without it. But his converſation abounded with turns of wit of a higher kind. The Dean alſo greatly excelled in telling a ſtory, his ſentences were ſhort and perſpicuous, his obſervations piercing; and though in the latter part of his life he was very apt to tell his ſtories too often, yet his wit, as well as his virtues, was always ſuperior to the wretched expedients of thoſe deſpicable babblers, who are perpetually attempting to put off double entendre and profaneneſs for wit and humour. His converſation was in the higheſt degree chaſte, and wholly free from the leaſt tincture of irreligion. As he was zealous to preſerve all the delicacies of converſation, he was always beſt pleaſed, when ſome of the company were ladies. He had not the leaſt tincture of vanity in his converſation; he was uſed to ſay, he was too proud to be vain. He generally ſpoke as he thought, in all companies, and at all times. If the converſation turned upon ſerious ſubjects, he was neither petulant in the debate, nor negligent of the iſſue. He would liſten with great attention to the arguments

guments of others, and whether he was engaged or not in the argument, he would recapitulate what had been ſaid, ſtate the queſtion with great clearneſs and preciſion, point out the controverted particular, and appeal to the opinion either of ſome neutral perſon, or of the majority. It is however true, that he kept his friends in ſome degree of awe, and was therefore rather an entertaining, than a deſirable gueſt. He was open to adulation and could not, or would not diſtinguiſh between low flattery and juſt applauſe. Yet he was not leſs open to admonition, if it was offered without arrogance, and by perſons of whoſe ability and honeſty he had no doubt. Such was Swift as a companion; as a maſter, he was not leſs remarkable. As he expected punctual, ready, and implicit obedience, he always tried his ſervants when he hired them, by ſome teſt of their humility. Among other queſtions, he always aſked whether they underſtood cleaning ſhoes, "becauſe," ſaid he, "my kitchen-wench has a ſcullion that does "her drudgery, and one part of the buſineſs "of my groom and footman, is conſtantly to "clean her ſhoes by turns;" if they ſcrupled this, the treaty was at an end; if not, he gave them a further hearing. He appeared to be churliſh and auſtere to his domeſtics in general; but in reality was a good maſter. As a member of civil ſociety, he was a zealous advocate for liberty, the detector of fraud, and the ſcourge of oppreſſion. In poli-

tics he was neither Whig nor Tory, Jacobite nor Republican; he was Dr. Swift. As an eccleſiaſtic, he was ſcrupulouſly exact, in the exerciſe of his function, as well with regard to ſpiritual as temporal things. He was extremely exact and conſcientious in promoting the members of his choir according to their merit, and never advanced any perſon to a vicarage, who was not qualified in all reſpects in the higheſt degree. He could never be induced to take fines for any of the chapter-lands. He always choſe to raiſe the rents, as the method leaſt oppreſſive to the preſent tenant, and moſt advantageous to all future tenants and landlords; he conſtantly refuſed to give charity out of the chapter-funds, which he alleged were ſcarce ſufficient to maintain the neceſſary repairs of the cathedral, and he expended more money to ſupport and adorn it, than had been applied to the ſame uſe in any period of equal length ſince it was firſt built. He was a faithful guardian of the rights of his deanery, and even determined to aſſert his right of abſence againſt the Archbiſhop of Dublin, at the expence of ſeveral hundred pounds, when he did not believe he ſhould ever again claim the privileges for himſelf; becauſe he would not hurt his ſucceſſor by an injurious precedent. The poor, in the liberty of his cathedral, were better regulated than any other in the kingdom: They were all badged, and were never found begging out of their diſtrict. For theſe he built

and

and furniſhed a little alms-houſe, being aſſiſted by ſome voluntary contributions, and he preſerved among them uncommon cleanlineſs and decency, by conſtantly viſiting them in perſon. Nor was his care and kindneſs confined to his cathedral: he improved his living of Laracor, though he continued there but a ſhort time, and left both the houſe and glebe a convenient and agreeable retreat to his ſucceſſor, at a conſiderable expence. In his private capacity, he was not only charitable but generous, and whatever miſanthropy may be found in his writings, there does not appear to have been any in his life. His writings in defence of the poor people of Ireland are well known, and that he might not be wanting himſelf, while he pleaded their cauſe with others, he conſtantly lent out a large ſum of money, in ſmall portions, to honeſt, induſtrious, and neceſſitous tradeſmen, upon eaſy terms. Beſides this, he frequently gave five and ten pounds, without any parade, when proper objects offered. He was diligent to relieve the poor, and, at the ſame time, to encourage induſtry, even in the loweſt ſtation; he uſed regularly to viſit a great number of poor, chiefly women, as well in in the public ſtreets, as in the bye-allies, and under the arches of Dublin. If he was not exempt from the infirmity of loving money, yet he was clear of the vice. If his œconomy degenerated into avarice, it muſt be confeſſed it did not contract his bounty. He turned

ed all the evil of exceſſive frugality upon himſelf; it induced him to walk, when he had been uſed to ride, and he would then ſay, he had earned a ſhilling or eighteen pence, which he had a right to do what he pleaſed with, and which he conſtantly applied to his uſual charities, which by this expedient he could continue, and yet expend leſs upon the whole than before. Whilſt he abounded in charity, he was not leſs diligent in the practice of other virtues, or leſs devout and conſtant in the ſolemnities of religion. He was remarkably temperate, both in eating and drinking. He was not only juſt, but punctual in his dealings, and he had an inviolable regard for truth. As he conſtantly attended divine worſhip when he was at home, ſo he uſed always to go early to church when he was in London, and never to ſleep without aſſembling his family in his own chamber to prayers. An abhorrence of hypocriſy was a ſtriking particular in his character; he even carried it to ſuch an exceſs, that it is not eaſy to determine, whether it was more a virtue than a vice; for it brought upon him the charge of irreligion, and encouraged others to be irreligious. In proportion as he abhorred hypocriſy, he dreaded the imputation of it, and therefore concealed his piety with as much diligence, as others conceal their vices, which cuſtom has not made reputable. As his abhorrence of hypocriſy exempted him from affectation, the natural equity of his mind ſecured

cured him againſt envy. He cultivated genius wherever he found it, and in whatever degree, with great zeal and aſſiduity; and would frequently ſpend much time in correcting and improving any literary compoſitions that had the leaſt appearance of ingenuity. As a writer, he had no equal. His ſtile is maſterly, correct, and ſtrong, never diffuſive, yet always clear; and if we conſider it in compariſon of his predeceſſors, he has outdone them all, and is one, perhaps the chief, of thoſe few ſelect Engliſh writers, who have excelled in elegance and propriety of language. In politics, his favourite topic, he appears like a maſterly gladiator; he wields the ſword of party with eaſe, juſtneſs, and dexterity, and while he entertains the ignorant and the vulgar, he draws an equal attention from the learned and the great. When he is ſerious, his gravity becomes him; when he laughs, his readers muſt laugh with him. In poetry, he would not take pains to excell: but became, in ſome meaſure, ſuperior to it, and aſſumed more the air and manner of a critic, than a poet. But what ſhall be ſaid for his love of trifles, and his want of delicacy and decorum? Forgive him theſe errors, and draw a veil over certain excreſcences of wit and humour; you will then admire him as an honour to the public, and a ſcourge to all the knaves and fools of his time. Upon the whole, his conduct was greatly variegated, ſo much

as

as to appear even capricious and contradictory. However, if we look a little deeper than the ſurface, theſe ſeeming contradictions will be found to ariſe from the ſame principles. Swift was naturally temperate and chaſte, it was therefore eaſy for him to be frugal; but he was alſo naturally high-ſpirited: and therefore, as wealth is the pledge of independence, it is not ſtrange his frugality ſhould verge to exceſs. However, as he acted upon Chriſtian principles of general virtue, he did not deliver himſelf up to natural propenſions, when contrary to his duty; and therefore his love of money did not contract his charity to the poor, or defraud his ſucceſſors to enrich himſelf. The ſame ſpirit which ſecured his integrity, by diſdaining the meanneſs of a lie, produced that dread of hypocriſy which concealed his piety, and betrayed him into appearances of evil: and the ſame want of natural tenderneſs which made him obdurate and auſtere, transferred the diſtribution of his liberality from inſtinct to religion. Such was *Jonathan Swift*, whoſe life, with all the advantages of genius and learning, was a ſcale of infelicity, gradually aſcending, till pain and anguiſh deſtroyed the faculties by which they were felt. An inſtructive leſſon to teach the wiſe humility, and the ſimple content.

By his will, which is dated in May 1740, juſt before he ceaſed to be a reaſonable being, he

he left about 1200 l. in legacies *; and the reſt of his fortune, which amounted to about 11,000 l. to erect and endow an hoſpital for ideots and lunatics. He was buried in the great iſle of St. Patrick's cathedral, under a ſtone of black marble, inſcribed with the following Latin epitaph: It was written by himſelf, and ſhews a moſt unhappy miſanthropic ſtate of mind.

" Hic depoſitum eſt corpus
" Jonathan Swift, S. T. P.
" Hujus eccleſiæ cathedralis decani
" Ubi ſæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit,
" Abi, viator, & imitare,
" Si poteris,
" Strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicatorem.
" Obiit, &c."

* His will, like all his other writings, is drawn up in a peculiar manner. Even in ſo ſerious a compoſition he could not help indulging himſelf in leaving legacies that carry with them an air of raillery and jeſt. He diſpoſes of his three hats, his beſt, his ſecond beſt, and his third beſt beaver, with an ironical ſolemnity that renders the bequeſts ridiculous. He bequeaths 'to 'Mr. John Gratton a ſilver box, to keep in it the to-'bacco which the ſaid John uſually chewed, called 'pigtail.' But his legacy to Mr. Robert Gratton is ſtill more extraordinary. 'Item, I bequeath to Mr. 'Robert Gratton, prebendary of St. Andrew's, my 'ſtrong box, on condition of his giving the ſole uſe of 'the ſaid box to his brother, Dr. James Gratton, du-'ring the life of the ſaid Doctor, who hath more oc-'caſion for it.'

Some

Some PARTICULARS concerning Dr. SWIFT.

Taken from Mrs. PILKINGTON's Memoirs.

MRS. Pilkington's acquaintance with Dr. Swift commenced from ſending him the lines on his birth-day, vol. 8. p. 349. Theſe the Dean received very kindly, and ſaid, he would ſee her whenever ſhe pleaſed.

A few days after, ſhe was introduced to the Dean in Dr. Delany's garden at Delville, by a gentlewoman. He ſaluted her, and aſked the lady, if, ſhe was her daughter? The lady ſmiled, and ſaid ſhe was Mrs. Pilkington. "What," ſays he, "this poor little child married! God help her ſhe "is early engaged to trouble." The Dean engaging Mr. Pilkington to preach for him at the cathedral next Sunday, invited her, with the reſt of the company, to dinner. As the communion is adminiſtered every Sunday in St. Patrick's church, Mrs. Pilkington was charmed to ſee with what a becoming piety the Dean performed that holy ſervice, which he had ſo much at heart, that he wanted not the aſſiſtance of the liturgy, but went quite through it without ever looking on the book. He bowed at the table; which behaviour was cenſured, as ſavouring of popery. But this circumſtance may vindicate him from the wicked aſperſion of being deemed an unbeliever, ſince it is plain he had the utmoſt reverence for the euchariſt. Service being ended, the Dean was ſurrounded at the church-door, by a crowd of poor; to all of whom he

charity, except an old woman, who held out a very dirty hand to him. He told her, very gravely, That though she was a beggar, water was not so scarce but she might have washed her hands. When they came to the deanry, the Dean kindly saluted Mrs. Pilkington, and, without allowing her time to sit down, bade her come and see his library; but merrily told Mr. Pilkington, who was for following them, that he did not desire his company. "Well," said he to her, "I have brought you "here to shew you all the money I got when I was "in the ministry; but don't steal any of it." "I "won't indeed, Sir," said she. So opening a cabinet, he shewed her a parcel of empty drawers; "Bless me." says he, "the money is flown." He then opened his bureau, wherein he had a great number of curious trinkets of various kinds, some of which were presented to him by the Earl and Countess of Oxford, Lady Masham, and Lady Betty Germain. At last coming to a drawer filled with medals, he bade her chuse two for herself; but he could not help smiling, when she began to poize them in her hands, chusing them by weight rather than antiquity.

At dinner, the Dean's behaviour was very humourous. He placed himself at the head of his table, opposite to a great pier glass, so that he could see in the glass whatever the servants did behind him. He was served entirely in plate, with great elegance. But the beef being over-roasted, put the company all in confusion. The Dean called for the cook maid, and ordered her to take the beef down stairs, and do it less. She answered, very innocently, that she could not. "Why, what "sort of a creature are you," says he, "to com-"mit a fault which cannot be amended!" And turning to Mrs Pilkington, he said very gravely, "That he hoped, as the cook was a woman of ge-"nius, he should, by this manner of arguing, be

" able, in about a year's time, to convince her that " ſhe had better ſend up the meat too little than " too much done;" charging the men-ſervants, whenever they imagined the meat was ready, they ſhould take it, ſpit and all, and bring it up by force, promiſing to aid them in caſe the cook reſiſted. Then turning his eye on the looking-glaſs, he eſpied the butler opening a bottle of ale; and helping himſelf to the firſt glaſs, he very kindly jumbled the reſt together, that his maſter and gueſts might all fare alike. " Ha! friend," ſaid the Dean, " Sharp's the word, I find, you drank my " ale, for which I ſtop two ſhillings of your board-" wages this week; for I ſcorn to be outdone in " any thing, even in cheating."

Dinner being ended, the Dean thanked Mr. Pilkington for his ſermon; " I never," ſaid he, " preached but twice in my life; and then they " were not ſermons, but pamphlets." Mrs. Pilkington aſked him, what might be the ſubject of them? He told her, they were againſt Wood's halfpence. Having aſked Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington, if they could ſmoke; and being anſwered that they did not; " 'Tis a ſign," ſaid he, " you were " neither of you bred in the univerſity of Oxford; " for drinking and ſmoking are the firſt rudi-" ments of learning taught there; and in theſe two " arts, no univerſity in Europe can outdo them." Having aſked Mrs. Pilkington, if ſhe had any faults? " Pray Mr. Dean," ſaid Dr. Delany, " why will you be ſo unpolite as to ſuppoſe Mrs. " Pilkington has any faults?" " I'll tell you," replied the Dean, " whenever I ſee a number of a-" greeable qualities in any perſon, I am always " ſure they have bad ones ſufficient to poiſe the " ſcale." Mrs. Pilkington bowed and told him, he did her great honour; in that copying Bp. Berkeley, whom ſhe had frequently heard declare, That when any ſpeech was made to him, which might

might be conſtrued either into a compliment or an affront, or that had two handles, he always took hold of the beſt.

The Dean then aſked Mrs. Pilkington, if ſhe were a Queen, what ſhe would chuſe to have after dinner? She anſwered, "Your converſation, Sir." "Pooh," ſaid he, "I mean, what regale?" "A "diſh of coffee, Sir," anſwered ſhe. "Why "then," ſaid he, "I will ſo far make you as happy "as a Queen: you ſhall have ſome in perfection: "for when I was chaplain to the Earl of Berke- "ley, who was in the government here, I was "ſo poor, I was obliged to keep a coffee houſe, "and all the nobility reſorted to it to talk treaſon." The Dean then ſet about making the coffee; but the fire ſcorching his hand, he called to Mrs. Pilkington to reach him his glove; and changing the coffee pot to his left hand, held out his right one, ordering her to put the glove on it; which accordingly ſhe did; when taking up part of his gown to fan himſelf with, and acting in the character of a prudiſh lady, he ſaid, "Well, I do not know what "to think: women may be honeſt that do ſuch "things; but, for my part, I never could bear to "touch any man's fleſh --- except my huſband's: "whom, perhaps, (ſaid he) ſhe wiſhed at the de- "vil."

"Mr. Pilkington," ſaid he, "you would not "tell me your wife's faults; but I have found her "out to be a d——n'd inſolent, proud, unman- "nerly ſlut." "What has ſhe done now?" ſaid Mr. Pilkington. "Done," ſaid the Dean; "why "nothing, but ſat there quietly, and never once "offered to interrupt me in making the coffee; "whereas a lady of modern good-breeding would "have ſtruggled with me for the coffee-pot, till "ſhe had made me ſcald myſelf and her, and made "me throw the coffee in the fire, or perhaps at

" her head, rather than permit me to take ſo " much trouble for her."

Mrs. Pilkington ſtaid at home with the Dean during the time of the afternoon ſervice; and he made her read his Hiſtory of the four laſt years of Q. Anne, aſking her, at the concluſion of every period, whether ſhe underſtood it? " for I would," ſaid he, " have it intelligible to the meaneſt capa- " city; and if you comprehend it, 'tis poſſible eve- " body may."

She accompanied the Dean to evening prayers; and on their return to the deanry, he told Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington, that he gave them leave to ſtay to ſupper; which, from him, was a ſufficient invitation. The Dean then decanted a bottle of wine; and the laſt glaſs being muddy, he called to Mr. Pilkington to drink it; " for," ſaye he, " I always " keep ſome poor parſon to drink the foul wine for me." Mr. Pilkington entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him, he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glaſs at any rate. " Why then," ſaid the Dean, " you ſhan't; for " I'll drink it myſelf Why p---x take you, you are " wiſer than a paltry curate, whom I aſked to dine " with me a few days ago; for, upon my making " the ſame ſpeech to him, he told me he did not " underſtand ſuch uſage; and ſo walked off with- " out his dinner. By the ſame token, I told the " gentleman who recommended him to me, that " the fellow was a blockhead, and I had done " with him."

The Dean then miſſing his golden bottle-ſcrew, told Mrs. Pilkington very ſternly, he was ſure ſhe had ſtolen it. She affirmed very ſeriouſly, ſhe had not Upon which he looked for it, and found it where he himſelf had laid it: " 'Tis well for you," ſaid he, " that I have got it, or I would have char- " ged you with theft." " Why, pray, Sir," ſaid ſhe, " ſhould I be ſuſpected more than any other " perſon

" perſon in the company?" " For a very good rea-
" ſon," ſaid he, " becauſe you are the pooreſt."

At their going away, the Dean handed Mrs. Pilkington down all the ſteps to the coach, thanking them for the honour of their company, at the ſame time ſlipping into her hand as much money as Mr. Pilkington and ſhe had given at the offering in the morning, and coach hire alſo; which ſhe durſt not refuſe, leſt ſhe ſhould have been deemed as great a blockhead as the parſon who refuſed the thick wine.

In one of the Dean's periodical fits of deafneſs he ſent for Mrs. Pilkington; who having come, he brought out to her a large book, finely bound in Turkey leather, and handſomely gilt; "This," ſaid he, " is a tranſlation of the epiſtles of Horace, " a preſent to me from the author; 'tis a ſpecial " good cover; but I have a mind there ſhould be " ſomething valuable within ſide of it." So, taking out his pen-knife, he cut out all the leaves cloſe to the inner margin. " Now," ſaid he " I " will give theſe what they greatly want;" and put them all into the fire. " Your taſk, Madam, is to " paſte in theſe letters in this cover, in the order " I ſhall give them to you: I intended to do it my-" ſelf, but that I thought it might be a pretty a-" muſement for a child; ſo I ſent for you." She told him ſhe was extremely proud to be honoured with his commands; but requeſted to have leave to read the letters as ſhe went on. " Why," ſaid the Dean, " provided you will acknowledge your-" ſelf amply rewarded for your trouble, I don't " much care if I indulge you ſo far."

In reading the letters, ſhe could not avoid remarking to the Dean, that, notwithſtanding the friendſhip Mr. Pope profeſſed for Mr. Gay, he could not forbear a great many ſatirical, or, if ſhe might be allowed to ſay ſo, envious remarks on the ſucceſs of the Beggar's Opera. The Dean very frankly owned, he did not think Mr. Pope was ſo

candid to the merit of other writers as he ought to be. She then ventured to ask the Dean, whether he thought the lines Mr. Pope addresses him with in the beginning of the Dunciad, were any compliment to him? *viz*

O thou! whatever title please thine ear.

"I believe," said he, "they were meant as such, "but they are very stiff." "Indeed, Sir," said "she, he is so perfectly a master of harmonious "numbers, that, had his heart been the least af- "fected with the subject, he must have writ better. "How cold, how forced, are his lines to you, "compared with your's to him?"

Hail, happy Pope, whose generous mind, &c.

"Here we see the masterly poet, and the warm, "sincere, generous friend; while he, according to "the character he gives of Mr. Addison, *damns* "*with faint praise.*— - "Well," replied the Dean, "I'll shew you a late letter of his." He did so; and Mrs. Pilkington was surprised to find it filled with low and ungentleman-like reflections, both on Mr. Gay, and the two noble persons who honoured him with their patronage after his disappointment at court. "Well, Madam," said the Dean, "what do you think of that letter?" (seeing she had gone quite through it). "Indeed, Sir," (replied she) "I am sorry I have read it: for it gives "me reason to think, there is no such thing, as a "sincere friend to be met with in the world."—— "Why," replied he, "authors are as jealous of "their prerogative as kings: and can no more "bear a rival in the empire of wit, than a monarch "could in his dominions." Mrs. Pilkington then observing a Latin sentence writ in Italics, desired the Dean to explain it. "No," replied he, smiling, "I'll

" I'll leave that for your husband to do. I'll send " for him to dine with us, and, in the mean time, " we'll go and take a walk in Naboth's vineyard." " Where may that be, pray, Sir?" said she. " Why, " a garden," said the Dean, " I cheated one of " my neighbours out of." When they entered the garden, or rather the field, which was square, and inclosed with a stone wall, the Dean asked her how she liked it? " Why, pray, Sir," said she, " where " is the garden?" " Look behind you," said he. She did so; and observed the south wall was lined with brick, and a great number of fruit-trees planted against it; which being then in blossom, looked very beautiful. What are you so intent on said the Dean? " The opening bloom," replied she; which brought Waller's lines to her remembrance.

Hope waits upon the flow'ry prime.

" Oh!" replied he, " you are in a poetical vein; " I thought you had been taking notice of my " wall. 'Tis the best in Ireland. When the ma- " sons were building it, (as most tradesmen are " rogues) I watched them very close, and as often " as they could, they put in a rotten stone; of " which, however, I took no notice, till they had " built three or four perches beyond it. Now, as I " am an absolute monarch in the liberties, and king " of the mob, my way with them was, to have the " wall thrown down to the place where I observed " the rotten stone; and by doing so five or six " times, the workmen were at last convinced it " was their interest to be honest." --- " Or else, " Sir," said Mrs Pilkington, " your wall would " have been as tedious a piece of work as Pene- " lope's web, if all that was done in the day was " to be undone at night." " Well," answered the Dean, " I find you have poetry for every occasion; " but as you cannot keep pace with me in walking, " I would have you sit down on that little bank,

" till

" till you are reſted or I tired, to put us more upon " a par."

She ſeated herſelf, and away the Dean walked, or rather trotted as hard as ever he could drive. She could not help ſmiling at his odd gait; for ſhe thought to herſelf, he had written ſo much in praiſe of horſes, that he was reſolved to imitate them as nearly as he could. As ſhe was indulging this fancy, the Dean returned to her, and gave her a ſtrong confirmation of his partiality to thoſe animals. " I " have been conſidering, Madam, as I walked," ſaid he, " what a fool Mr. Pilkington was to mar- " ry you: for he could have afforded to keep a " horſe for leſs money than you coſt him; and " that, you muſt confeſs, would have given him " better exerciſe and more pleaſure than a wife. " Why, you laugh, and don't anſwer me—is it not " truth?"——" I muſt anſwer you, Sir," replied " ſhe with another queſtion; Pray how can a ba- " chelor judge of this matter?" " I find," ſaid he, " you are vain enough to give yourſelf the prefe- " rence." " I do, Sir," replied ſhe, " to that " ſpecies here; to a Houyhnhnm, I would, as be- " comes me, give preference. But, Sir, 'tis going " to rain."——" I hope not, ſaid he, " for that " will coſt me ſixpence for a coach for you." (the garden being at ſome diſtance from the houſe); " Come haſte; O how the teſter trembles in my " pocket!" She obeyed, and they got in a doors juſt time enough to eſcape a heavy ſhower. " Thank " God," ſaid the Dean, " I have ſaved my mo- " ney. Here, you fellow," (to the ſervant) " car- " ry this ſixpence to the lame old man that ſells " gingerbread in the corner, becauſe he tries to do " ſomething, and does not beg."

Mrs. Pilkington was ſhewed into a little ſtreet-parlour, where was Mrs. Brent, his houſe-keeper. " Here," ſays he, " Mrs. Brent, take care of this " child, while I take my walk out within doors."

The

The Dean then ran up the great-ſtairs, down one pair of back-ſtairs, up another, in ſo violent a manner, that Mrs. Pilkington could not help expreſſing her uneaſineſs to Mrs. Brent, leſt he ſhould fall, and be hurted. Mrs. Brent ſaid, it was a cuſtomary exerciſe with him, when the weather did not permit him to walk abroad.

Mrs. Brent then told Mrs. Pilkington, of the Dean's charity; of his giving above half his yearly income in private penſions to decayed families; and keeping 500 l. in the conſtant ſervice of induſtrious poor, which he lent out 5 l. at a time, and took the payment back at 1 s. a-week, which, ſhe obſerved, did them more ſervice than if he gave it them entirely, as it obliged them to work, and at the ſame time kept up his charitable fund for the aſſiſtance of many. "You cannot imagine," ſaid ſhe, "what "numbers of poor tradeſmen, who have even wanted proper tools to carry on their work, have, "by this ſmall loan, been put into a proſperous "way, and brought up their families in credit. "The Dean," added ſhe, "has found out a new "method of being charitable, in which, however, "I believe, he would have but few followers; "which is, to debar himſelf of what he calls the "ſuperfluities of life, in order to adminiſter to the "neceſſities of the diſtreſſed. You juſt now ſaw "an inſtance of it, the money a coach would have "coſt him, he gave to a poor man unable to walk. "When he dines alone, he drinks a pint of beer, "and gives away the price of a pint of wine. And "thus he acts in numberleſs inſtances."

The Dean came to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Pilkington at their Lilliputian palace, as he called it; and, who would have thought it? he juſt looked into the parlour, and ran up into the garret, then into Mrs. Pilkington's bed-chamber and library, and from thence down to the kitchen; and the houſe being very clean, he complimented her upon it,

it. and told her that it was his cuſtom; and that it was from the cleanlineſs of the garret and kitchen, he judged of the houſewifery of the miſtreſs of the houſe; for no doubt but a ſlut would have the room clean where the gueſts were to be entertained.

He was ſometimes very rude, even to his ſuperiors; of which the following ſtory, related to Mrs. Pilkington by himſelf, may ſerve as one inſtance amongſt a thouſand others.

The laſt time he was in London, he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. The Earl being willing, 'tis ſuppoſed, to have ſome diverſion, did not introduce him to his lady, nor mention his name. It is to be obſerved, that his gown was generally very ruſty, and his perſon no way extraordinary. After dinner, ſaid the Dean, "Lady Burlington, I hear, you can "ſing; ſing me a ſong.". The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of aſking a favour with diſtaſte, and poſitively refuſed him. He ſaid, ſhe ſhould ſing, or he would make her. "Why, Ma"dam, I ſuppoſe, you take me for one of your "poor Engliſh hedge parſons: ſing when I bid "you." As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was ſo vexed, that ſhe burſt into tears, and retired.

His firſt compliment to her when he ſaw her again, was, "Pray, Madam, are you as proud, and "as ill-natured now, as when I ſaw you laſt?" To which ſhe anſwered, with great good humour; "No, Mr. Dean; I'll ſing for you, if you pleaſe." From which time he conceived great eſteem for her. But who that knew him would take offence at his bluntneſs?

Mrs. Pilkington could not recollect that ever ſhe ſaw the Dean laugh; perhaps he thought it beneath him; for when any pleaſantry paſt, which might have excited it, he uſed to ſuck his cheeks,

to

to avoid risibility. He used frequently to put her in mind of Shakespear's discription of Cassius.

He is a great discerner, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men——
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Jul. Cæsar.

Mrs. Pilkington believed the Dean's early youth did not promise that bright day of wit which has since enlightened the learned world. Whilst he was at the university of Dublin, he was so far from being distinguished for any superiority of parts or learning, that he was stopped of his degree as a dunce. When she heard the Dean relate this circumstance, she told him, she supposed he had been idle; but he affirmed to the contrary, assuring her he was really dull. Which, if true, is very surprising.

" I have," says she, " often been led to look on " the world as a garden, and the human minds as " so many plants, set by the hand of the great " Creator for utility and ornament. Thus some, " we see, early produce beautiful blossoms, and as " soon fade away; others, whose gems are more " slow in unfolding, but more permanent when " blown; and others, again, who, though longer " in arriving at perfection, not only bless us then " with shade and odour, but also with delicious " wholesome fruit."

He was a perpetual friend to merit and learning; and utterly incapable of envy; for in true genuine wit, he could fear no rival.

It has been often observed, that where great talents are bestowed, there the strongest passions are likewise given. This great man did but too often let them have dominion over him, and that on the most trifling occasions. During meal-times he was evermore

evermore in a ſtorm; the meat was always too much or too little done, or the ſervants had offended in ſome point, imperceptible to the reſt of the company: however, when the cloth was taken away, he made his gueſts rich amends for the pain he had given. For then

Was truly mingled in the friendly bowl.
The feaſt of reaſon, and the flow of ſoul. *Pope.*

Yet he preſerved ſtrict temperance; for he never drank above half a pint of wine, in every glaſs of which he mixed water and ſugar: yet, if he liked his company, he would ſit many hours over it, unlocking all the ſprings of policy, learning, true humour, and inimitable wit.

The following ſtory the Dean told to Mrs Pilkington.

A clergyman, who was a moſt learned fine gentleman, but, under the ſofteſt and politeſt appearance, concealed the moſt turbulent ambition, having made his merit as a preacher too eminent to be overlooked, had it early rewarded with the mitre. Dr. Swift went to congratulate him on it; but told him, he hoped, as his Lordſhip was a native of Ireland, and had now a ſeat in the houſe of Peers, he would employ his powerful elocution in the ſervice of his diſtreſſed country. The prelate told him, the biſhopric was but a very ſmall one, and he could not hope for a better, if he did not oblige the court. "Very well," ſays Swift, "then "it is hoped, when you have a better, you will "become an honeſt man." "Ay, that I will, Mr. "Dean," ſaid he, "Till then, my Lord, farewell," antwered Swift. This prelate was twice tranſlated to richer ſees; and on every tranſlation. Dr Swift waited on him to remind him of his promiſe; but to no purpoſe; there was now an archbiſhopric in view, and till that was obtained, nothing could be done. Having in a ſhort time likewiſe got this, he then

ſent for the Dean, and told him, "I am now at "the top of my preferment; for I well know no "Iriſhman will ever be made primate; therefore, "as I can riſe no higher in fortune or ſtation, I "will zealouſly promote the good of my country." And from that time he commenced a moſt outrageous patriot.

A CRITICISM on SWIFT'S PROSE-WRITINGS.

By the EARL of ORRERY.

IF we conſider Swift's proſe works, we ſhall find a certain maſterly conciſeneſs in their ſtyle, that hath never been equalled by any other writer. The truth of this aſſertion will more evidently appear, by comparing him with ſome of the authors of his own time. Of theſe Dr. Tillotſon and Mr. Addiſon are to be numbered among the moſt eminent. Addiſon hath all the powers that can captivate and improve: his diction is eaſy, his periods are well turned, his expreſſions are flowing, and his humour is delicate. Tillotſon is nervous, grave, majeſtic, and perſpicuous. We muſt join both theſe characters together to form a true idea of Dr. Swift; yet as he outdoes Addiſon in humour, he excels Tillotſon in perſpicuity. The archbiſhop indeed confined himſelf to ſubjects relative to his profeſſion: but Addiſon and Swift are more diffuſive writers. They continually vary in their manner, and treat different topics in a different ſtyle. When the writings of Addiſon terminate in party, he loſes himſelf extremely, and from a delicate and juſt comedian, deviates into one of the loweſt kind *. Not ſo Dr. Swift. He appears like a maſterly gladiator. He wields the ſword of party with eaſe, juſtneſs, and dexterity: and while he entertains the ignorant and the vulgar, he draws

* See the papers called the *Freeholder*.

an equal attention from the learned and the great. When he is ſerious, his gravity becomes him, when he laughs, his reader muſt laugh with him. But what ſhall be ſaid for his love of trifles, and his want of delicacy and decorum? errors, that if he did not contract, at leaſt he increaſed in Ireland. They are without a parallel. I hope they will ever remain ſo. The firſt of them aroſe merely from his love of flattery, with which he was daily fed in that kindom: the ſecret proceeded from the miſanthropy of his diſpoſition, which induced him peeviſhly to debaſe mankind, and even to ridicule human nature itſelf. Politics were his favourite topic, as they gave him an opportunity of gratifying his ambition, and thirſt of power; yet in this road he has ſeldom continued long in one path. He has written miſcellaneouſly, and has choſen rather to appear a wandering comet, than a fixed ſtar. Had he applied the faculties of his mind to one great and uſeful work, he muſt have ſhined more glorioufly, and might have enlightened a whole planetary ſyſtem in the political world.

There are ſome few pieces in his works that I deſpiſe. others that I lothe, but many more that delight and improve me. The former are not worthy of notice. They are of no farther uſe than to ſhew us, in general, the errors of human nature; and to convince us, that neither the height of wit nor genius can bring a man to ſuch a degree of perfection, as vanity would often prompt him to believe.

In a diſquiſition of this ſort, I ſhall avoid as much as poſſible any annotations upon that kind of ſatire in which the Dean indulged himſelf againſt particular perſons: moſt of whom it is probable provoked his rage by their own miſconduct, and conſequently owed to their own raſhneſs the wounds which they received from his pen. But I have no delight in thoſe kind of writings except for the ſake of the

wit, which, either in general or in particular ſatire, is equally to be admired. The edge of wit will always remain keen, and its blade will be bright and ſhining, when the ſtone upon which it has been whetted, is worn out, or thrown aſide and forgotten. Perſonal ſatire againſt civil magiſtrates, corrupt miniſters, and thoſe giants of power, who gorge themſelves with the entrails of their country, is different from that perſonal ſatire, which too often proceeds merely from ſelf-love or ill-nature. The one is written in defence of the public, the other in defence of ourſelves. The one is armed by the ſword of juſtice, and encouraged not only by the voice of the people, but by the principles of morality; the other is dictated by paſſion, ſupported by pride, and applauded by flattery. At the ſame time that I ſay this, I think every man of wit has a right to laugh at fools, who give offence, and at coxcombs, who are public nuiſances. Swift indeed has left no weapon of ſarcaſm untried, no branch of ſatire uncultivated; but while he has maintained a perpetual war againſt the mighty men in power, he has remained invulnerable, if not victorious.

See the criticiſms in vol. vii. p. 107. and in vol. ix. p. 258.

CON-

A

TALE

OF A

TUB.

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T A L E

OF A

T U B.

Written for the univerſal improvement of mankind.

Diu multumque deſideratum.

To which are added,

An Account of a BATTLE between the ancient and modern BOOKS in St. James's Library; and,

A Diſcourſe concerning the MECHANICAL OPERATION of the SPIRIT.

With the Author's APOLOGY; and,

Explanatory notes, by W. WOTTON, B. D. and others.

Baſyma cacabaſa eanaa, irraumiſta diarhada caëota baſohor camelanthi. Iren. lib. 1. cap. 18.

—— *Juvatque novos decerpere flores,*
Inſignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarunt tempora muſæ. Lucret.

The AUTHOR's APOLOGY.

IF good and ill nature equally operated upon mankind, I might have ſaved myſelf the trouble of this apology; for it is manifeſt, by the reception the following diſcourſe hath met with, that

 thoſe

thoſe who approve it, are a great majority among the men of taſte. Yet there have been two or three treatiſes written expreſsly againſt it, beſides many others that have flirted at it occaſionally, without one ſyllable having been ever publiſhed in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that I can remember; exept by the polite author of a late diſcourſe between a Deiſt and a Socinian.

Therefore, ſince the book ſeems calculated to live at leaſt as long as our language and our taſte admit no great alterations, I am content to convey ſome apology along with it.

The greateſt part of that book was finiſhed about thirteen years ſince, 1696; which is eight years before it was publiſhed. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading freſh in his head. By the aſſiſtance of ſome thinking, and much converſation, he had endeavoured to ſtrip himſelf of as many real prejudices as he could: I ſay, real ones; becauſe under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous heights ſome men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and groſs corruptions in religion and learning might furniſh matter for a ſatire, that would be uſeful and diverting. He reſolved to proceed in a manner that ſhould be altogether new; the world having been already too long nauſeated with endleſs repetitions upon every ſubject. The abuſes in religion he propoſed to ſet forth in the allegory of the coats, and the three brothers; which was to make up the body of the diſcourſe: Thoſe in learning he choſe to introduce by way of digreſſions. He was then a young gentleman much in the world; and wrote to the taſte of thoſe who were like himſelf: Therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not ſuit with maturer years, or graver characters; and which he could have eaſily corrected

rected with a very few blots, had he been master of his papers for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed cavils of the four, the envious, the stupid, and the tasteless; which he mentions with disdain. He acknowledges there are several youthful sallies, which, from the grave and the wise, may deserve a rebuke. But he desires to be answerable no farther than he is guilty; and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of those, who have neither candor to suppose good meanings, nor palate to distinguish true ones. After which, he will forfeit his life, if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book, which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why should any clergyman of our church be angry to see the follies of Fanaticism and Superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous manner? since that is perhaps the most probable way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from farther spreading. Besides, though it was not intended for their perusal, it rallies nothing but what they preach against. It contains nothing to provoke them by the least scurrility upon their persons or their functions. It celebrates the church of England as the most perfect of all others in discipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's resentments lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion, they might have found more proper objects to employ them on. *Nondum tibi defuit hostis*; I mean those heavy, illiterate scriblers, prostitute in their reputations, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes; who, to the shame of good sense, as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the strength of bold, false, impious assertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the priesthood, and openly intended against all re-

ligion; in ſhort, full of ſuch principles as are kindly received, becauſe they are levelled to remove thoſe terrors, that religion tells men will be the conſequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this diſcourſe, though ſome of them are pleaſed ſo freely to cenſure it. And I wiſh there were no other inſtance of what I have too frequently obſerved, that many of that Reverend body are not always very nice in diſtinguiſhing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from ſome, whom out of reſpect he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by ſome of thoſe authors above deſcribed; whoſe errors, ignorance, dulneſs, and villany, he thinks he could have detected and expoſed in ſuch a manner, that the perſons who are moſt conceived to be infected by them, would ſoon lay them aſide, and be aſhamed. But he has now given over thoſe thoughts; ſince the *weightieſt* men * in the *weightieſt* ſtations, are pleaſed to think it a more dangerous point, to laugh at thoſe corruptions in religion, which they themſelves muſt diſapprove, than to endeavour pulling up thoſe very foundations wherein all Chriſtians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any perſon ſhould offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this diſcourſe, who hath all along concealed himſelf from moſt of his neareſt friends: Yet ſeveral have gone a farther ſtep, and pronounced another book * to have been the work of the ſame hand with this; which the author directly affirms to be a thorough miſtake, he having yet never ſo

* Alluding to Dr. Sharp Archbiſhop of York's repreſentation of the author.

* Letter concerning enthuſiaſm.

much

much as read that diſcourſe: A plain inſtance how little truth there often is in general ſurmiſes, or in conjectures drawn from a ſimilitude of ſtyle, or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expoſe the abuſes in law, or in phyſic, he believes the learned profeſſors in either faculty would have been ſo far from reſenting it, as to have given him thanks for his pains; eſpecially if he had made an honourable reſervation for the true practice of either ſcience. But religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed; and they tell us truth: yet ſurely the corruptions in it may; for we are taught by the triteſt maxim in the world, that religion being the beſt of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worſt.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have obſerved, that ſome of thoſe paſſages in this diſcourſe, which appear moſt liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author perſonates the ſtyle and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expoſe. I ſhall produce one inſtance; it is in ſect. 1. parag. 3. from the end, Dryden, L'Eſtrange, and ſome others I ſhall not name, are here levelled at; who, having ſpent their lives in faction, and apoſtaſies, and all manner of vice, pretended to be ſufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us, in one of his prefaces, of his merits and ſufferings; thanks God, that he *poſſeſſes his ſoul in patience*; in other places he talks at the ſame rate; and L'Eſtrange often uſes the like ſtyle; and I believe the reader may find more perſons to give that paſſage an application. But this is enough to direct thoſe who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other paſſages, which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn, by great force, to hint as ill meanings; as if they glanced at ſome tenets in religion. In anſwer to

all which, the author ſolemnly proteſts he is entirely innocent; and never had it once in his thoughts, that any thing he ſaid would in the leaſt be capable of ſuch interpretations; which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the moſt innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his ſcheme or deſign; the abuſes he notes, being ſuch as all church-of-England men agree in: nor was it proper for his ſubject to meddle with other points, than ſuch as have been perpetually controverted ſince the reformation.

To inſtance only in that paſſage about the three wooden machines mentioned in the introduction: In the original manuſcript there was a deſcription of a fourth, which thoſe who had the papers in their power, blotted out, as having ſomething in it of ſatire, that, I ſuppoſe, they thought was too particular; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number *three*; from whence ſome have endeavoured to ſqueeze out a dangerous meaning, that was never thought on. And indeed the conceit was half ſpoiled by changing the numbers; that of *four* being much more cabaliſtic, and therefore better expoſing the pretended virtue of numbers; a ſuperſtition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be obſerved is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole book; which the men of taſte will obſerve and diſtinguiſh, and which will render ſome objections that have been made, very weak and inſignificant.

This apology being chiefly intended for the ſatisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unneceſſary to take any notice of ſuch treatiſes as have been written againſt the enſuing diſcourſe; which are already ſunk into waſte paper and oblivion, after the uſual fate of common anſwerers to books which

which are allowed to have any merit. They are indeed like annuals, that grow about a young tree, and ſeem to vie with it for a ſummer; but fall and die with the leaves in Autumn, and are never heard of any more. When Dr. Eachard writ his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of thoſe anſwerers immediately ſtarted up, whoſe memory, if he had not kept alive by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown that he were ever anſwered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expoſe a fooliſh piece. So we ſtill read Marvel's anſwer to Parker * with pleaſure, though the book it anſwers be ſunk long ago; ſo the Earl of Orrery's remarks will be read with delight, when the diſſertation he expoſes will neither be ſought nor found †. But theſe are no enterpriſes for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of loſing their time in ſuch an undertaking, if they did but conſider, that to anſwer a book effectually, requires more pains and ſkill, more wit, learning, and judgement, than were employed in the writing it. And the author aſſures thoſe gentlemen who have given themſelves that trouble with him, that his diſcourſe is the product of the ſtudy, the obſervation, and the invention of ſeveral years; that he often blotted out much more than he left; and if his papers had not been a long time out of his poſſeſſion, they muſt have ſtill undergone more ſevere corrections. And do they think ſuch a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however invenomed the

* Parker, afterwards Biſhop of Oxford, wrote many treatiſes againſt the Diſſenters, with inſolence and contempt, ſays Burnet that enraged them beyond meaſure: for which he was chaſtiſed by Andrew Marvel, unde ſecretary to Milton, in a little book called, *The Rehearſal tranſpreſed.*

† Boyle's remarks upon Bentley's diſſertation on the epiſtles of Phalaris.

mouths

mouths may be that discharge them? He hath seen the productions but of two answerers; one of which at first appeared as from an unknown hand, but since avowed by a person ‡, who, upon some occasions hath discovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occasion should put him under a necessity of being so hasty in his productions, which otherwise might often be entertaining. But there were other reasons obvious enough for his miscarriage in this: He writ against the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongest attempts in nature, to turn into ridicule, by a week's labour, a work, which had cost so much time, and met with so much success in ridiculing others. The manner how he handled his *subject*, I have now forgot; having just looked it over, when it first came out, as others did, merely for the sake of the title *.

The other answer is from a person of a graver character, and is made up of half invective, and half annotation †; in the latter of which he hath generally succeeded well enough. And the project, at that time, was not amiss to draw in readers to his pamphlet; several having appeared desirous, that there might be some explication of the more difficult passages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part; because it is agreed on all hands, that the author had

‡ Supposed to be Dr. William King, the civilian, author of an account of Denmark, a dissertation on samplars, and other pieces of burlesque on the Royal Society, and the art of cookery, in imitation of Horace's art of poetry, &c.

* This we cannot recover at present, it being so absolutely forgotten, the oldest booksellers in trade remember nothing of it.

† Wotton's defence of his reflections upon ancient and modern learning. From the annotations are selected the notes signed, W. Wotton. Thus Wotton appears hired to illustrate a work, which he laboured to condemn, and adds force to a satire pointed against himself: As captives were bound to the chariot-wheel of the victor, and compelled to increase the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat.

given

given him sufficient provocation. The great objection is against his manner of treating it, very unsuitable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this answerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen against a certain great man then alive, and universally reverenced for every good quality that could possibly enter into the composition of the most accomplished person. It was observed, how he was pleased, and affected to have that noble writer called his adversary; and it was a point of satire well directed; for I have been told, Sir William Temple was sufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeness were immediately up in arms through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt, by the consequences they apprehended from such an example; and it grew Porsenna's case; *idem trecenti juravimus*. In short, things were ripe for a general insurrection, till my Lord Orrery had a little laid the spirit, and settled the ferment. But, his Lordship being principally engaged with another antagonist *, it was thought necessary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this opposer should receive a reprimand, which partly occasioned that discourse of the *Battle of the books*; and the author was farther at the pains to insert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

This answerer has been pleased to find fault with about a dozen passages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, farther than by assuring the reader, that, for the greater part, the reflecter is entirely mistaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will (he is sure) into that of any reader of taste and candor. He allows two or three at most, there produced, to have been delivered un-

* Bentley, concerning Phalaris and Æsop.

warily;

warily; for which he desires to plead the excuse offered already, of his youth, and frankness of speech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were published.

But this answerer insists, and says, what he chiefly dislikes, is the *design*. What that was, I have already told; and I believe there is not a person in England who can understand that book, that ever imagined it to have been any thing else, but to expose the abuses and corruptions in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what *design* this reflecter was serving, when he concludes his pamphlet with a caution to the reader, to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own. Surely this must have had some allay of personal animosity, at least mixed with the *design* of serving the public by so useful a discovery; and it indeed touches the author in a tender point; who insists upon it, that, through the whole book, he has not borrowed one single hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticisms, that would never have been one. He conceived it was never disputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this answerer produces three instances to prove *this author's wit is not his own in many places*. The first is, that the names of *Peter*, *Martin*, and *Jack*, are borrowed from a letter of the late Duke of Buckingham *. Whatever wit is contained in those three names, the author is content to give it up, and desires his readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the same time protesting solemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this passage of the answerer: so that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they should happen to be the same; which, however, is odd enough, and

* Villers.

what

what he hardly believes; that of Jack being not quite ſo obvious as the other two. The ſecond inſtance to ſhew *the author's wit is not his own*, is *Peter's banter* (as he calls it in his Alſatia phraſe) upon tranſubſtantiation, which is taken from the ſame Duke's conference with an Iriſh prieſt, where a cork is turned into a horſe. This the author confeſſes to have ſeen about ten years after his book was written, and a year or two after it was publiſhed. Nay, the anſwerer overthrows this himſelf; for he allows the *tale* was written in 1697; and, I think, that pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was neceſſary, that corruption ſhould have ſome allegory as well as the reſt; and the author invented the propereſt he could, without inquiring what other people had written; and the commoneſt reader will find there is not the leaſt reſemblance between the two ſtories. The third inſtance is in theſe words: *I have been aſſured, that the battle in St. James's library is*, mutatis mutandis, *taken out of a French book, intitled*, Combat des livres, *if I miſremember not*. In which paſſage there are two clauſes obſervable: *I have been aſſured*; and, *if I miſremember not*. I deſire firſt to know, whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falſehood, thoſe two clauſes will be a ſufficient excuſe for this worthy critic. The matter is a trifle: but would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer, than the character of a plagiary; which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a paſſage, but a whole diſcourſe, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this, as the anſwerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a paultry, imitating pedant, and the anſwerer is a perſon of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldneſs, from never having

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ſeen any ſuch treatiſe in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is ſure it is impoſſible for two writers of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after ſuch a manner, that two continued diſcourſes ſhall be the ſame, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he inſiſt upon the miſtake in the title. But let the anſwerer and his friend produce any book they pleaſe, he defies them to ſhew one ſingle particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the ſmalleſt hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a ſingle thought, which he knows may ſometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that diſcourſe, nor has heard it objected by any body elſe.

So that, if ever any *deſign* was unfortunately executed, it muſt be that of this anſwerer; who, when he would have it obſerved, that the author's wit is none of his own, is able to produce but three inſtances, two of them mere trifles, and all three manifeſtly falſe. If this be the way theſe gentleman deal with the world in thoſe criticiſms where we have not leiſure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious, how they rely upon their credit; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let thoſe who think it worth their while, determine.

It is agreed, this anſwerer would have ſucceeded much better, if he had ſtuck wholly to his buſineſs, as a commentator upon the *Tale of a Tub*, wherein it cannot be denied, that he hath been of ſome ſervice to the public, and hath given very fair conjectures towards clearing up ſome difficult paſſages. But it is the frequent error of thoſe men, (otherwiſe very commendable for their labours), to make excurſions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them,

nor

nor give them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius, or Farnaby *, would have fallen in with his genius, and might have been ſerviceable to many readers, who cannot enter into the abſtruſer parts of that diſcourſe. But *optat ephippia bos piger :* The dull, unwildy, ill-ſhaped ox, would needs put on the furniture of a horſe, not conſidering he was born to labour, to plough the ground for the ſake of ſuperior beings; and that he has neither the ſhape, mettle, nor ſpeed of that noble animal he would affect to perſonate.

It is another pattern of this anſwerer's fair dealing, to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the ſuſpicion upon ſomebody, I know not who, in the country. To which can only be returned, that he is abſolutely miſtaken in all his conjectures; and ſurely conjectures are, at beſt, too light a pretence to allow a man to aſſign a name in public. He condemns a book, and conſequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant; yet at the ſame time fixes, in print, what he thinks a diſadvantageous character upon thoſe who never deſerved it. A man who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind of revenge, to go to cuffs in broad day with the firſt he meets, and lay the laſt night's injury at his door. And thus much for this *diſcreet*, *candid*, *pious*, and *ingenious* anſwerer.

How the author came to be without his papers, is a ſtory not proper to be told, and of very little uſe, being a private fact, of which the reader would believe as little, or as much, as he thought good. He had however a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over with many alterations; and this the publiſhers were well aware of, having put it into the bookſeller's preface, that they

* Low commentators, who wrote notes upon claſſic authors for the uſe of ſchoolboys.

apprehended a furreptitious copy, which was to be altered, &c. This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth; only the furreptious copy was rather that which was printed; and they made all the haſte they could; which indeed was needleſs, the author not being at all prepared. But he has been told, the bookſeller was in much pain, having given a good ſum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy there were not ſo many chaſms as appear in the book; and why ſome of them were left, he knows not. Had the publication been truſted to him, he would have made ſeveral corrections of paſſages againſt which nothing hath been ever objected. He would likewiſe have altered a few of thoſe that ſeem with any reaſon to be excepted againſt; but, to deal freely, the greateſt number he ſhould have left untouched, as never ſuſpecting it poſſible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author obſerves, at the end of the book there is a diſcourſe, called, *A fragment;* which he more wondered to ſee in print, than all the reſt; having been a moſt imperfect ſketch, with the addition of a few looſe hints, which he once lent a gentleman, who had deſigned a diſcourſe on ſomewhat the ſame ſubject. He never thought of it afterwards; and it was a ſufficient ſurpriſe to ſee it pieced up together, wholly out of the method and ſcheme he had intended; for it was the ground-work of a much larger diſcourſe, and he was ſorry to obſerve the materials ſo fooliſhly employed.

There is one farther objection made by thoſe who have anſwered this book, as well as by ſome others, That Peter is frequently made to repeat oaths and curſes. Every reader obſerves it was neceſſary to know that Peter did ſwear and curſe. The oaths are not printed out, but only ſuppoſed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the i-

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dea of a profane or immodeſt ſpeech. A man may laugh at the Popiſh folly of curſing people to hell, and imagine them ſwearing, without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas: and of theſe the author cannot be accuſed. For the judicious reader will find, that the ſevereſt ſtrokes of ſatire, in his book, are levelled againſt the modern cuſtom of employing wit upon thoſe topics; of which there is a remarkable inſtance in ſect. 7. parag. 7. as well as in ſeveral others, though perhaps once or twice expreſſed in too free a manner, excuſable only for the reaſons already alledged. Some overtures have been made, by a third hand, to the bookſeller, for the author's altering thoſe paſſages which he thought might require it. But it ſeems the bookſeller will not hear of any ſuch thing, being apprehenſive it might ſpoil the ſale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this apology, without making this one reflection, That as wit is the nobleſt and moſt uſeful gift of human nature, ſo humour is the moſt agreeable; and where theſe two enter far into the compoſition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great part of thoſe who have no ſhare or taſte of either, but by their pride, pedantry, and ill-manners, lay themſelves bare to the laſhes of both, think the blow is weak, becauſe they are inſenſible; and where wit hath any mixture of raillery, it is but calling it *banter*, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was firſt borrowed from the bullies in White-Friers, then fell among the footmen, and at laſt retired to the pedants; by whom it is applied as properly to the productions of wit, as if I ſhould apply it to Sir Iſaac Newton's mathematics. But if this *bantering*, as they call it, be ſo deſpiſable a thing, whence comes it to paſs they have ſuch a perpetual itch towards it themſelves?

To inſtance only in the anſwerer already mentioned: It is grievous to ſee him, in ſome of his writings, at every turn going out of his way to be waggiſh, to tell us of *a cow that pricked up her tail*; and in his anſwer to this diſcourſe, he ſays, *It is all a farce and a laddle*; with other paſſages equally ſhining. One may ſay of theſe *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a ſhame; and they cannot take wiſer counſel, than to keep out of harm's way, or at leaſt not to come till they are ſure they are called.

To conclude: With thoſe allowances above required, this book ſhould be read; after which, the author conceives, few things will remain, which may not be excuſed in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taſte; and he thinks he is not miſtaken in his accounts, when he ſays they have been all of his ſide, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name; wherein the world, with all its wiſe conjectures, is yet very much in the dark, which circumſtance is no diſagreeable amuſement either to the public or himſelf.

The author is informed, that the bookſeller has prevailed on ſeveral gentlemen to write ſome explanatory notes; for the goodneſs of which he is not to anſwer, having never ſeen any of them, nor intending it till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleaſure to find twenty meanings, which never entered into his imagination.

June 3, 1709.

POSTSCRIPT.

SINCE the writing of this, which was about a year ago, a proſtitute-bookſeller hath publiſhed a fooliſh paper, under the name of *Notes on the Tale*

Tale of a Tub, with ſome account of the author; and with an inſolence, which I ſuppoſe is puniſhable by law, hath preſumed to aſſign certain names. It will be enough for the author to aſſure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author further aſſerts, that the whole work is entirely of one hand; which every reader of judgement will eaſily diſcover: The gentleman who gave the copy to the bookſeller, being a friend of the author, and uſing no other liberties, beſides that of expunging certain paſſages, where now the chaſms appear under the name of *deſiderata*. But if any perſon will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him ſtep forth, and tell his name and titles; upon which, the bookſeller ſhall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant ſhall from henceforward be acknowledged the undiſputed author.

Treatiſes written by the ſame author, moſt of them mentioned in the following diſcourſes; which will be ſpeedily publiſhed.

A Character of the preſent ſet of *wits* in this iſland.

A panegyrical eſſay upon the number *three*.

A diſſertation upon the principal productions of Grubſtreet.

Letters upon a diſſection of human nature.

A panegyric upon the world.

An analytical diſcourſe upon zeal, *hiſtori-theo-phyſi-logically* conſidered.

A general hiſtory of *ears*.

A modeſt defence of the proceedings of the rabble in all ages.

A deſcription of the kingdom of *abſurdities*.

A voyage into England, by a perſon of quality in *Terra Auſtralis incognita*, tranſlated from the original.

A critical eſſay upon the art of *canting*, philoſophically, phyſically, and muſically, conſidered.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN LORD SOMMERS.

My Lord,

Although the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addreſſed to a prince, whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a perſon, beſides, as far as I can obſerve, not at all regarded or thought on by any of our preſent writers; and being wholly free from that ſlavery which bookſellers uſually lie under to the caprices of authors; I think it a wiſe piece of preſumption, to inſcribe theſe papers to your Lordſhip, and to implore your Lordſhip's protection of them. God and your Lordſhip know their faults, and their merits; for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a ſtranger to the matter; and though every body elſe ſhould be equally ignorant, I do not fear the ſale of the book, at all the worſe, upon that ſcore. Your Lordſhip's name on the front in capital letters, will at any time get off one edition: Neither would I deſire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the ſole privilege of dedicating to your Lordſhip.

I ſhould now, in right of a dedicator, give your Lordſhip a liſt of your own virtues, and at the ſame time be very unwilling to offend your modeſty; but, chiefly, I ſhould celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and ſmall fortunes, and give you broad hints, that I mean myſelf. And I was juſt going on, in the uſual method, to peruſe a hundred or two of dedications, and tranſcribe

ſcribe an abſtract, to be applied to your Lordſhip; but I was diverted by a certain accident. For, upon the covers of theſe papers, I caſually obſerved, written in large letters, the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for aught I knew, might contain ſome important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ underſtood Latin; (though I have them often in pay, to tranſlate out of that language.) I was therefore compelled to have recourſe to the curate of our pariſh, who Engliſhed it thus, *Let it be given to the worthieſt.* And his comment was, that the author meant his works ſhould be dedicated to the ſublimeſt genius of the age, for wit, learning, judgement, eloquence, and wiſdom. I called at a poet's chamber, (who works for my ſhop), in an alley hard by, ſhewed him the tranſlation, and deſired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean. He told me, after ſome conſideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred; but, by the deſcription, he thought himſelf to be the perſon aimed at; and, at the ſame time, he very kindly offered his own aſſiſtance *gratis* towards penning a dedication to himſelf. I deſired him, however, to give a ſecond gueſs. Why then, ſaid he, it muſt be I, or my Lord Sommers. From thence I went to ſeveral other wits of my acquaintance, with no ſmall hazard and wearineſs to my perſon, from a prodigious number of dark, winding ſtairs; but found them all in the ſame ſtory, both of your Lordſhip and themſelves. Now, your Lordſhip is to underſtand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have ſomewhere heard it is a maxim, That thoſe to whom every body allows the ſecond place, have an undoubted title to the firſt.

This infallibly convinced me, that your Lordſhip was the perſon intended by the author. But, being very unacquainted in the ſtyle and form of dedications,

dedications, I employed thoſe wits aforeſaid, to furniſh me with hints and materials towards a panegyric upon your Lordſhip's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten ſheets of paper, filled up on every ſide. They ſwore to me, that they had ranſacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Ariſtides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names, which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reaſon to believe, they impoſed upon my ignorance; becauſe, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a ſyllable there, but what I and every body elſe knew as well as themſelves. Therefore I grievouſly ſuſpect a cheat; and that theſe authors of mine ſtole and tranſcribed every word from the univerſal report of mankind. So that I look upon myſelf, as fifty ſhillings out of pocket to no manner of purpoſe.

If, by altering the title, I could make the ſame materials ſerve for another dedication, (as my betters have done), it would help to make up my loſs; but I have made ſeveral perſons dip here and there in thoſe papers; and before they read three lines, they have all aſſured me plainly, that they cannot poſſibly be applied to any perſon beſides your Lordſhip.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your Lordſhip's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage, in mounting a breach, or ſcaling a wall; or to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal deſcent from the houſe of Auſtria; or of your wonderful talent at dreſs and dancing; or your profound knowledge in *algebra*, *metaphyſics*, and the *oriental* tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten ſtory of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wiſdom, and juſtice, and politeneſs, and candor, and evenneſs of temper in all ſcenes of life; of that great diſcernment in diſcovering, and readineſs in favouring deſerving men;

men; with forty other common topics; I confeſs, I have neither conſcience, nor countenance to do it: becauſe there is no virtue, either of a public or private life, which ſome circumſtances of your own have not often produced upon the ſtage of the world; and thoſe few, which, for want of occaſions to exert them, might otherwiſe have paſſed unſeen or unobſerved by your *friends*, your *enemies* * have at length brought to light.

It is true, I ſhould be very loth, the bright example of your Lordſhip's virtues ſhould be loſt to after ages, both for their ſake and your own; but chiefly, becauſe they will be ſo very neceſſary to adorn the hiſtory of a *late reign* †: and that is another reaſon why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; becauſe I have been told by wiſe men, that, as dedications have run for ſome years paſt, a good hiſtorian will not be apt to have recourſe thither, in ſearch of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our meaſures; I mean, inſtead of running on ſo far upon the praiſe of our patrons *liberality*, to ſpend a word or two in admiring their *patience*. I can put no greater compliment on your Lordſhip's, than by giving you ſo ample an occaſion to exerciſe it at preſent. Though perhaps I ſhall not be apt to reckon much merit to your Lordſhip upon that ſcore, who having been formerly uſed to tedious harangues *, and ſome-

* In 1701, Lord Sommers was impeached by the Commons, who either finding their proofs defective, or for other reaſons, delayed coming to a trial; and the Lords thereupon proceeded to the trial without them, and acquitted him.

† K. William's; whoſe memory he defended in the Houſe of Lords, againſt ſome invidious reflections of the Earl of Nottingham.

* Sir John Sommers was Attorney-General; then made Lord Keeper of the Seals in 1692, and Lord High Chancellor and Baron of Eveſham, in April 1697.

times

times to as little purpoſe, will be the readier to pardon this; eſpecially when it is offered by one, who is, with all reſpect and veneration,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,

and moſt faithful ſervant,

THE BOOKSELLER.

THE

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

IT is now six years * since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written: For the author tells us in his preface to the first treatise, that he hath calculated it for the year 1697: and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction. However, I am credibly informed, that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person, since dead, and being never in possession of it after: So that whether the work received his last hand, or whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is like to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader, by what accident I became master of these papers, it would, in this unbelieving age, pass for little more than the cant or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trou-

* The Tale of a Tub was first published in 1704.

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ble. There yet remains a difficult queſtion, Why I publiſhed them no ſooner? I forbore upon two accounts: firſt, becauſe I thought I had better work upon my hands; and ſecondly, becauſe I was not without ſome hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a ſurreptitious copy †, which a certain great wit had new poliſhed and refined; or, as our preſent writers expreſs themſelves, *fitted to the humour of the age*; as they have already done, with great felicity, to Don Quixote, Boccalini, La Bruyere, and other authors. However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will pleaſe to furniſh me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I ſhall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itſelf.

† See the Apology, p. 13.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

To his Royal Highneſs

PRINCE POSTERITY.

SIR,

I Here preſent *your Highneſs* with the fruits of a very few leiſure-hours, ſtolen from the ſhort intervals of a world of buſineſs, and of an employment quite alien from ſuch amuſements as this, the poor production of that refuſe of time which has lain heavy upon my hands, during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather. For which, and other reaſons, it cannot chuſe extremely to deſerve ſuch a patronage as that of *your Highneſs*, whoſe numberleſs virtues, in ſo few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes. For although *your Highneſs* is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the univerſal learned world already reſolved upon appealing to your future dictates with the loweſt and moſt reſigned ſubmiſſion; fate having decreed you ſole arbiter of the productions of human wit, in this polite and moſt accompliſhed age. Methinks, the number of ap-

The citation out of Irenæus in the *title-page*, which ſeems to be all *gibberiſh*, is a form of initiation, uſed anciently by the Marcoſian heretics. *W. Wotton.*

It is the uſual ſtyle of decried writers, to appeal to *Poſterity*; who is here repreſented as a Prince in his nonage, and *Time* as his governor; and the author begins in a way very frequent with him, by perſonating other writers, who ſometimes offer ſuch reaſons and excuſes for publiſhing their works, as they ought chiefly to conceal, and be aſhamed of.

pellants

pellants were enough to ſhock and ſtartle any judge of a genius leſs unlimited than yours. But, in order to prevent ſuch glorious trials, the *perſon*, it ſeems, to whoſe care the education of *your Highneſs* is committed, has reſolved (as I am told) to keep you in almoſt an univerſal ignorance of our ſtudies, which it is your inherent birthright to inſpect.

It is amazing to me, that this *perſon* ſhould have aſſurance, in the face of the ſun, to go about perſuading *your Highneſs*, that our age is almoſt wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any ſubject. I know very well, that when *your Highneſs* ſhall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect enquiring into the authors of the very age before you. And to think that this *inſolent*, in the account he is preparing for your view, deſigns to reduce them to a number ſo inſignificant as I am aſhamed to mention: It moves my zeal and my ſpleen for the honour and intereſt of our vaſt flouriſhing body, as well as of myſelf, for whom I know, by long experience, he has profeſſed, and ſtill continues, a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely, that when *your Highneſs* will one day peruſe what I am now writing, you may be ready to expoſtulate with your *governor* upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to ſhew you ſome of our productions. To which he will anſwer, (for I am well informed of his deſigns)), by aſking *your Highneſs*, Where they are? and, what is become of them? and pretend it a demonſtration that there never were any, becauſe they are not then to be found. Not to be found! Who has miſlaid them? Are they ſunk in the abyſs of things? It is certain, that in their own nature they were *light* enough to ſwim upon the ſurface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights ſo heavy to their heels, as to de-

preſs them to the centre. Is their very eſſence deſtroyed! who has annihilated them? were they drowned by *purges*, or martyred by *pipes?* who adminiſtered them to the poſteriors of ———? But that it may no longer be a doubt with *your Highneſs*, who is to be the author of this univerſal ruin; I beſeech you to obſerve that large and terrible *ſcythe*, which your *governour* affects to bear continually about him. Be pleaſed to remark the length and ſtrength, the ſharpneſs and hardneſs of his *nails* and *teeth*; conſider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting; and then reflect, whether it be poſſible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a ſuitable reſiſtance. Oh! that *your Highneſs* would one day reſolve to diſarm this uſurping *maitre du palais* * of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de page* †.

It were endleſs to recount the ſeveral methods of tyranny and deſtruction which your *governor* is pleaſed to practiſe upon this occaſion. His inveterate malice is ſuch to the writings of our age, that of ſeveral thouſands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the ſun there is not one to be heard of: Unhappy infants, many of them barbarouſly deſtroyed, before they have ſo much as learned their *mother tongue* to beg for pity. Some he ſtifles in their cradles; others he frights into convulſions, whereof they ſuddenly die: Some he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb: Great numbers are offered to

* *Comptroller.* The kingdom of France had a race of kings, which they call *les roys faineans* (from their doing nothing) who lived lazily in their apartments, while the kingdom was adminiſtered by the *mayor de palais*; till Charles Martel, the laſt mayor, put his maſter to death, and took the kingdom into his own hand.

† Out of guardianſhip.

Moloch;

Moloch; and the reſt, tainted by his breath, die of a languiſhing conſumption.

But the concern I have moſt at heart, is for our corporation of *poets*; from whom I am preparing a petition to *your Highneſs*, to be ſubſcribed with the names of one hundred thirty-ſix of the firſt rate; but whoſe immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now an humble and an earneſt appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to ſhew for a ſupport to his pretenſions. The *never dying* works of theſe illuſtrious perſons, your *governor*, Sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and *your Highneſs* is to be made believe, that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one ſingle poet.

We confeſs *Immortality* to be a great and powerfull goddeſs, but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our ſacrifices, if *your Highneſs's governor*, who has uſurped the *prieſthood*, muſt, by an unparallelled ambition and avarice, wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, ſeems to be an aſſertion ſo bold and ſo falſe, that I have been ſometime thinking, the contrary may almoſt be proved by uncontroulable demonſtration. It is true indeed, that although their numbers be vaſt, and their productions numerous in proportion; yet are they hurried ſo haſtily off the ſcene, that they eſcape our memory, and elude our ſight. When I firſt thought of this addreſs, I had prepared a copious liſt of *titles* to preſent *your Highneſs*, as an undiſputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were poſted freſh upon all gates and corners of ſtreets; but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and freſh ones in their places. I enquired after them among readers and bookſellers; but enquired in vain; *the memorial of them was loſt among men, their place was*

no more to be found: and I was laughed to ſcorn for a *clown* and a *pedant*, without all taſte and refinement, little verſed in the courſe of *preſent affairs*, and that knew nothing of what had paſſed in the beſt companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to *your Highneſs*, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars, is a taſk too ſlippery for my ſlender abilities. If I ſhould venture in a windy day to affirm to *your Highneſs*, that there is a large cloud near the *horizon*, in the form of a *bear*, another in the *zenith*, with the head of an *aſs*, a third to the weſtward, with claws like a *dragon*; and *your Highneſs* ſhould in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth; it is certain, they would all be changed in figure and poſition; new ones would ariſe; and all we could agree upon, would be, that clouds there were, but that I was groſsly miſtaken in the *zoography* and *topography* of them.

But your *governor* perhaps may ſtill inſiſt, and put the queſtion, What is then become of thoſe immenſe bales of paper, which muſt needs have been employed in ſuch numbers of books? Can theſe alſo be wholly annihilate, and ſo of a ſudden, as I pretend? What ſhall I ſay in return of ſo invidious an objection? It ill befits the diſtance between *your Highneſs* and me, to ſend you for ocular conviction to a *jakes* or an *oven*; to the windows of a *bawdy-houſe*, or to a ſordid *lantern*. Books, like men, their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world; but there are ten thouſand to go out of it, and return no more.

I profeſs to *your Highneſs*, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to ſay, is literally true this minute I am writing. What revolutions may happen before it ſhall be ready for your peruſal, I can by no means warrant: however, I beg you to accept it as a ſpecimen of our learning, our politeneſs, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon

the

the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called *John Dryden*, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen. There is another, called *Nahum Tate*, who is ready to make oath, that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentic copies; and therefore, wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of *Tom Durfey*, a poet of a vast comprehension, an universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one Mr. *Rymer*, and one Mr. *Dennis*, most profound critics. There is a person styled Dr. *Bentley*, who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, *giving a full and true account* of a certain *squabble* of wonderful importance between himself and a bookseller *. He is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and more sprightly turns. Farther, I avow to *your Highness*, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of *William Wotton*, B. D. who has written a good sizeable volume against a *friend of your governor* † (from whom, alas, he must therefore look for little favour) in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries, equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with *traits* of wit, so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned *friend*.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the just eulogies of my

* Bentley, in his controversy with Lord Orrery upon the genuineness of Phalaris's epistles, has given, in a preface, a long account of his dialogues with a bookseller, about the loan and restitution of a MS.

† Sir William Temple,

contemporary

contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work; wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of *wits* in our nation. Their persons I shall describe particularly, and at length; their genius and understandings, in *mignature*.

In the mean time, I do here make bold to present *your Highness* with a faithful abstract drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction. Nor do I doubt in the least, but *your Highness* will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as *other* young *princes* have already done by the many volumes, of late years, written for a help to their studies *.

That *your Highness* may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last outshine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of,

SIR,

Dec. 1697. Your Highness's

Most devoted, &c.

* There were innumerable books printed for the use of the Dauphin of France.

THE

THE PREFACE.

THE wits of the preſent age being ſo very numerous and penetrating, it ſeems the grandees of *church* and *ſtate* begin to fall under horrible apprehenſions, leſt theſe gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, ſhould find leiſure to pick holes in the weak ſides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of thoſe formidable inquirers, from canvaſſing and reaſoning upon ſuch delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require ſome time as well as coſt to perfect. Mean while, the danger hourly increaſing, by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reaſon to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may, at an hour's warning, be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offenſive weapons, ready for immediate execution; it was judged of abſolute neceſſity, that ſome preſent expedient be thought on, till the main deſign can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee, ſome days ago, this important diſcovery was made by a certain curious and refined obſerver, That ſeamen have a cuſtom, when they meet a *whale*, to fling him out an empty *tub* by way of amuſement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ſhip. This parable was immediately mythologiſed. The *whale* was interpreted to be *Hobbes's Leviathan*; which toſſes and plays with all ſchemes of religion and government, whereof

of a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation. This is the *Leviathan*, from whence the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The *ship* in danger, is easily understood to be its old antitype, the *commonwealth*. But how to analyse the *tub*, was a matter of difficulty; when, after long inquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved: and it was decreed, that, in order to prevent these *Leviathans* from tossing and sporting with the *commonwealth*, which of itself is too apt to *fluctuate*, they should be diverted from that game by a *Tale of a Tub*. And my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise; which I hope will serve for an *interim* of some months to employ those unquiet spirits, till the perfecting of that great work: into the secret of which, it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons; which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of *wits* in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them. The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed; to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools. There is, first, a large *pederastic* school, with French and Italian masters: there is, also, the *spelling* school, *a very spacious building*; the school of *looking-glasses*; the school of *swearing*; the school of *critics*; the school of *salivation*; the school of *hobby-horses*; the school of *poetry*; the school

ſchool of *tops* *; the ſchool of *ſpleen*; the ſchool of *gaming*; with many others too tedious to recount. No perſon to be admitted member into any of theſe ſchools, without an atteſtation under two ſufficient perſons hands, certifying him to be a *wit*.

But to return: I am ſufficiently inſtructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the *tour* of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatiſe. Not ſo my more ſucceſsful brethren the *moderns*, who will by no means let ſlip a preface or dedication, without ſome notable diſtinguiſhing ſtroke to ſurpriſe the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to enſue. Such was that of a moſt ingenious poet, who, ſoliciting his brain for ſomething new, compared himſelf to the *hangman*, and his patron to the *patient*. This was *inſigne, recens, indictum ore alio*†. When I went through that neceſſary and noble courſe of ſtudy ‡, I had the happineſs to obſerve many ſuch egregious touches; which I ſhall not injure the authors by tranſplanting; becauſe I have remarked, that nothing is ſo very tender as a *modern* piece of wit, and which is apt to ſuffer ſo much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty *to-day*, or *faſting*, or *in this place*, or *at eight a clock*, or *over a bottle*, or *ſpoke by Mr. What d'y'call'm*, or *in a ſummer's morning*; any of the which, by the ſmalleſt tranſpoſal or miſapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus *Wit* has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not ſtray the breadth of an hair,

* This I think the author ſhould have omitted, it being of the very ſame nature with the *ſchool* of *hobby horſes*, if one may venture to cenſure one, who is ſo ſevere a cenſurer of others, perhaps with too little diſtinction.

† Hor. Something extraordinary, new, and never hit upon before.

‡ Reading prefaces, &c.

upon

upon peril of being loſt. The *moderns* have artfully fixed this *mercury*, and reduced it to the circumſtances of time, place, and perſon. Such a jeſt there is, that will not paſs out of Covent-garden; and ſuch a one, that is no where intelligible but at Hyde-park corner. Now, though it ſometimes tenderly affects me, to conſider, that all the towardly paſſages I ſhall deliver in the following treatiſe, will grow quite out of date and reliſh with the firſt ſhifting of the preſent ſcene; yet I muſt needs ſubſcribe to the juſtice of this proceeding; becauſe I cannot imagine why we ſhould be at expence to furniſh wit for ſucceeding ages, when the former have made no ſort of proviſion for ours: wherein I ſpeak the ſentiment of the very neweſt, and conſequently the moſt orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely ſolicitous, that every accompliſhed perſon, who has got into the taſte of wit calculated for this preſent month of Auguſt 1697, ſhould deſcend to the very *bottom* of all the *ſublime* throughout this treatiſe; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim: Whatever reader deſires to have a thorough comprehenſion of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himſelf into the circumſtances and poſtures of life, that the writer was in upon every important paſſage, as it flowed from his pen: for this will introduce a parity and ſtrict correſpendence of ideas between the reader and the author. Now, to aſſiſt the diligent reader in ſo delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the ſhrewdeſt pieces of this treatiſe were conceived in bed, in a garret. At other times, for a reaſon beſt known to myſelf, I thought fit to ſharpen my invention with hunger; and, in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended, under a long courſe of phyſic, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it will be abſolutely impoſſible for the candid peruſer

uſer to go along with me in a great many bright paſſages, unleſs upon the ſeveral difficulties emergent, he will pleaſe to capacitate and prepare himſelf by theſe directions. And this I lay down as my principal *poſtulatum*.

Becauſe I have profeſſed to be a moſt devoted ſervant of all *modern* forms, I apprehend ſome curious *wit* may object againſt me, for proceeding thus far in a preface, without declaiming, according to the cuſtom, againſt the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers moſt reaſonably complain. I am juſt come from peruſing ſome hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning addreſs the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of theſe I have preſerved a few examples, and ſhall ſet them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus:

For a man to ſet up for a writer, when the preſs ſwarms with, &c.

Another:

The tax upon paper does not leſſen the number of ſcribblers, who daily peſter, &c.

Another:

When every little would-be wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the liſts, &c.

Another:

To obſerve what traſh the preſs ſwarms with, &c.

Another:

Sir, *It is merely in obedience to your commands, that I venture into the public*; *for who, upon a leſs conſideration, would be of a party with ſuch a rabble of ſcribblers*, &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence againſt this objection. Firſt, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuiſance to our nation, having ſtrenuouſly maintained the contrary in ſeveral parts of the following diſcourſe. Second-

ly, I do not well underſtand the juſtice of this proceeding; becauſe I obſerve many of theſe polite prefaces to be not only from the ſame hand, but from thoſe who are moſt voluminous in their ſeveral productions. Upon which I ſhall tell the reader a ſhort tale

A mountebank, in Leiceſter-fields, had drawn a huge aſſembly about him. Among the reſt, a fat unweildy fellow, half-ſtifled in the preſs, would be every fit crying out, Lord! what a filthy croud is here? Pray, good people, give way a little. Bleſs me! what a devil has raked this rabble together? Z——ds, what ſqueezing is this! Honeſt friend, remove your elbow. At laſt, a *weaver*, that ſtood next him, could hold no longer: A plague confound you (ſaid he) for an overgrown ſloven; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the croud half ſo much as yourſelf? Don't you conſider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcaſe than any five here? Is not the place as free for us as for you? Bring your own guts to a reaſonable compaſs, and be d—n'd; and then I'll engage we ſhall have room enough for us all.

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reaſon to doubt; particularly, that, where I am not underſtood, it ſhall be concluded, that ſomething very uſeful and profound is couched underneath; and again, that whatever word or ſentence is printed in a different character, ſhall be judged to contain ſomething extraordinary either of *wit* or *ſublime*.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praiſing myſelf upon ſome occaſions or none; I am ſure it will need no excuſe, if a multiude of great examples be allowed ſufficient authority. For it is here to be noted, that *praiſe* was originally a penſion paid by the world: but the *moderns*, finding the

the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the *fee-ſimple*; ſince which time, the right of preſentation is wholly in ourſelves. For this reaſon it is, that when an author makes his own eulogy, he uſes a certain form to declare and inſiſt upon his title; which is commonly in theſe or the like words, *I ſpeak without vanity*: which I think plainly ſhews it to be a matter of right and juſtice. Now, I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature, through the following treatiſe, the form aforeſaid is implied; which I mention, to ſave the trouble of repeating it on ſo many occaſions.

It is a great eaſe to my conſcience, that I have written ſo elaborate and uſeful a diſcourſe without one grain of ſatire intermixed; which is the ſole point wherein I have taken leave to diſſent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have obſerved ſome ſatiriſts to uſe the public much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy ready horſed for diſcipline: firſt, expoſtulate the caſe, then plead the neceſſity of the rod, from great provocations, and conclude every period with a laſh. Now, if I know any thing of mankind, theſe gentlemen might very well ſpare their reproof and correction: for there is not, through all nature, another ſo callous and inſenſible a member as the *world's poſteriors*, whether you apply to it the *toe* or the *birch*. Beſides, moſt of our late ſatiriſts ſeem to lie under a ſort of miſtake, that becauſe *nettles* have the prerogative to ſting, therefore all *other weeds* muſt do ſo too. I make not this compariſon out of the leaſt deſign to detract from theſe worthy writers: for it is well known among *mythologiſts*, that *weeds* have the preheminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the firſt *monarch* of this iſland, whoſe taſte and judgement were ſo acute and refined, did very wiſely root out the *roſes* from the collar of the *order*, and plant the *thiſtles* in their ſtead, as the

nobler flower of the two. For which reaſon it is conjectured by profound antiquaries, that the ſatirical itch, ſo prevalent in this part of our iſland, was firſt brought among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flouriſh and abound. May it ſurvive and neglect the ſcorn of the world, with as much eaſe and contempt, as the world is inſenſible to the laſhes of it. May their own dulneſs, or that of their party, be no diſcouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with *wits* as with *razors*, which are never ſo apt to *cut* thoſe they are employed on, as when they have *loſt their edge*. Beſides, thoſe whoſe teeth are too rotten to bite, are beſt, of all others, qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not, like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reaſon I muſt needs bear a true honour to this large eminent ſect of our Britiſh writers. And I hope, this little panegyric will not be offenſive to their ears, ſince it has the advantage of being only deſigned for themſelves. Indeed, Nature herſelf has taken order, that fame and honour ſhould be purchaſed at a better pennyworth by ſatire, than by any other productions of the brain; the world being ſooneſt provoked to *praiſe* by *laſhes*, as men are to *love*. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon ſtale muſty topics, without the ſmalleſt tincture of any thing new; not only to the torment and nauſeating of the *Chriſtian* reader, but, if not ſuddenly prevented, to the univerſal ſpreading of that peſtilent diſeaſe, the lethargy, in this iſland: whereas there is very little ſatire which has not ſomething in it untouched before. The defects of the former are uſually imputed to the want of invention among thoſe who are dealers in that kind; but, I think, with a great deal of injuſtice; the ſolution being eaſy and natural. For the materials

of

of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long ſince exhauſted. For as health is but one thing, and has been always the ſame: whereas diſeaſes are by thouſands, beſides new and daily additions: ſo all the virtues that have been ever in mankind, are to be counted upon a few fingers; but his follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now, the utmoſt a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a liſt of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmoſt liberality to his hero or his patron. He may ring the changes as far as it will go, and vary his phraſe till he has talked round: but the reader quickly finds it is all *pork* *, with a very little variety of ſauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and when our ideas are exhauſted, terms of art muſt be ſo too.

But though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of ſatire, yet would it not be hard to find out a ſufficient reaſon, why the latter will be always better received than the firſt. For this being beſtowed only upon one, or a few perſons at a time, is ſure to raiſe envy, and conſequently ill words, from the reſt, who have no ſhare in the bleſſing. But ſatire, being levelled at all, is never reſented for an offence by any; ſince every individual perſon makes bold to underſtand it of others, and very wiſely removes his particular part of the burden upon the ſhoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpoſe, I have ſometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England with reſpect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth †, it was the privilege and birthright of every citizen and poet, to rail aloud, and in public, or to expoſe upon the ſtage by name, any perſon

* Plutarch. † *Vid.* Xenoph.

they pleaſed, though of the greateſt figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demoſthenes. But, on the other ſide, the leſt reflecting word let fall againſt the *people* in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however conſiderable for their quality or merits. Whereas in England it is juſt the reverſe of all this. Here, you may ſecurely diſplay your utmoſt *rhetoric* againſt mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, *That all are gone aſtray*; *that there is none that doth good, no not one*; *that we live in the very dregs of time*; *that knavery and atheiſm are epidemic as the pox*; *that honeſty is fled with Aſtræa*; with any other common places, *equally* new and eloquent, which are furniſhed by the *ſplendida bilis* ‡. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, ſhall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and uſeful truths. Nay farther, it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-garden againſt foppery and fornication, and *ſomething elſe*; againſt pride and diſſimulation, and bribery, at White-hall: you may expoſe rapine and injuſtice in the *inns* of *court* chapel; and, in a *city* pulpit, be as fierce as you pleaſe againſt avarice, hypocriſy, and extortion. It is but a *ball* bandied to and fro, and every man carries a *racket* about him to ſtrike it from himſelf among the reſt of the company. But, on the other ſide, whoever ſhould miſtake the nature of things ſo far, as to drop but a ſingle hint in public, how *ſuch a one* ſtarved half the fleet, and half-poiſoned the reſt; how *ſuch a one*, from a true principle of *love* and *honour*, pays no debts but for *wenches* and *play*; how *ſuch a one* has got a clap, and runs out of his eſtate; how *Paris*, bribed by *Juno* and *Ve-*

‡ Hor. *Sthen.*

nus,

nus *, loth to offend either party, ſlept out the whole cauſe on the bench; or, how *ſuch an orator* makes long ſpeeches in the ſenate with much thought, little ſenſe, and to no purpoſe: whoever, I ſay, ſhould venture to be thus particular, muſt expect to be impriſoned for *ſcandalum magnatum*; to have *challenges* ſent him; to be ſued for *defamation*; and to be *brought before the bar of the houſe*.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a ſubject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for ſatire! On the other ſide, I am ſo entirely ſatisfied with the whole preſent procedure of human things, that I have been ſome years preparing materials towards *A panegyric upon the world*; to which I intended to add a ſecond part, intitled, *A modeſt defence of the proceedings of the rabble in all ages*. Both theſe I had thoughts to publiſh, by way of appendix to the following treatiſe; but, finding my common-place book fill much ſlower than I had reaſon to expect, I have choſen to defer them to another occaſion. Beſides, I have been unhappily prevented in that deſign by a certain domeſtic misfortune: in the particulars whereof, though it would be very ſeaſonable, and much in the *modern* way, to inform the *gentle reader*, and would alſo be of great aſſiſtance towards extending this preface into the ſize now in vogue, which by rule ought to be *large*, in proportion as the ſubſequent volume is *ſmall*; yet I ſhall now diſmiſs our impatient reader from any farther attendance at the *porch*; and having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary diſcourſe, ſhall gladly introduce him to the ſublime myſteries that enſue.

* Juno and Venus, are money and a miſtreſs; very powerful bribes to a judge, if ſcandal ſays true. I remember ſuch reflections were caſt about that time, but I cannot fix the perſon intended here.

A TALE OF A TUB*.

SECT. I.

The INTRODUCTION†.

WHoever hath an ambition to be heard in a croud, muſt preſs, and ſqueeze, and thruſt, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himſelf to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now, in all aſſemblies, though you wedge

* The Tale of a Tub has made much noiſe in the world It was one of Swift's earlieſt performances, and has never been excelled in wit and ſpirit by his own, or any other pen. The cenſures that have paſſed upon it are various. The moſt material of which were ſuch as reflected upon Dr. Swift, in the character of a clergyman, and a Chriſtian. It has been one of the misfortunes attending Chriſtianity, that many of her ſons, from a miſtaken filial piety, have indulged themſelves in too reſtrained and too melancholy a way of thinking. Can we wonder, then, if a book compoſed with all the force of wit and humour, in deriſion of face dotal tyranny, in ridicule of grave hypocriſy, and in contempt of phlegmatic ſtiffneſs, ſhould be wilfully miſconſtrued by ſome perſons, and ignorantly miſtaken by others, as a ſarcaſm and reflection upon the whole Chriſtian church? Swift's ungovernable ſpirit of irony has ſometimes carried him into very unwarrantable flights of wit. In the ſtyle of truth, I muſt look upon the Tale of a Tub as no intended inſult againſt Chriſtianity, but as a ſatire againſt the wild errors of the church of Rome, the ſlow and incomplete reformation of the Lutherans, and the abſurd and affected zeal of the Preſbyterians. *Orrery.*

† The Introduction abounds with wit and humour. But the author never loſes the leaſt opportunity of venting his keeneſt ſatire againſt Mr. Dryden, and conſequently loads with inſults the greateſt, although the leaſt proſperous of our Engliſh poets. Yet who can avoid ſmiling, when he finds the Hind and Panther as a complete abſtract of ſixteen thouſand ſchoolmen, and when Tommy Potts is ſuppoſed written by the ſame hand, as a ſupplement to the former work? I am willing to imagine, that Dryden, in ſome manner or other, had offended Swift, who, otherwiſe, I hope, would have

wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough; but how to reach it, is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of *number*, as of *hell:*

——— *evadere ad auras,*
Hoc opus, hic labor est *.

To this end, the philosopher's way in all ages has been by erecting certain *edifices in the air.* But, whatever practice and reputation these kind of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was suspended in a basket to help contemplation; I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniencies. *First*, That the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of *sight*, and ever out of *hearing*. *Secondly*, That the materials, being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain but three methods that I can think on; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators, who desire to talk much without interruption. These are, the *pulpit*, the *ladder*, and the *stage-itinerant*. For,

have been more indulgent to the errors of a man oppressed by poverty, driven on by party, and bewildered by religion.——But although our satirical author, now and then may have indulged himself in some personal animosities, or may have taken freedoms not so perfectly consistent with that solemn decency which is required from a clergyman; yet, throughout the whole piece there is a vein of ridicule and good humour, that laughs pedantry and affectation into the lowest degree of contempt, and exposes the character of Peter and Jack in such a manner as never will be forgiven, and never can be answered. *Orrery.*

* But to return and view the chearful skies;
In this the task and mighty labour lies.

as

as to the *bar*, though it be compounded of the ſame matter, and deſigned for the ſame uſe, it cannot, however, be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reaſon of its level or inferior ſituation, expoſing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the *bench* itſelf, though raiſed to a proper eminency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates inſiſt on. For, if they pleaſe to look into the original deſign of its erection, and the circumſtances or adjuncts ſubſervient to that deſign, they will ſoon acknowledge the preſent practice exactly correſpondent to the primitive inſtitution; and both to anſwer the etymology of the name, which, in the Phœnician tongue, is a word of great ſignification, importing, if literally interpreted, *the place of ſleep*; but, in common acceptation, *a ſeat well bolſtered and cuſhioned, for the repoſe of old and gouty limbs: Senes ut in otia tuta recedant:* Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long *talked*, whilſt others *ſlept*, ſo now they may *ſleep* as long, whilſt others *talk*.

But if no other argument could occur, to exclude the *bench* and the *bar* from the liſt of oratorial machines, it were ſufficient, that the admiſſion of them would overthrow a number, which I was reſolved to eſtabliſh, whatever argument it might coſt me; in imitation of that prudent method obſerved by many other philoſophers and great clerks, whoſe chief art in diviſion has been to grow fond of ſome proper myſtical number, which their imaginations have rendered ſacred, to a degree, that they force common reaſon to find room for it in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjuſting every *genus* and *ſpecies* within that compaſs, by coupling ſome againſt their wills, and baniſhing others at any rate. Now, among all the reſt, the profound number THREE is that which hath moſt employed my ſublimeſt ſpeculations, nor ever without wonderful

derful delight. There is now in the preſs, and will be publiſhed next term, a panegyrical eſſay of mine upon this number; wherein I have, by moſt convincing proofs, not only reduced the *ſenſes* and the *elements* under its banner, but brought over ſeveral deſerters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE.

Now, the firſt of theſe oratorial machines in place, as well as dignity, is the *pulpit*. Of *pulpits* there are in this iſland ſeveral ſorts; but I eſteem only that made of timber from the *ſylva Caledonia*, which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better, both for conveyance of ſound, and for other reaſons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in ſhape and ſize, I take to conſiſt in being extremely narrow, with little ornament, and beſt of all without a cover, (for, by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered *veſſel* in every aſſembly, where it is rightfully uſed) by which means, from its near reſemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of *ladders* I need ſay nothing. It is obſerved by foreigners themſelves, to the honour of our country, that we excell all nations in our practice and underſtanding of this machine. The aſcending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the *early* publication of their ſpeeches; which I look upon as the choiceſt treaſury of our Britiſh eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookſeller, Mr. John Dunton, hath made a faithful and a painful collection, which he ſhortly deſigns to publiſh in twelve volumes in folio, illuſtrated with copper-plates: A work highly uſeful and curious, and altogether worthy of ſuch a hand.

The

The laſt engine of orators is the *ſtage-itinerant* *, erected with much ſagacity, *ſub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriviis* †. It is the great ſeminary of the two former, and its orators are ſometimes preferred to the one, and ſometimes to the other, in proportion to their deſervings, there being a ſtrict and perpetual intercourſe between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifeſt, that, for obtaining attention in public, there is of neceſſity required a *ſuperior poſition of place*. But although this point be generally granted, yet the cauſe is little agreed in; and it ſeems to me, that very few philoſophers have fallen into a true, natural ſolution of this *phænomenon*. The deepeſt account, and the moſt fairly digeſted of any I have yet met with, is this, That air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the ſyſtem of Epicurus ‡, continually deſcending, muſt needs be more ſo, when loaden and preſſed down by words; which are alſo bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifeſt from thoſe deep *impreſſions* they make and leave upon us; and therefore muſt be delivered from a due altitude, or elſe they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a ſufficient force.

Corpoream quoque enim vocem conſtare fatendum eſt,
Et ſonitum, quoniam poſſunt impellere ſenſus *.
Lucr. lib. 4.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common obſervation, that, in the ſeveral aſſemblies of theſe orators, nature itſelf hath inſtructed the hearers to ſtand with their mouths o-

* Is the mountebank's ſtage, whoſe orators the author determines either to the gallows or a conventicle.

† In the open air, and in ſtreets where the greateſt reſort is.

‡ Lucret. lib. 2.

* 'Tis certain then, that voice that thus can wound,
Is all material; body every ſound.

pen,

pen, and erected parallel to the horizon, ſo as they may be interſected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which poſition, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a ſhare, and little or nothing is loſt.

I confeſs, there is ſomething yet more refined in the contrivance and ſtructure of our modern theatres. For, firſt, the pit is ſunk below the ſtage, with due regard to the inſtitution above deduced; that whatever *weighty* matter ſhall be delivered thence, whether it be *lead* or *gold*, may fall plum into the jaws of certain *critics*, as I think they are called, which ſtand ready opened to devour them. Then the boxes are built round, and raiſed to a level with the ſcene, in deference to the ladies; becauſe that large portion of wit laid out in raiſing pruriences and protuberances, is obſerved to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining paſſions, and little ſtarved conceits, are gently wafted up, by their own extreme levity, to the middle region; and there fix, and are frozen by the frigid underſtandings of the inhabitants. Bombaſtry and buffoonry, by nature lofty and light, ſoar higheſt of all; and would be loſt in the roof, if the prudent architect had not, with much foreſight, contrived for them a fourth place called the *twelvepenny gallery*, and there planted a ſuitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their paſſage.

Now this phyſico-logical ſcheme of oratorial receptacles or machines, contains a great myſtery; being a type, a ſign, an emblem, a ſhadow, a ſymbol, bearing analogy to the ſpacious commonwealth of writers, and to thoſe methods by which they muſt exalt themſelves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the *pulpit* are adumbrated the writings of our *modern ſaints* in Great Britain, as they have ſpiritualiſed and refined them from the droſs and groſſneſs of *ſenſe* and *human reaſon*. The matter, as we have ſaid,

is of rotten wood; and that upon two considerations; because it is the quality of rotten wood to give light in the dark: And, secondly, because its cavities are full of worms; which is a type with a pair of handles *, having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.

The *ladder* is an adequate symbol of *faction*, and of *poetry*; to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of *faction* †,

because * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Hiatus in MS.

Of poetry,

because its orators do *perorare* with a song; and, because climbing up by slow degrees, Fate is sure to turn them off before they can reach within many steps of the top; and because it is a preferment attained by transferring a propriety, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the *stage-itinerant* are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man; such as, *Sixpenny worth of wit*, *Westminster drolleries*, *Delightful tales*, *Complete jesters*, and the like; by which the writers of and for GRUB-STREET have in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over *Time*; have clipped his wings, pared his nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hobnails out of his shoes. It is under this class I have

* The two principal qualifications of a fanatic preacher, are, his inward light, and his head full of maggots; and the two different fates of his writings are to be burnt or worm eaten.

† Here is pretended a defect in the manuscript; and this is very frequent with our author, either when he thinks he cannot say any thing worth reading; or when he has no mind to enter on the subject; or when it is a matter of little moment; or perhaps to amuse his reader, whereof he is frequently very fond; or, lastly, with some satirical intention.

presumed

preſumed to liſt my preſent treatiſe, being juſt come from having the honour conferred upon me, to be adopted a member of that illuſtrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware, how the productions of the *Grub-ſtreet* brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices; nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two *junior* ſtart-up ſocieties, to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their eſtabliſhed poſt in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own conſciences will eaſily inform them, whom I mean. Nor has the world been ſo negligent a looker-on, as not to obſerve the continual efforts made by the ſocieties of Greſham * and of Will's † to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderneſs as well as of juſtice, when we reflect on their proceedings not only as unjuſt, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world, or themſelves, to ſay nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are ſeminaries, not only of our *planting*, but our *watering* too? I am informed, our two *rivals* have lately made an offer to enter into the liſts with united forces, and challenge us to a compariſon of books, both as to *weight* and *number*. In return to which, with licence from our *preſident*, I humbly offer two anſwers. Firſt, we ſay, the propoſal is like that which Archimedes made upon a *ſmaller* affair ‡, including an impoſſibility in the practice; for where can they find ſcales of *capacity* enough for the firſt, or an arithmetician of *capacity* enough for

* Greſham college was the place where the Royal ſociety then met, from whence they removed to Crane court in Fleet-ſtreet.

† Will's coffeehouſe in Covent-garden was formerly the place where the poets uſually met; which, though it be yet freſh in memory, in ſome years may be forgotten, and want this explanation.

‡ *Viz.* About moving the earth.

the ſecond? Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent perſon be aſſigned, to whoſe impartial judgement it ſhould be left to decide, which ſociety each book, treatiſe, or pamphlet, do moſt properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at preſent: for we are ready to produce a catalogue of ſome thouſands, which in all common juſtice ought to be intitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and new-fangled writers moſt perfidiouſly aſcribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence, that the determination ſhould be remitted to the authors themſelves; when our adverſaries, by briguing and caballing, have cauſed ſo univerſal a defection from us, that the greateſt part of our ſociety hath already deſerted to them, and our neareſt friends begin to ſtand aloof, as if they were half-aſhamed to own us.

This is the utmoſt I am authoriſed to ſay upon ſo ungrateful and melancholy a ſubject; becauſe we are extreme unwilling to inflame a controverſy, whoſe continuance may be ſo fatal to the intereſts of us all; deſiring much rather that things be amicably compoſed; and we ſhall ſo far advance on our ſide, as to be ready to receive the two *prodigals* with open arms whenever they ſhall think fit to return from their *huſks* and their *harlots*; which, I think, from the preſent courſe of their ſtudies * they moſt properly may be ſaid to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our bleſſing.

But the greateſt maim given to that general reception which the writings of our ſociety have formerly received, (next to the tranſitory ſtate of all ſublunary things), hath been a ſuperficial vein among many readers of the preſent age, who will by

* Virtuoſo experiments, and modern comedies.

no

no means be perſuaded to inſpect beyond the ſurface and the rind of things: Whereas, *wiſdom* is a *fox*, who, after long hunting, will at laſt coſt you the pains to dig out; it is a *cheeſe*, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarſer coat; and whereof, to a judicious palate the *maggots* are the beſt: it is a *jack-poſſit*, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the ſweeter. *Wiſdom* is a *hen*, whoſe *cackling* we muſt value and conſider, becauſe it is attended with an *egg*. But, then, laſtly, it is a *nut*, which, unleſs you chuſe with judgement, may coſt you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a *worm*. In conſequence of theſe momentous truths, the Grubæan ſages have always choſen to convey their precepts and their arts ſhut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning, than was altogether neceſſary, it has fared with theſe vehicles, after the uſual fate of coaches over-finely painted and gilt, that the tranſitory gazers have ſo dazzled their eyes, and filled their imaginations with the outward luſtre, as neither to regard or conſider the perſon or the parts of the owner within: A misfortune we undergo with ſomewhat leſs reluctancy, becauſe it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æſop, Socrates, and other of our predeceſſors.

However, that neither the world, nor ourſelves, may any longer ſuffer by ſuch miſunderſtandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a complete and laborious diſſertation upon the prime productions of our ſociety; which, beſides their beautiful externals for the gratification of ſuperficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the moſt finiſhed and refined ſyſtems of all ſciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by untwiſting or un-

winding, and either to draw up by exantlation, or diſplay by inciſion.

This great work was entered upon ſome years ago by one of our moſt eminent members. He began with the hiſtory of Reynard the *fox* *; but neither lived to publiſh his eſſay, nor to proceed farther in ſo uſeful an attempt; which is very much to be lamented, becauſe the diſcovery he made, and communicated with his friends, is now univerſally received; nor do I think, any of the learned will diſpute that famous treatiſe to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the *revelation*, or rather the *apocalypſe* of all ſtate-*arcana*. But the progreſs I have made is much greater, having already finiſhed my annotations upon ſeveral dozens; from ſome of which I ſhall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be neceſſary to the concluſion at which I aim.

The firſt piece I have handled, is that of *Tom Thumb*, whoſe author was a Pythagorean philoſopher. This dark treatiſe contains the whole ſcheme of the *metempſychoſis*, deducing the progreſs of the ſoul through all her ſtages.

The next is Dr. *Fauſtus*, penned by Artephius, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus*. He publiſhed it in the nine-hundredth-eighty-fourth year of his age †. This writer proceeds wholly by *reincrudation*, or in the *via humida*: and the marriage between Fauſtus and Helen does moſt conſpicuouſly dilucidate the fermenting of the *male* and *female dragon*.

Whitington and his cat is the work of that myſterious *Rabbi*, Jehuda Hannaſi; containing a de-

* The author ſeems here to be miſtaken; for I have ſeen a Latin edition of Reynard the fox above a hundred years old, which I take to be the original; for the reſt, it has been thought by many people to contain ſome ſatirical deſign in it.

† The chymiſts ſay of him in their books, that he prolonged his life to a thouſand years, and then died voluntarily.

fence

fence of the *Gemara* of the *Jeruſalem Miſna* †, and and its juſt preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The *Hind and Panther.* This is the maſter-piece of a famous writer now living ‡, intended for a complete abſtract of ſixteen thouſand ſchoolmen from Scotus to Bellarmin.

Tommy Potts. Another piece ſuppoſed by the ſame hand, by way of ſupplement to the former.

The *wiſe men of Gotham, cum appendice.* This is a treatiſe of immenſe erudition; being the great original and fountain of thoſe arguments, bandied about both in France and England, for a juſt defence of the *moderns* learning and wit againſt the preſumption, the pride, and ignorance of the *ancients.* This unknown author hath ſo exhauſted the ſubject, that a penetrating reader will eaſily diſcover whatever hath been written ſince upon that diſpute to be little more than repetition. An abſtract of this treatiſe hath been lately publiſhed by a *worthy member* of our ſociety *.

Theſe notices may ſerve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taſte, of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumſcribed my thoughts and my ſtudies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, ſhall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life †. This indeed is more than I can juſtly expect from a quill worn to the pith in the ſervice of the ſtate in *pro*'s and *con*'s upon *Po-*

* The Gemara is the deciſion, explanation, or interpretation of the Jewiſh Rabbies: and the Miſna is properly the code or body of the Jewiſh civil or common law.

† *Viz.* In the 1698.

* This I ſuppoſe to be underſtood of Mr. Wotton's diſcourſe of ancient and modern learning.

† Here the author ſeems to perſonate L'Eſtrange, Dryden, and ſome others, who, after having paſſed their lives in vices, faction, and falſehood, have the impudence to talk of merit, and innocence, and ſufferings.

piſh

piſh plots, and *meal-tubs* ‡, and *excluſion-bills*, and *paſſive obedience*, and *addreſſes of lives and fortunes*; and *prerogative*, and *property*, and *liberty of conſcience*, and *letters to a friend*: From an underſtanding and a conſcience thread-bare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the oppoſite factions; and from a body ſpent with poxes ill cured by truſting to bawds and ſurgeons, who, as it afterwards appeared, were profeſſed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my noſe and ſhins. Fourſcore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the ſervice of ſix and thirty factions. But, finding the ſtate has no farther occaſion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into ſpeculations more becoming a philoſpher; having, to my unſpeakable comfort, paſſed a long life with a conſcience void of offence.

But to return: I am aſſured from the reader's candor, that the brief ſpecimen I have given, will eaſily clear all the reſt of our ſociety's productions from an aſperſion grown, as it is manifeſt, out of envy and ignorance. That they are of little farther uſe or value to mankind beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their ſtyle; for theſe I am ſure have never yet been diſputed by our keeneſt adverſaries; in both which, as well as the more profound and myſtical part, I have, throughout this treatiſe cloſely followed the moſt applauded originals. And to render all complete, I have, with much thought and application of mind, ſo ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean, that under which I deſign it ſhall paſs in the common converſations of court and town, is modell-

‡ In King Charles II's time, there was an account of a Preſbyterian plot, found in a tub, which then made much noiſe.

ed

ed exactly after the manner peculiar to *our* ſociety.

I confeſs to have been ſomewhat liberal in the buſineſs of titles *, having obſerved the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers, whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it ſeems not unreaſonable, that books the children of the brain, ſhould have the honour to be chriſtened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce alſo a multiplicity of *godfathers* †; which is an improvement of much more advantage, upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, ſo as to grow by this time into general imitation, when ſuch an authority ſerves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to ſecond ſo uſeful an example: But it ſeems, there is an unhappy expence uſually annexed to the calling of a godfather, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reaſonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to ſplit my treatiſe into forty ſections, and having intreated forty lords of my acquaintance, that they would do me the honour to ſtand, they all made it a matter of conſcience, and ſent me their excuſes.

* The title page in the original was ſo torn, that it was not poſſible to recover ſeveral titles, which the author here ſpeaks of.

† See Virgil tranſlated, &c. he dedicated the different parts of Virgil to different patrons.

SECT.

SECT. II.

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who had three ſons by one wife *, and all at a birth; neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldeſt. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, ſpoke thus:

Sons, *Becauſe I have purchaſed no eſtate, nor was born to any, I have long conſidered of ſome good legacies to bequeath you and at laſt, with much care as well as expence have provided each of you* (here they are) *a new coat* †. *Now, you are to underſtand, that theſe coats have two virtues contained in them. One is, that, with good wearing, they will laſt you freſh and ſound as long as you live. The other is, that they will grow in the ſame proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themſelves, ſo as to be always fit. Here, let me ſee them on you before I die. So, very well; pray, children, wear them clean, and bruſh them often. You will find in my will* ‡ (here it is) *full inſtructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of*

* By theſe three ſons, Peter, Martin, and Jack; Popery, the Church of England, and our Proteſtant Diſſenter are deſigned. *W. Wotton.*

In the character of Peter, we ſee the Pope, ſeated on his pontifical throne, and adorned with his triple crown. In the picture of Martin, we view Luther and the firſt reformers. And in the deſcription of Jack, we behold John Calvin and his diſciples. The author's arrows are chiefly directed againſt Peter and Jack. To Martin he ſhews all the indulgence that the laws of allegory will permit. *Orrery*

† By his coats, which he gave his ſons, the garment of the Iſraelites is meant. *W. Wotton.*

An error (with ſubmiſſion) of the learned commentator; for by the coats are meant the doctrine and faith of Chriſtianity, by the wiſdom of the divine founder, fitted to all times, places, and circumſtances. *Lambin.*

‡ The New Teſtament.

your

your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will, that you should live together in one house, like brethren and friends; for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise.

Here the story says, this good father died and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years, any farther than by taking notice, that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order; that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies; but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation; the Dutchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil *. On their first appearance, our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and soon, with great sagacity, guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town. They writ, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing; they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff; they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate-houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps; they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran

* Their mistresses are, the Dutchess d'Argent, Mademoiselle de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil, i. e. covetousness, ambition, and pride; which were the three great vices that the antient fathers inveighed against, as the first corruptions of Christianity. *W. Wotton.*

in

in debt with ſhop-keepers, and lay with their wives: They killed bailiffs, kicked fidlers down ſtairs, eat at Locket's, loiter'd at Will's; they talked of the drawing-room, and never came there; dined with lords they never ſaw; whiſpered a Dutcheſs, and ſpoke never a word; expoſed the ſcrawls of their laundreſs for billetdoux of quality; came ever juſt from court, and were never ſeen in it; attended the levee *ſub dio*; got a liſt of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they conſtantly attended thoſe committees of ſenators, who are ſilent in the *houſe*, and loud in the *coffee-houſe*; where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics; and are encompaſſed with a ring of diſciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like ſtamp, too tedious to recount; and, by conſequence, were juſtly reckoned the moſt accompliſhed perſons in the town. But all would not ſuffice, and the ladies aforeſaid continued ſtill inflexible. To clear up which difficulty, I muſt, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourſe to ſome points of weight, which the authors of that age have not ſufficiently illuſtrated.

For about this time it happened, a ſect aroſe, whoſe tenets obtained and ſpread very far, eſpecially in the *grand monde*, and among every body of good faſhion *. They worſhipped a ſort of *idol* †, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This *idol* they placed in the higheſt parts of the houſe, on an altar erected about three foot. He was ſhewn in the poſture of a Perſian Emperor,

* This is an occaſional ſatire upon dreſs and faſhion, in order to introduce what follows.

† By this idol is meant a taylor.

ſitting

ſitting on a *ſuperficies*, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a *gooſe* for his enſign; whence it is, that ſome learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus. At his left hand, beneath the altar, *hell* ſeemed to open, and catch at the animals the *idol* was creating: To prevent which, certain of his prieſts hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed maſs or ſubſtance, and ſometimes whole limbs already enlivened; which that horrid gulf inſatiably ſwallowed, terrible to behold. The *gooſe* was alſo held a ſubaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*; before whoſe ſhrine was ſacrificed that creature, whoſe hourly food is human gore, and who is in ſo great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the Egyptian Cercopithecus ‡. Millions of theſe animals were cruelly ſlaughtered every day, to appeaſe the hunger of that conſuming deity. The chief *idol* was alſo worſhipped as the inventor of the *yard* and *needle*; whether as the god of ſeamen, or on account of certain other myſtical attributes, hath not been ſufficiently cleared.

The worſhippers of this deity had alſo a ſyſtem of their belief, which ſeemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the univerſe to be a large *ſuit of cloaths*, which *inveſts* every thing; that the earth is *inveſted* by the air; the air is *inveſted* by the ſtars; and the ſtars are *inveſted* by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and faſhionable *dreſs*. What is that which ſome call *land*, but a fine coat faced with green? or the *ſea*, but a waiſtcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious *journeyman* Nature hath been, to trim up the *vegetable* beaux: Obſerve how ſparkiſh a periwig adorns

‡ The Egyptians worſhipped a monkey; which animal is very fond of eating lice, ſtiled here creatures that feed on human gore.

the head of a *beech*, and what a fine doublet of white fattin is worn by the *birch*. To conclude from all, what is man himſelf but a *microcoat* *; or rather a complete ſuit of cloaths, with all its trimmings? As to his body, there can be no diſpute. But examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute, in their order, towards furniſhing out an exact dreſs. To inſtance no more; is not religion a *cloak*; honeſty a *pair of ſhoes*, worn out in the dirt; ſelf-love a *ſurtout*; vanity a *ſhirt*; and conſcience a *pair of breeches*, which, though a cover for lewdneſs as well as naſtineſs, is eaſily ſlipt down for the ſervice of both?

Theſe *poſtulata* being admitted, it will follow in due courſe of reaſoning, that thoſe beings which the world calls improperly *ſuits of cloaths*, are in reality the moſt refined ſpecies of animals; or to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For is it not manifeſt, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? Are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inſeparable properties? In ſhort, we ſee nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the ſtreets, fill up *parliament*———, *coffee*———, *play*——, *bawdy houſes?* It is true indeed, that theſe animals, which are vulgarly called *ſuits of cloaths*, or *dreſſes*, do, according to certain compoſitions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horſe, it is called a *Lord Mayor*; if certain ermins and furs be placed in a certain poſition, we ſtyle them a *Judge*; and ſo, an apt conjunction of lawn and black ſattin, we intitle a *Biſhop*.

* Alluding to the word *microcoſm*, or a little world, as man hath been called by philoſophers.

Others

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held, that man was an animal compounded of two *d esses*, the *natural* and the *celestial suit*; which were the body and the soul; that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward cloathing; that the latter was *ex traduce*, but the former of daily creation and circumfusion. This last they proved by *scripture*; because *in th m we live, and move, and have our being*: as likewise by philosophy; because they are *all in all, and all in every part*. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavoury carcase. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion were tagged several subaltern doctrines *, which were entertained with great vogue; as, particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner. *Embroidery* was *sheer wit*; *gold fringe* was *agreeable conversation*; *gold lace* was *repartee*; a huge long *periwig* was *humour*; and a *coat full of powder* was very good *raillery*. All which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicatesse*, to manage with

* The first part of the *tale* is the history of Peter. Thereby Popery is exposed. Every body knows, the Papists have made great additions to Christianity; that indeed is the great exception which the Church of England makes against them: accordingly Peter begins his pranks with adding a *shoulder-knot* to his coat. *W. Wotton.*

The actions of Peter are the actions of a man intoxicated with pride, power, rage, tyranny, and self-conceit. These passions are placed in the most ridiculous light: and the effects of them produce to us the tenets and doctrines of papal Rome, such as purgatory, penance, images, indulgences, auricular confession, transubstantiation, and those dreadful monsters, the pontifical bulls, which, according to this ludicrous author, derived their original from the famous bulls of Colchis, described by Ovid.

" Terribiles vultus, prefixaque cornua ferro;
" Pulverulumque solum pede pulsavere bisulco;
" Fumificisque locum mugitibus implevere." MET. l. vii. v. 112.
Orrery.

advantage, as well as a ſtrict obſervance after times and faſhions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors, this ſhort ſummary of a body of philoſophy and divinity; which ſeems to have been compoſed by a vein and race of thinking, very different from any other ſyſtems, either *ancient* or *modern*. And it was not merely to entertain or ſatisfy the reader's curioſity, but rather to give him light into ſeveral circumſtances of the following ſtory; that, knowing the ſtate of diſpoſitions and opinions in an age ſo remote, he may better comprehend thoſe great events which were the iſſue of them. I adviſe therefore the courteous reader, to peruſe, with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And leaving theſe broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my ſtory, and proceed.

Theſe opinions therefore were ſo univerſal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother-adventurers, as their circumſtances then ſtood, were ſtrangely at a loſs. For, on the one ſide, the three ladies they addreſſed themſelves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the faſhion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other ſide, their father's will was very preciſe; and it was the main precept in it, with the greateſt penalties annexed, not to add to, or diminiſh from their coats, one thread, without a poſitive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them, were, it is true, of very good cloth; and, beſides, ſo neatly ſown, you would ſwear they were all of a piece; but at the ſame time very plain, and with little or

no

no ornament *. And it happened, that, before they were a month in town, great *ſhoulder-knots* came up †: ſtrait all the world was *ſhoulder-knots*; no approaching the ladies *ruelles*, without the *quota* of *ſhoulder-knots*. *That fellow*, cries one, *has no ſoul*; *where is his ſhoulder-knot?* Our three brethren ſoon diſcovered their want by ſad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the *play-houſe*, the door-keeper ſhewed them into the twelve-penny gallery. If they called a boat, ſays the waterman, *I am firſt ſculler*. If they ſtepped to the *Roſe* to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, *Friend, we ſell no ale*. If they went to viſit a lady, a footman met them at the door, with, *Pray, ſend up your meſſage*. In this unhappy caſe they went immediately to conſult their father's will; read it over and over, but not a word of the *ſhoulder-knot*. What ſhould they do! What temper ſhould they find? Obedience was abſolutely neceſſary, and yet *ſhoulder-knots* appeared extremely requiſite. After much thought, one of the brothers, who happened to be more *book-learned* than the other two, ſaid, he had found an expedient. *It is true*, ſaid he, *there is nothing here in this will*, totidem verbis ‡, *making mention of* ſhoulder-knots:

* His deſcription of the cloth of which the coat was made, has a farther meaning than the words may ſeem to import: "The coats "their father had left them, were of very good cloth; and beſides, "ſo neatly ſown, you would ſwear they were all of a piece; but at "the ſame time very plain, with little or no ornament." This is the diſtinguiſhing character of the Chriſtian religion. *Chriſtiana religio abſoluta et ſimplex*, was Ammianus Marcellinus's deſcription of it, who was himſelf a Heathen. *W. Wotton.*

† By this is underſtood the firſt introducing of pageantry, and unneceſſary ornaments in the church, ſuch as were neither for convenience nor edification; as a *ſhoulder-knot*, in which there is neither ſymmetry nor uſe.

‡ When the Papiſts cannot find any thing which they want in ſcripture, they go to *oral tradition*. Thus Peter is introduced diſſatisfied with the tedious way of looking for all the letters of any word, which he has occaſion for in the *will*; when neither the conſtituent ſyllables,

but I dare conjecture, we may find them inclusive, *or* totidem syllabis. This distinction was immediately approved by all; and so they fell again to examine. But their evil star had so directed the matter, that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writing. Upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion, took heart, and said, *Brothers, there are yet hopes; for though we cannot find them* totidem verbis, *nor* totidem syllabis, *I dare engage we shall make them out* tertio modo, *or* totidem literis. This discovery was also highly commended: upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived, that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! But the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in, proved, by a very good argument, that K was a modern illegimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor any where to be found in ancient manuscripts, "'Tis "true" (said he) "the word *Calendæ* hath in "Q. V. C. * been sometimes written with a K; "but erroneously; for in the best copies it has "been ever spelt with a C. And, by consequence, "it was a gross mistake in our language to "spell *knot* with a K; but that from henceforward "he would take care it should be written with a C." Upon this all farther difficulty vanished; *shoulder-knots* were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*; and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best.

But as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it entirely depends. *Shoulder-knots* had their

syllables, nor much less the whole word, were there *in terminis*. *W Worton*

* *Quibusdam veteribus codicibus:* Some ancient manuscripts.

time;

time; and we must now imagine them in their decline: for a certain lord came just from Paris, with fifty yards of *gold-lace* upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court-fashion of that *month*. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of *gold-lace* †. Whoever durst peep abroad without his complement of *gold-lace*, was as scandalous as a ——, and as ill received among the women. What should our three knights do in this momentous affair? They had sufficiently strained a point already, in the affair of *shoulder-knots*. Upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum silentium*. That of the *shoulder-knots* was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of *gold-lace* seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo essentiæ adhærere*, and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out, that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis dialectica*; and especially that wonderfully piece *de interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in every thing but itself; like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets without understanding a syllable of the text. "Brothers," *said he*, "you are to be informed, that "of wills *duo sunt genera*, nuncupatory * and scripp"tory. That in the scriptory will here before us, "there is no precept or mention about gold-lace, "*conceditur*: but, *si idem affirmetur de nuncupatoria*, "*negatur*. For, brothers, if you remember, we "heard a fellow say, when we were boys, that he "heard my father's man say, that he heard my "father say, that he would advise his sons to get "*gold-lace* on their coats, as soon as ever they could

† I cannot tell, whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting scripture.

* By this is meant *tradition*, allowed to have equal authority with the scripture, or rather greater.

"procure

" procure money to buy it." " By G— that is " very true," cries the other: " I remember it " perfectly well," ſaid the third. And ſo, without more ado, they got the largeſt *gold-lace* in the pariſh, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after, there came up, *all in faſhion*, a pretty ſort of *flame-coloured ſattin* * for linings; and the *mercer* brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen: " An' pleaſe your Wor- " ſhips," ſaid he, " my Lord C——, and Sir J. " W. had linings out of this very piece laſt night. " It takes wonderfully; and I ſhall not have a " remnant left, enough to make my wife a pin- " cuſhion, by to-morrow morning at ten a-clock." Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, becauſe the preſent caſe alſo required a poſitive precept, the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the eſſence of the coat. After long ſearch, they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a ſhort advice of their father in the will, to take care of *fire*, and put out their *candles* before they went to ſleep *. This, though a good deal for the purpoſe, and helping very far towards ſelf-conviction, yet not ſeeming wholly of force to eſtabliſh a command; (being reſolved to avoid farther ſcruple, as well as future occaſion for ſcandal),

† This is purgatory, whereof he ſpeaks more particularly hereafter; but here only to ſhew how ſcripture was perverted to prove it; which was done by giving equal authority, with the *canon*, to *Apocrypha*, called here a *codicil annexed*.

It is likely the author, in every one of theſe changes in the brothers dreſſes, refers to ſome particular error in the *church of Rome*; though it is not eaſy, I think, to apply them all. But by this of *flame-coloured ſattin*, is manifeſtly intended purgatory; by *gold lace* may perhaps be underſtood, the lofty ornaments and plate in the churches. The *ſhoulder-knots* and *ſilver fringe* are not ſo obvious, at leaſt to me. But the Indian figures of men, women, and children, plainly relate to the pictures in the Romiſh churches, of God like an old man, of the Virgin Mary, and our Saviour as a child.

* That is, to take care of hell; and, in order to do that, to ſubdue and extinguiſh their luſts.

ſays

ſays he that was the ſcholar, " I remember to have " read in wills, of a codicil annexed; which is in- " deed a part of the will; and what it contains, " hath equal authority with the reſt. Now, I have " been conſidering of this ſame will here before us, " and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of " ſuch a codicil. I will therefore faſten one in its " proper place very dextrouſly. I have had it by " me ſome time. Is was written by a dog-keeper " of my grandfather's †; and talks a great deal, " as good luck would have it, of this very flame- " coloured ſattin." The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment ſcroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a *codicil annexed*, and the *ſattin* bought and worn.

Next winter, a *player*, hired for the purpoſe by the corporation of *fringe-makers*, acted his part in a new comedy, all covered with *ſilver fringe* ‡; and, according to the laudable cuſtom, gave riſe to that faſhion. Upon which, the brother's conſulting their father's will, to their great aſtoniſhment found theſe words: Item, *I charge and command my ſaid three ſons, to wear no ſort of* ſilver fringe *upon or about their ſaid coats*, &c. with a penalty, in caſe of diſobedience, too long here to inſert. However, after ſome pauſe, the brother ſo often mentioned for his erudition, who was well ſkilled in criticiſms, had found in a certain author, which he ſaid ſhould be nameleſs, that the ſame word, which in the will is called *fringe*, does alſo ſignify a *broom-ſtick* ‖; and doubtleſs ought to have the ſame interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the

† I believe this refers to that part of the *Apocrypha*, where mention is made of *Tobit* and his *dog*.

‡ This is certainly the farther introducing the pomps of habit and ornament.

‖ The next ſubject of our au hor's wit, is the gloſſes and interpretations of ſcripture, very many abſurd ones of which are allowed in the moſt authentic books of the *church of Rome*. *W. Wotton.*

brothers

brothers diſliked, becauſe of that epithet *ſilver*; which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of ſpeech, be reaſonably applied to a *broom-ſtick*. But is was replied upon him, that this epithet was underſtood in a *mythological* and *allegorical* ſenſe. However, he objected again, why their father ſhould forbid them to wear a *broom-ſtick* on their coats; a caution that ſeemed unnatural and impertinent. Upon which he was taken up ſhort, as one that ſpoke irreverently of a *myſtery*; which doubtleſs was very uſeful and ſignificant, but ought not to be over-curiouſly pried into, or nicely reaſoned upon. And, in ſhort, their father's authority being now conſiderably ſunk, this expedient was allowed to ſerve as a lawful diſpenſation for wearing their full proportion of *ſilver fringe*.

A while after, was revived an old faſhion, long antiquated, of *embroidery* with Indian *figures* of men, women, and children *. Here they remembered but too well, how their father had always abhorred this faſhion; that he made ſeveral paragraphs on purpoſe, importing his utter deteſtation of it, and beſtowing his everlaſting curſe to his ſons, whenever they ſhould wear it. For all this, in a few days, they appeared higher in the faſhion than any body elſe in the town. But they ſolved the matter, by ſaying, that theſe figures were not at all the *ſame* with thoſe that were formerly worn, and were meant in the will. Beſides, they did not wear them in the ſenſe as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable cuſtom, and of great uſe to the public. That theſe rigorous clauſes in the will did therefore require ſome *allowance*, and a favourable

* The images of ſaints, the bleſſed virgin, and our Saviour an infant.

Ibid. Images in the *church of Rome* give him but too fair a handle, *The brothers remembered*, &c. The allegory here is direct. *W. Wotton.*

inter-

interpretation, and ought to be underſtood *cum grano ſalis*.

But faſhions perpetually altering in that age, the ſcholaſtic brother grew weary of ſearching farther evaſions, and ſolving everlaſting contradictions. Reſolved therefore, at all hazards, to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimouſly, to lock up their father's will in a *ſtrong box**, brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgotten which; and trouble themſelves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In conſequence whereof, a while after, it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of *points*, moſt of them *tagged with ſilver*. Upon which, the ſcholar pronounced *ex cathedra* †, that *points* were abſolutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember. It is true, indeed, the faſhion preſcribed ſomewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauſes for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will; or elſe *multa abſurda ſequerentur*. This was underſtood for *canonical*; and therefore on the following Sunday they came to church all covered with *points*.

The learned brother, ſo often mentioned, was reckoned the beſt ſcholar in all that, or the next

* The Papiſts formerly forbad the people the uſe of ſcripture in a vulgar tongue; Peter therefore *locks up his father's will in a ſtrong box, brought out of Greece or Italy*. Theſe countries are named, becauſe the New Teſtament is written in Greek; and the *vulgar Latin*, which is the authentic edition of the *Bible* in the Church of Rome, is in the language of old Italy. *W. Wotton.*

† The *Popes*, in their decretals and bulls, have given their ſanction to very many gainful doctrines, which are now received in the Church of Rome, that are not mentioned in ſcripture, and are unknown to the primitive church. Peter according'y pronounces *ex cathedra*, that *points tagged with ſilver were abſolutely* jure paterno; and ſo they wore them in great numbers. *W. Wotton.*

ſtreet

ſtreet to it; inſomuch, as having run ſomething behind-hand in the world, he obtained the favour of a *certain lord* ‡, to receive him into his houſe, and to teach his children. A while after, the *lord* died; and he, by long practice of his father's will, found the way of contriving a *deed of conveyance* of that houſe to himſelf and his heirs. Upon which he took poſſeſſion, turned the young 'ſquires out, and received his brothers in their ſtead ‖.

SECT. III.

A digreſſion concerning critics *.

ALthough I have been hitherto as cautious could, upon all occaſions, moſt nicely to follow the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illuſtrious *moderns*; yet has the unhappy ſhortneſs of my memory led me into an error, from which I muſt extricate myſelf, before I can decently purſue my principal ſubject. I confeſs, with ſhame, it was an unpardonable omiſſion to proceed ſo far as I have already done, before I had performed the due diſcourſes, expoſtulatory, ſupplicatory, or deprecatory, with my *good lords* the

‡ This was Conſtantine the Great, from whom the *Popes* pretend a donation of St. Peter's patrimony, which they have been never able to produce.

‖ *Ibid.* The biſhops of Rome enjoyed their privileges in Rome at firſt by the favour of the emperors, whom at laſt they ſhut out of their own capital city, and then forged a donation from *Conſtantine the Great*, the better to juſtify what they did. In imitation of this, Peter, *having run ſomething behind hand in the world, obtained leave of a certain lord*, &c. *W. Wotton.*

* The ſeveral *digreſſions* are written in ridicule of bad critics, dull commentators, and the whole fraternity of Grubſtreet philoſophers. *Orrery.*

critics.

critics. Towards ſome atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to preſent them with a ſhort account of themſelves and their *art*, by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally underſtood among us, and very briefly conſidering the ancient and preſent ſtate thereof.

By the word *critic*, at this day ſo frequent in all converſations, there have ſometimes been diſtinguiſhed three very different ſpecies of mortal men, according as I have read in *ancient books and pamphlets*. For, firſt, by this term was underſtood ſuch perſons as invented or drew up rules for themſelves and the world, by obſerving which, a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the *learned*, from his taſte to a true reliſh of the *ſublime* and the *admirable*, and divide every beauty of matter or of ſtyle from the corruption that apes it: in their common peruſal of books, ſingling out the errors and defects, the nauſeous, the fulſome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh ſtreets in a morning; who is indeed as careful as he can, to watch diligently, and ſpy out the filth in his way: not that he is curious to obſerve the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimenſions, much leſs to be paddling in, or taſting it; but only with a deſign to come out as cleanly as he may. Theſe men ſeem, though very erroneouſly, to have underſtood the appellation of *critic* in a literal ſenſe; that one principal part of his office was to praiſe and acquit; and that a *critic*, who ſets up to read only for an occaſion of cenſure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous, as a *judge* who ſhould take up a reſolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word *critic* have been meant the reſtorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and duſt of manuſcripts.

Now, the races of thoſe two have been, for ſome ages, utterly extinct; and beſides, to diſcouſe any farther of them, would not be at all to my purpoſe.

The third and nobleſt ſort is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whoſe original is the moſt ancient of all. Every true *critic* is a hero born, deſcending in a direct line from a celeſtial ſtem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat *Etcætera* the elder, who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis, who begat *Etcætera* the younger.

And theſe are the *critics* from whom the commonwealth of learning has, in all ages, received ſuch immenſe benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in heaven, among thoſe of Hercules, Theſeus, Perſeus, and other great deſervers of mankind. But heroic virtue itſelf hath not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it hath been objected, that thoſe ancient heroes, famous for their combating ſo many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own perſons a greater nuiſance to mankind, than any of thoſe monſters they ſubdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all *other* vermin were deſtroyed, ſhould in conſcience have concluded with the ſame juſtice upon themſelves; as Hercules moſt generouſly did; and hath, upon that ſcore, procured to himſelf more temples and votaries, than the beſt of his fellows. For theſe reaſons I ſuppoſe it is, why ſome have conceived it would be very expedient for the public good of learning, that every *true critic*, as ſoon as he had finiſhed his taſk aſſigned, ſhould immediately deliver himſelf up to ratſbane, or hemp, or from ſome convenient *altitude*; and that no man's pretenſions to ſo illuſtrious a character ſhould by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now,

Now, from this heavenly descent of *criticism*, and the close analogy it bears to *heroic virtue*, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a *true ancient genuine critic*; which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den, to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together like Augeas's dung: or else drive away a sort of *dangerous fowl*, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the *tree of knowledge*, like those *Stymphalian* birds that eat up the fruit.

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true *critic*; that he is a *discoverer and collector of writer's faults*; which may be farther put beyond dispute by the following demonstration: That whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes of other writers; and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad does of necessity distil into their own; by which means the whole appears to be nothing else but an *abstract* of the *criticisms* themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a *critic*, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation; I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pretermission of authors; by which they pretend to prove, that the very art of *criticism*, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly *modern*; and consequently, that the *critics* of Great

Britain and France have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the most ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a *true critic*, agreeable to the definition laid down by me; their grand objection, from the silence of authors, will fall to the ground.

I confess to have for a long time borne a part in this general error; from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble *moderns*; whose most edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind, and the good of my country. These have with unwearied pains made many useful searches into the weak sides of the *ancients*, and given us a comprehensive list of them. Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very finest things delivered of old, have been long since invented, and brought to light by much later pens *; and that the noblest discoveries those *ancients* ever made of art or nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age. Which clearly shews, how little merit those *ancients* can justly pretend to; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with *present things*. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded, that these *ancients*, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured, from some passages in their works, to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by *satire* or *panegyric* upon the *true critics*, in imitation of their *masters* the *moderns*. Now, in the *common places* of both these †, I was plentifully

* See Wotton of ancient and modern learning.

† Satire and panegyric upon critics.

instructed

instructed, by a long course of useful study in *prefaces* and *prologues*; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either, by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found, to my great surprise, that although they all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptions of the *true critic*, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind, was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than *mythology* and *hieroglyphic*. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers, for urging the silence of authors against the antiquity of the *true critic*; though the *types* are so apposite, and the application so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive, how any reader of a *modern eye* and *taste* could overlook them. I shall venture, from a great number, to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering, that these *ancient writers*, in treating ænigmatically upon the subject, have generally fixed upon the very *same hieroglyph*; varying only the story, according to their affections, or their wit. For, first, Pausanias is of opinion, that the perfection of writing correct was entirely owing to the institution of *critics*. And that he can possibly mean no other than the *true critic*, is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says *, "they were a race of men "who delighted to nibble at the superfluities and "excrescences of books; which the learned at "length observing, took warning of their own ac-"cord to lop *the* luxuriant, *the* rotten, *the* dead, "*the* sapless, *and the* overgrown branches from "their works." But now, all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory: "That the

* Lib. ——

" Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning " their vines, by obſerving, that when an ASS " had browſed upon one of them, it thrived the " better, and bore fairer fruit." But Herodotus †, holding the very ſame *hieroglyph*, ſpeaks much plainer, and almoſt *in terminis*. He hath been ſo bold as to tax the *true critics* of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that *in the weſtern part of Libya there were* ASSES *with* horns. Upon which relation Cteſias ‡ yet refines, mentioning the very ſame animal about India; adding, *that whereas all other* ASSES *wanted a* gall, *theſe horned ones were ſo redundant in that part, that their fleſh was not to be eaten, becauſe of its extreme* bitterneſs.

Now, the reaſon why thoſe ancient writers treated this ſubject only by types and figures, was, becauſe they durſt not make open attacks againſt a party ſo potent and terrible, as the *critics* of thoſe ages were; whoſe very voice was ſo dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble, and drop their pens at the ſound: for ſo Herodotus tells us expreſly in another place *, how " a vaſt army of " Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by " the braying of an ASS." From hence it is conjectured by certain profound *philologers*, that the great awe and reverence paid to a *true critic* by the writers of Britain, have been derived to us from thoſe of our Scythian anceſtors. In ſhort, this dread was ſo univerſal, that, in proceſs of time, thoſe authors who had a mind to publiſh their ſentiments more freely, in deſcribing the *true critics* of their ſeveral ages, were forced to leave off the uſe of the former *hieroglyph*, as too nearly approaching the *prototype*; and invented other terms inſtead

† Lib. iv.
‡ *Vide* excerpta ex eo apud Photium.
* Lib. iv.

thereof,

thereof, that were more cautious and myſtical. So Diodorus †, ſpeaking to the ſame purpoſe, ventures no farther than to ſay, that, " in the mountains of " Helicon, there grows a certain *weed*, which bears " a flower of ſo damned a ſcent, as to poiſon thoſe " who offer to ſmell it." Lucretius gives exactly the ſame relation:

Eſt etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
Floris odore hominem tetro conſueta necare ‡. Lib. 6.

But Cteſias, whom we lately quoted, hath been a great deal bolder. He had been uſed with much ſeverity by the *true critics* of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him, at leaſt, one deep mark of his vengeance againſt the whole tribe. His meaning is ſo near the ſurface, that I wonder how it poſſibly came to be overlooked by thoſe who deny the antiquity of the *true critics*. For, pretending to make a deſcription of many ſtrange animals about India, he hath ſet down theſe remarkable words. " Amongſt the reſt, *ſays he*, " there is a *ſerpent* that wants *teeth*, and conſe- " quently cannot bite; but if its *vomit*, to which it " is much addicted, happens to fall upon any " thing, a certain rottenneſs or corruption enſues. " Theſe *ſerpents* are generally found among the " mountains where *Jewels* grow, and they fre- " quently emit a *poiſonous juice*; whereof whoever " drinks, that perſon's *brains* fly out of his no- " ſtrils."

There was alſo among the *ancients* a ſort of *critics*, not diſtinguiſhed in *ſpecie* from the former, but in growth or degree, who ſeem to have been only the *tyro*'s or *junior* ſcholars: Yet, becauſe of

† Lib.

‡ Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
Grow trees, whoſe bloſſoms with their odour kill.

their

their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a ſect by themſelves. The uſual exerciſe of theſe younger ſtudents, was to attend conſtantly at theatres, and learn to ſpy out the *worſt parts* of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleſhed at theſe ſmaller ſports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and ſtrong enough for hunting down large game. For it hath been obſerved, both among ancients and moderns, that a *true critic* hath one quality in common with a *whore* and an *alderman*, never to change his title or his nature; that a *gray critic* has been certainly a *green* one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like *hemp*, which ſome naturaliſts informs us is bad for *ſuffocations*, though taken but in the ſeed. I eſteem the invention, or at leaſt the refinement of *prologues*, to have been owing to theſe younger proficients of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli*.

Now, it is certain the inſtitution of the *true critics* was of abſolute neceſſity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions ſeem to be divided, like Themiſtocles and his company: One man can *fiddle*, and another can make *a ſmall town a great city*; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deſerves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty, has doubtleſs given the firſt birth to the nation of *critics*; and withal, an occaſion for their ſecret detractors to report, that a *true critic* is a ſort of mechanic, ſet up with a ſtock and tools for his trade, at as little expence as a *tailor*; and that there is much analogy between the utenſils and abilities of both: That the *tailor's bell* is the type of a *critic's common-place-book*, and his wit and learning held forth by the *gooſe*; that it requires at leaſt as many of theſe

to

to the making up of one ſcholar, as of the others to the compoſition of a man; that the valour of both is equal, and their *weapons* near of a ſize. Much may be ſaid in anſwer to thoſe invidious reflections; and I can poſitively affirm the firſt to be a falſehood: For, on the contrary, nothing is more certain than that it requires greater layings out to be free of the *critic*'s company, than of any other you can name. For, as to be a *true beggar*, it will coſt the richeſt candidate every groat he is worth; ſo before one can commence a *true critic*, it will coſt a man all the good qualities of his mind; which perhaps for a leſs purchaſe would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of *criticiſm*, and deſcribed the primtive ſtate of it; I ſhall now examine the preſent condition of this empire, and ſhew how well it agrees with its ancient ſelf. A certain author, whoſe works have many ages ſince been entirely loſt, does, in his fifth book, and eighth chapter, ſay of *critics*, that *their writings are the mirrors of learning* *. This I underſtand in a literal ſenſe; and ſuppoſe our author muſt mean, that whoever deſigns to be a perfect writer, muſt inſpect into the books of *critics*, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever conſiders, that the *mirrors* of the ancients were made of *braſs*, and *fine mercurio*, may preſently apply the two principal qualifications of a *true modern critic*; and conſequently muſt needs conclude, that theſe have always been, and muſt be for ever the ſame. For *braſs* is an emblem of duration, and, when it is ſkilfully burniſhed, will caſt *reflections* from its own *ſuperficies*, without any aſſiſtance of *mercury* from behind. All the other talents of a *critic* will not require a particular mention, being included,

* A quotation after the manner of a great author. *Vide* Bentley's Diſſertation, &c.

or

or eaſily reducible to theſe. However, I ſhall conclude with three maxims, which may ſerve both as characteriſtics to diſtinguiſh a *true modern critic* from a pretender, and will be alſo of admirable uſe to thoſe worthy ſpirits who engage in ſo uſeful and honourable an art.

The firſt is, that *criticiſm*, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the trueſt and beſt, when it is the very *firſt* reſult of the *critic*'s mind: As fowlers reckon the firſt aim for the ſureſt, and ſeldom fail of miſſing the mark, if they ſtay for a ſecond.

Secondly, The *true critics* are known by their talent of ſwarming about the nobleſt writers, to which they are carried merely by inſtinct, as a rat to the beſt cheeſe, or a waſp to the faireſt fruit. So, when the *king* is on horſeback, he is ſure to be the *dirtieſt* perſon of the company; and they that make their court beſt, are ſuch as *beſpatter* him moſt.

Laſtly, A *true critic* in the peruſal of a book is like a *dog* at a feaſt, whoſe thoughts and ſtomach are wholly ſet upon what the gueſts *fling away*; and conſequently is apt to *ſnarl* moſt when there are the feweſt *bones*.

Thus much, I think, is ſufficient to ſerve by way of addreſs to my patrons, the *true modern critics*; and may very well atone for my paſt ſilence, as well as that which I am like to obſerve for the future. I hope I have deſerved ſo well of their whole *body*, as to meet with generous and tender uſage from their *hands*. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to purſue thoſe adventures already ſo happily begun.

SECT.

SECT. IV.

A TALE OF A TUB.

I Have now with much pains and ſtudy conducted the reader to a period, where he muſt expect to hear of great revolutions. For no ſooner had our *learned brother*, ſo often mentioned, got a warm houſe of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him; inſomuch that, unleſs the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will pleaſe a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the *hero* of the play, when he happens to meet him; his part, his dreſs, and his mien being ſo much altered.

He told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and conſequently his father's ſole heir; nay, a while after he would not allow them to call him brother, but Mr. PETER; and then he muſt be ſtyled FATHER PETER, and ſometimes MY LORD PETER. To ſupport this grandeur, which he ſoon began to conſider could not be maintained without a better *fonde* than what he was borne to; after much thought, he caſt about at laſt to turn *projector* and *virtuoſo*; wherein he ſo well ſucceeded, that many famous diſcoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at preſent in the world, are owing entirely to LORD PETER's invention. I will deduce the beſt account I have been able to collect of the chief amongſt them; without conſidering much the order they came out in; becauſe, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope,

I hope, when this treatiſe of mine ſhall be tranſlated into foreign languages, (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour of collecting, the faithfulneſs of recounting, and the great uſefulneſs of the matter to the public, will amply deſerve that juſtice), that the worthy members of the ſeveral *academies* abroad, eſpecially thoſe of France and Italy, will favourably accept theſe humble offers for the advancement of univerſal knowledge. I do alſo advertiſe the Moſt Reverend Fathers the eaſtern miſſionaries, that I have purely for their ſakes, made uſe of ſuch words and phraſes as will beſt admit an eaſy turn into any of the *oriental* languages, eſpecially the Chineſe. And ſo I proceed, with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is like to reap by my labours.

The firſt undertaking of Lord Peter was, to purchaſe a large continent *, lately ſaid to have been diſcovered in *Terra Auſtralis Incognita*. This tract of land he bought at a very great pennyworth from the diſcovers themſelves, (though ſome pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there), and then retailed it into ſeveral cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all ſhipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which Lord Peter ſold the ſaid continent to other cuſtomers *again*, and *again*, and *again*, and *again*, with the ſame ſucceſs.

The ſecond project I ſhall mention was his ſovereign remedy for the *worms* *, eſpecially thoſe in the *ſpleen*. The patient was to eat nothing after

* That is purgatory.

* Penance and abſolution are p'ayed upon under the notion of a ſovereign remedy for the worms, eſpecially in the ſpleen; which by obſerving Peter's preſcription, would void inſenſibly by perſpiration, aſcending through the br in, &c. *W. Wotton.*

ſupper,

supper for three nights †. As soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one side; and when he grew weary, to turn upon the other. He must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object; and by no means break wind at both ends together, without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the *worms* would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the *brain*.

A third invention was the erecting of a *whispering-office* ‡, for the public good and ease of all such as are hypochondriacal, or troubled with the colic; as likewise of all eves-droppers, physicians, midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons: In short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much *wind*. An *ass*'s head was placed so conveniently, that the party affected might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears; to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomition.

Another very beneficial project of Lord Peter's was an *office of insurance* * for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal; volumes of poetry, shadows,——and rivers: that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by *fire*. From whence our *friendly societies* may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the

† Here the author ridicules the penances of the church of Rome; which may be made as easy to the sinner as he pleases, provided he will pay for them accordingly.

‡ By his whispering-office, for the relief of eves-droppers, physicians, bawds, and privy counsellors, he ridicules auricular confession; and the priest who takes it, is described by the ass's head. *W. Wotton.*

* This I take to be the office of indulgencies, the gross abuses whereof first gave occasion for the reformation.

one and the other have been of *great* benefit to the undertakers, as well as of *equal* to the public.

Lord Peter was also held the original author of *puppets* and *raree-shows* †; the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge further upon this particular.

But another discovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal *pickle* ‡. For having remarked, how your common *pickle* ‖, in use among housewives, was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh, and certain kinds of vegetables; Peter, with great cost, as well as art, had contrived a *pickle* proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now, this *pickle* to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success; but for its many sovereign virtues, was a quite different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his *powder pimperlimpimp* **, after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by *spargefaction* *, in a proper time of the moon. The patient, who was to be *pickled*, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weazels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from

† I believe are the monkeries and ridiculous processions, &c. among the Papists.

‡ Holy water he calls an universal pickle, to preserve houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle, wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. *W. Wotton.*

‖ This is easily understood to be holy water, composed of the same ingredients with many other pickles.

** And because holy water differs only in consecration from common water, therefore he tells us, that his pickle by the powder of pimperlimpimp receives new virtues, though it differs not in sight nor smell from the common pickles, which preserve beef, and butter, and herrings. *W. Wotton.*

* Sprinkling.

mange,

mange, and madneſs, and hunger. It alſo infallibly took away all ſcabs and lice, and ſcald-heads from children; never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But of all Peter's rarities, he moſt valued a certain ſet of *bulls* †, whoſe race was by great fortune preſerved in a lineal deſcent from thoſe that guarded the *golden fleece*; though ſome who pretended to obſerve them curiouſly, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaſte; becauſe they had degenerated from their anceſtors in ſome qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, but a foreign mixture. The *bulls* of Colchos are recorded to have *brazen feet*. But whether it happened by ill paſture and running, by an allay from intervention of other parents, from ſtolen intrigues; whether a weakneſs in their progenitors had impaired the ſeminal virtue, or by a decline neceſſary through a long courſe of time, the originals of nature being depraved in theſe latter ſinful ages of the world: whatever was the cauſe, it is certain, that Lord Peter's *bulls* were extremely vitiated by the ruſt of time, in the metal of their feet, which was now ſunk into common *lead*. However, the terrible *roaring* peculiar to their lineage, was preſerved; as likewiſe, that faculty of breathing out *fire* from their noſtrils ‡; which notwithſtanding many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, and to be nothing ſo terrible as it appeared, pro-

† The Papal bulls are ridiculed by name; ſo that here we are at no loſs for the author's meaning *W. Wotton.*

Ibid. Here the author has kept the name, and means the Pope's bulls, or rather his fulminations, and excommunications of heretical princes, all ſigned with lead, and the ſeal of the fiſhermen; and therefore ſaid to have leaden feet and fiſhes tails.

‡ Theſe paſſages, and many others, no doubt, muſt be conſtrued as antichriſtian, by the church of Rome. When the chief miniſter and his minions are expoſed, the keener the ſatire, the more liable is it to be interpreted into high treaſon againſt the King. *Orrery.*

ceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of *squibs* and *crackers* *. However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the *bulls* of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster, beside that in Horace,

Varias inducere plumas;
and
Atrum desinit in piscem.

For these had *fishes tails*; yet upon occasion could *cut-fly* any bird in the air. Peter put these *bulls* upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a *roaring* to fright *naughty boys* †, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where it is wonderful to recount, and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it; an *appetitus sensibilis* deriving itself through the whole family, from their noble ancestors, guardians of the *golden fleece*; they continued so extremely fond of *gold*, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would *roar* and *spit*, and *belch*, and *piss*, and *fart*, and *snivel* out *fire*, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both; it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars; and, where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits; who to this very day, usually call sprights and hobgoblins by the name of *bull-beggars*. They

* These are the fulminations of the Pope, threatening hell and damnation to those princes who offend him.

† That is, kings who incurred his displeasure.

grew

grew at laſt ſo very troubleſome to the neighbourhood, that ſome gentlemen of the *north-weſt* got a parcel of right Engliſh *bull-dogs*, and baited them ſo terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I muſt needs mention one more of Lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and diſcovered him to be maſter of a high reach and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain ſum of money; which when the poor caitiff had made all ſhifts to ſcrape up, and ſend, *his lordſhip* would return a piece of paper in this form *:

" TO all mayors, ſheriffs, jailors, conſtables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed, that *A. B.* remains in the hands of you, or ſome of you, under the ſentence of death; we will and command you, upon ſight hereof, to let the ſaid priſoner depart to his own habitation, whether he ſtands condemned for murder, ſodomy, rape, ſacrilege, inceſt, treaſon, blaſphemy, &c. for which this ſhall be your ſufficient warrant. And if you fail hereof, G—d d—mn you and yours to all eternity. And ſo we bid you heartily farewel.

Your moſt humble
Man's man,
EMPEROR PETER."

The wretches truſting to this, loſt their lives and money too.

I deſire of thoſe, whom the learned among poſterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatiſe, that they will proceed with great

* This is a copy of a general pardon, ſigned *Servus ſervorum.* *Ibid.* Abſolution *in articulo mortis*; and the tax *cameræ apoſtolicæ*, are jeſted upon in Emperor Peter's letter. *W. Wotton.*

caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not *verè adepti*, may be in danger to form raſh and haſty concluſions, eſpecially in ſome myſterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity's ſake, which in the operation muſt be divided. And I am certain, that future ſons of art will return large thanks to my memory, for ſo grateful, ſo uſeful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to perſuade the reader, that ſo many worthy diſcoveries met with great ſucceſs in the world; though I may juſtly aſſure him, that I have related much the ſmalleſt number; my deſign having been only to ſingle out ſuch as will be of moſt benefit for public imitation, or which beſt ſerved to give ſome idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered, if by this time Lord Peter was become exceeding rich. But, alas! he had kept his brain ſo long and ſo violently upon the rack, that at laſt it ſhook itſelf, and began to turn round for a little eaſe. In ſhort, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown diſtracted, and conceived the ſtrangeſt imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is uſual with thoſe who run mad out of pride, he would call himſelf God Almighty *, and ſometimes monarch of the univerſe. I have ſeen him (ſays my author) take three old high-crowned hats †, and clap them all on his head, three ſtory high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle ‡, and an angling-rod in his

* The Pope is not only allowed to be the vicar of Chriſt, but by ſeveral divines is called God upon earth, and other blaſphemous titles are given him.

† The triple crown.

‡ The keys of the church.—The church is here taken for the gate of heaven; for the keys of heaven are aſſumed by the Pope in conſequence of what our Lord ſaid to Peter. "I will give unto thee, the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

Ibid. The Pope's univerſal monarchy, and his triple crown, and fiſher's ring. *W. Wotton.*

hand,

hand. In which guiſe, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of ſalutation, Peter, with much grace, like a well-educated ſpaniel, would preſent them with his foot §: and if they refuſed his civility, then he would raiſe it as high as their chaps, and give them a damned kick on the mouth; which hath ever ſince been called a *ſalute*. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful ſtrong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt. Mean time, his affairs at home went upſide down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his firſt *boutade** was, to kick both their wives one morning out of doors †, and his own too; and, in their ſtead, gave orders to pick up the firſt three ſtrollers could be met with in the ſtreets. A while after he nailed up the cellar-door; and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals ‡. Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter obſerved him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praiſes of his ſirloin of beef. "Beef," ſaid the ſage magiſtrate, "is the king of meat: "Beef comprehends in it the quinteſſence of par- "tridge, and quail, and veniſon, and pheaſant, "and plum-pudding, and cuſtard." When Peter came home, he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into uſe, and apply the precept, in default of a ſirloin, to his brown loaf. "Bread," ſays he, "dear brothers, is the ſtaff of "life; in which bread is contained, incluſive, the

§ Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiſs his ſlipper, eſcape reflection. *W. Wotton.*

* This word properly ſignifies a ſudden jerk, or laſh of an horſe, when you do not expect it.

† The celibacy of the Romiſh clergy is ſtruck at in Peter's beating his own and brother's wives out of doors. *W. Wotton.*

‡ The Pope's refuſing the cup to the laity, perſuading them that the blood is contained in the bread, and that the bread is the real and entire body of Chriſt.

"quinteſſence

" quinteſſence of beef, mutton, veal, veniſon, par-
" tridge, plum-pudding, and cuſtard: and to ren-
" der all complete, there is intermingled a due
" quantity of water, whoſe crudities are alſo cor-
" rected by yeaſt or barm, through which means it
" becomes a wholeſome fermented liquor, diffuſed
" through the maſs of the bread." Upon the ſtrength of theſe concluſions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf ſerved up in all the formality of a city-feaſt. " Come, brothers," ſaid Peter, " fall
" to, and ſpare not; here is excellent good mut-
" ton §: or hold, now my hand is in, I will help
" you." At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife he carves out two good ſlices of a loaf, and preſents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not ſuddenly entering into Lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the myſtery. " My Lord," ſaid he, " I doubt, with great ſubmiſſion, there may be ſome miſtake." " What," ſays Peter, " you are
" pleaſant: come then, let us hear this jeſt your
" head is ſo big with. None in the world, my
" Lord; but, unleſs I am very much deceived,
" your Lordſhip was pleaſed a while ago to let fall
" a word about mutton, and I would be glad to ſee
" it with all my heart." " How," ſaid Peter, appearing in great ſurpriſe, " I do not comprehend
" this at all." —— Upon which, the younger interpoſing to ſet the buſineſs aright; " My Lord," ſaid he, " my brother, I ſuppoſe, is hungry, and
" longs for the mutton your Lordſhip hath promi-
" ſed us to dinner." " Pray," ſaid Peter, " take me
" along with you. Either you are both mad, or
" diſpoſed to be merrier than I approve of. If

§ Tranſubſtantiation. Peter turns his bread into mutton, and, according to the Popiſh doctrine of concomitants, his wine too, which in his way he calls palming his damned cruſts upon the brothers for mutton. *W. Wotton.*

" you

" you there do not like your piece, I will carve " you another; though I ſhould take that to be " the choice bit of the whole ſhoulder." " What " then, my Lord," replied the firſt, " it ſeems this " is a ſhoulder of mutton all this while." " Pray, " Sir," ſays Peter, " eat your victuals, and leave " off your impertinence, if you pleaſe, for I am " not diſpoſed to reliſh it at preſent." But the other could not forbear being overprovoked at the affected ſerioufneſs of Peter's countenance. " By " G—, my Lord," ſaid he, " I can only ſay, " that, to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and " noſe, it ſeems to be nothing but a cruſt of " bread." Upon which the ſecond put in his word: " I never ſaw a piece of mutton in my life " ſo nearly reſembling a ſlice from a twelve-penny " loaf." " Look ye, Gentlemen," cries Peter in a rage, " to convince you, what a couple of blind, " poſitive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will " uſe but this plain argument: By G—, it is true, " good, natural mutton, as any in Leadenhall-" market, and G— confound you both eternally, " if you offer to believe otherwiſe." Such a thundering proof as this, left no further room for objection. The two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their miſtake as haſtily as they could. " Why, truly," ſaid the firſt, " upon more ma-" ture conſideration"—" Ay" ſays the other, interrupting him, " now I have thought better on the " thing, your Lordſhip ſeems to have a great deal " of reaſon." " Very well," ſaid Peter. " Here, " boy, fill me a beer-glaſs of claret; here's to you " both with all my heart." The two brethren, much delighted to ſee him ſo readily appeaſed, returned their moſt humble thanks, and ſaid, they would be glad to pledge his Lordſhip. " That you " ſhall," ſaid Peter. " I am not a perſon to refuſe " you any thing that is reaſonable. Wine, mode-" rately taken, is a cordial. Here is a glaſs a-piece

" for

" for you; it is true natural juice from the grape; " none of your damned vintners brewings." Having ſpoke thus, he preſented to each of them another large dry cruſt, bidding them drink it off, and not be baſhful; for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the uſual office in ſuch delicate conjunctures, of ſtaring a ſufficient period at Lord Peter, and each other; and finding how matters were like to go, reſolved not to enter on a new diſpute, but let him carry the point as he pleaſed: for he was now got into one of his mad fits; and to argue or expoſtulate further, would only ſerve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have choſen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumſtances, becauſe it gave a principal occaſion to that great and famous *rupture* *, which happened about the ſame time among theſe brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I ſhall treat at large in another ſection.

However, it is certain, that Lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common converſation, extreme wilful and poſitive; and would at any time, rather argue to the death, than allow himſelf once to be in an error. Beſides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable *lyes* upon all occaſions, and not only ſwearing to the truth, but curſing the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the leaſt ſcruple of believing him. One time he ſwore he had a *cow* at home, which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thouſand churches; and what was yet more extraordinary, would never turn ſour †. An-

* By this *rupture* is meant the reformation.

† The ridiculous multiplying of the Virgin Mary's *milk* among the Papiſts, under the allegory of a *cow*, which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thouſand churches. *W. Wotton.*

other

other time he was telling of an old *ſign-poſt* ‡ that belonged to his *father*, with nails and timber enough in it to build ſixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chineſe waggons, which were made ſo light as to ſail over mountains: "Z—ds," ſaid Peter, "where's the wonder of that? By G---, "I ſaw a large houſe of lime and ſtone travel over "ſea and land, granting that it ſtopped ſometimes "to bait, above two thouſand German leagues *." And that which was the good of it, he would ſwear deſperately all the while, that he never told a lie in his life; and, at every word, "By G——, Gentle-"men, I tell you nothing but the truth; and the "d——l broil them eternally that will not believe "me."

In ſhort, Peter grew ſo ſcandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to ſay, he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill uſage, reſolved at laſt to leave him; but firſt they humbly deſired a copy of their father's *will*, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Inſtead of granting this requeſt, he called them *damned ſons of whores*, *rogues*, *traitors*, and the reſt of the vile names he could muſter up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngſters watched their opportunity, made a ſhift to come at the *will*, and took a *copia vera* †; by which they preſently ſaw how

‡ By this *ſign-poſt* is meant the *croſs* of our bleſſed Saviour;——— and if all the wood that is ſhewn for parts of it, was collected, the quantity wou'd ſufficiently juſtify this ſarcaſm.

* The chapel of Loretto. He falls here only upon the ridiculous invention of Popery. The church of Rome intended by theſe things to gull ſilly ſuperſtitious people, and rook them of their money. The world had been too long in ſlavery; but our anceſtors glorioufly redeemed us from that yoke. The church of Rome therefore ought to be expoſed; and he deſerves well of mankind that does expoſe it. *W. Wotton.*

Ibid. The chapel of Loretto, which travelled from the Holy Land to Italy.

† Tranſlated the ſcriptures into the vulgar tongues.

groſsly

grofsly they had been abuſed; their father having left them equal heirs, and ſtrictly commanded, that whatever they got ſhould lye in common among them all. Purſuant to which, their next enterpriſe was, to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good *drink* to ſpirit and comfort their hearts ‡. In copying the *will*, they had met another precept againſt whoring, divorce, and ſeparate maintenance; upon which their next work was, to diſcard their concubines, and ſend for their wives ‖. Whilſt all this was in agitation, there enters a ſolicitor from Newgate, deſiring Lord Peter would pleaſe to procure a *pardon* for a *thief* that was to be *hanged* to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb, to ſeek pardons from a fellow who deſerved to be hanged much better than his client; and diſcovered all the method of that impoſture, in the ſame form I delivered it a while ago; adviſing the ſolicitor to put his friend upon obtaining *a pardon from the king* *. In the midſt of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels †; and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after ſeveral millions of ſcurrilites and curſes, not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicks them both out of doors ‡, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.

‡ Adminiſtered the cup to the laity at the communion.

‖ Allowed the marriages of prieſts.

* Directed penitents not to truſt to pardons and abſolutions procured for money; but ſent them to implore the mercy of God, from whence alone remiſſion is to be obtained.

† By Peter's dragoons is meant the civil power, which thoſe princes who were bigotted to the Romiſh ſuperſtition, employed againſt the reformers.

‡ The Pope ſhuts all who diſſent from him out of the church.

SECT.

SECT. V.

A digreſſion in the modern kind.

WE, whom the world is pleaſed to honour with the title of *modern authors*, ſhould never have been able to compaſs our great deſign of an everlaſting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been ſo highly ſerviceable to the general good of mankind. This, *O Univerſe*, is the adventurous attempt of me thy ſecretary;

——— *Quemvis perferre laborem*
Suadet, et inducit noctes vigilare ſerenas.

To this end, I have ſome time ſince, with a world of pains and art, diſſected the carcaſe of *human nature*, and read many uſeful lectures upon the ſeveral parts, both *containing* and *contained*; till at laſt it *melt* ſo ſtrong, I could preſerve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great expence to fit up all the bones with exact contexture, and in due ſymmetry; ſo that I am ready to ſhew a very complete anatomy thereof to all curious *gentlemen and others*. But, not to digreſs farther in the midſt of a digreſſion, as I have known ſome authors incloſe digreſſions in one another like a neſt of boxes; I do affirm, that having carefully cut up *human nature*, I have found a very ſtrange, new, and important diſcovery; that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, *inſtruction* and *diverſion*. And I have farther proved in my ſaid ſeveral readings, (which perhaps the world may one day ſee, if I can prevail on any friend to ſteal a

copy, or on any certain gentleman of my admirers, to be very importunate), that, as mankind is now diſpoſed, he receives much greater advantage by being *diverted* than *inſtructed*; his epidemical diſeaſes being *faſtidioſity*, *amorphy*, and *oſcitation*; whereas, in the preſent univerſal empire of wit and learning, there ſeems but little matter left for inſtruction. However, in compliance with a leſſon of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly, throughout this divine treatiſe, have ſkilfully kneaded up both together, with a *layer* of *utile*, and a *layer* of *dulce*.

When I conſider how exceedingly our illuſtrious *moderns* have eclipſed the weak glimmering lights of the *ancients*, and turned them out of the road of all faſhionable commerce, to a degree, that our choice town-wits, of moſt refined accompliſhments, are in grave diſpute, whether there have been ever any *ancients* or no *; in which point we are like to receive wonderful ſatisfaction from the moſt uſeful labours and lucubrations of that worthy *modern* Dr. Bentley: I ſay, when I conſider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous *modern* hath ever yet attempted an univerſal ſyſtem, in a ſmall portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practiſed in life. I am however forced to acknowledge, that ſuch an enterpriſe was thought on ſome time ago, by a great philoſopher of O. Braſil *. The method he propoſed, was by a certain curious *receipt*, a *noſtrum*, which, after his untimely death, I found among

* The learned perſon here meant by our author, hath been endeavouring to annihilate ſo many antient writers, that, until he is pleaſed to ſtop his hand, it will be dangerous to affirm, whether there have been any ancients in the world.

* This is an imaginary iſland, of kin to that which is called the *painters wives iſland* placed in ſome unknown part of the ocean, merely at the fancy of the map maker.

his

his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the *modern learned*, present them with it; not doubting, it may one day day encourage some worthy undertaker.

" You take fair correct copies, well bound in " calfskin, and lettered at the back, of all modern " bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in " what language you please. These you distil *in* " *balneo Mariæ*, infusing *quintessence of poppy*, *q. s.* " together with three pints of *lethe*, to be had from " the apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully " the *fordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all that is " volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first " running, which is again to be distilled seventeen " times, till what remains will amount to about two " drams. This you keep in a glass vial *hermetically* " sealed, for one and twenty days; then you be- " gin your catholic treatise, taking every morning " fasting, first shaking the vial, three drops of " this *elixir*, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It " will dilate itself about the brain (where there is " any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately " perceive in your head an infinite number of *ab-* " *stracts*, *summaries*, *compendiums*, *extracts*, *collec-* " *tions*, *medulla's excerpta quædams*, *florilegia's*, " and the like, all disposed into great order, and " reducible upon paper."

I must needs own, it was by the assistance of this *arcanum*, that I though otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so daring an attempt; never achieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author called *Homer*; in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and *for an ancient* of a tolerable genius, I have discovered many gross errors, which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are assured, he designed his work

for a complete body † of all knowledge, human, divine, political, and mechanic; it is manifeſt, he hath wholly neglected ſome, and been very imperfect in the reſt. For, firſt of all, as eminent a *cabaliſt* as his diſciples would repreſent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he ſeems to have read but very ſuperficially either Sendivogus, Behmen, or Anthropoſophia Theomagica *. He is alſo quite miſtaken about the *ſphæra pyroplaſtica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit ſo ſevere a cenſure, *vix crederem autorem hunc unquam audiviſſe ignis vocem.* His failings are not leſs prominent in ſeveral parts of the *mechanics*. For, having read his writings with the utmoſt application uſual among *modern wits*, I could never yet diſcover the leaſt direction about the ſtructure of that uſeful inſtrument, a *ſave-all.* For want of which, if the *moderns* had not lent their aſſiſtance, we might yet have wandered *in the dark.* But I have ſtill behind. a fault far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean, his groſs ignorance in the *common laws of this realm*, and in the doctrine, as well as diſcipline of the church of England †: A defect indeed, for which both he and all the ancients ſtand moſt juſtly cenſured by my worthy and ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton, Batchelor of Divinity, in his incomparable treatiſe of *ancient and modern learning*; a book never to be ſufficiently valued,

† Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus eſt, *Xenoph. in conviv.*

* A treatiſe written about fifty years ago, by a Welſh gentleman of Cambridge. His name, as I remember, was *Vaughan*; as appears by the anſwer to it written by the learned Dr. Henry Moor. It is a piece of the moſt unintelligible fuſtian, that perhaps was ever publiſhed in any language.

† Mr. Wotton, (to whom our author never gives any quarter), in his compariſon of ancient and modern learning, numbers divinity, law, *etc.* among thoſe parts of knowledge wherein we excel the ancients.

whether

whether we conſider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great uſefulneſs of his ſublime diſcoveries upon the ſubject of *flies* and *ſpittle*, or the laborious eloquence of his ſtyle. And I cannot forbear doing that author the juſtice of my public acknowledgments, for the great *helps* and *liftings* I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatiſe.

But, beſides theſe omiſſions in Homer, already mentioned, the curious reader will alſo obſerve ſeveral defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether ſo accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received ſuch wonderful acquirements ſince his age, eſpecially within theſe laſt three years, or thereabouts; it is almoſt impoſſible, he could be ſo very perfect in modern diſcoveries, as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the *compaſs*, of *gun-powder*, and the *circulation of the blood*. But I challenge any of his admirers, to ſhew me in all his writings a complete account of the *ſpleen*. Does he not alſo leave us wholly to ſeek in the art of *political wagering?* What can be more defective and unſatisfactory than his long diſſertation upon *tea?* And as to his method of *ſalivation without mercury*, ſo much celebrated of late, it is to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to ſupply ſuch momentuous defects, that I have been prevailed on, after long ſolicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promiſe, the judicious reader ſhall find nothing neglected here, that can be of uſe upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhauſted all that human imagination can riſe or *fall* to. Particularly, I recommend to the peruſal of the learned, certain diſcoveries that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I ſhall only mention, among a great many more, *My new help for ſmatterers*;

terers ; *or, the art of being deep-learned, and ſhallow-read* : —— *A curious invention about mouſe-traps* :---- *An univerſal rule of reaſon : or, Every man his own carver* ; together with a moſt uſeful engine for *catching of owls*. All which the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the ſeveral parts of this diſcourſe.

I hold myſelf obliged to give as much light as is poſſible, into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing ; becauſe it is become the faſhion and humour moſt applauded among the firſt authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous readers. Beſides, there have been ſeveral famous pieces lately publiſhed, both in verſe and proſe ; wherein, if the writers had not been pleaſed, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the *ſublime* and the *admirable* they contain, it is a thouſand to one, whether we ſhould ever have diſcovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny, that whatever I have ſaid upon this occaſion, had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode, which uſually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the *laſt writer* ; I claim an abſolute authority in right, as the *freſheſt modern*, which gives me a deſpotic power over all authors before me. In the ſtrength of which title, I do utterly diſapprove and declare againſt that pernicious cuſtom, of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiſcretion in *monſter-mongers*, and other *retailers of ſtrange ſights*, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a moſt eloquent deſcription underneath. This hath ſaved me many a three-pence ; for my curioſity was fully ſatisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging

and

and attending orator, with his laſt *moving* and *ſtanding* piece of rhetoric, "Sir, upon my word, we are juſt "going to begin." Such is exactly the fate, at this time, of *Prefaces*, *Epiſtles*, *Advertiſements*, *Introductions*, *Prolegomena's*, *Apparatus's*, *To the readers*. This expedient was admirable at firſt. Our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible ſucceſs. He hath often ſaid to me in confidence, that the world would have never ſuſpected him to be ſo great a poet, if he had not aſſured them ſo frequently in his prefaces, that it was impoſſible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be ſo: However, I much fear, his inſtructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiſer in certain points, where he never intended they ſhould: For it is lamentable to behold, with what a lazy ſcorn many of the yawning readers of our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of *preface* and *dedication*, (which is the uſual *modern* ſtint), as if it were ſo much *Latin*. Though it muſt be alſo allowed, on the other hand, that a very conſiderable number is known to proceed *critics* and *wits*, by reading nothing elſe. Into which two factions, I think, all preſent readers may juſtly be divided. Now, for myſelf, I profeſs to be of the former ſort; and therefore, having the *modern* inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and diſplay the bright parts of my diſcourſe, I thought beſt to do it in the body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very conſiderable addition to the bulk of the volume; *a circumſtance by no means to be neglected by a ſkilful writer*.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an eſtabliſhed cuſtom of our neweſt authors, by *a long digreſſion unſought for*, and *an univerſal cenſure unprovoked*; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies, and other mens defaults, with great juſtice to myſelf

myſelf, and candour to them; I now happily reſume my ſubject, to the infinite ſatisfaction both of the reader and the author.

SECT. VI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

WE left Lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever diſcarded from his houſe, and reſigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to truſt to. Which are circumſtances that render them proper ſubjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; ſcenes of miſery ever affording the faireſt harveſt for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author, and that of a common friend. The latter is obſerved to adhere cloſe in proſperity, but, on the decline of fortune, to drop ſuddenly off: whereas the generous author, juſt on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, from thence by gradual ſteps raiſes him to a throne, and then immediately withdraws, expecting not ſo much as thanks for his pains. In imitation of which example, I have placed Lord Peter in a noble houſe, given him a title to wear, and money to ſpend. There I ſhall leave him for ſome time; returning where common charity directs me, to the aſſiſtance of his two brothers at their loweſt ebb. However, I ſhall by no means forget my character of an hiſtorian, to follow the truth, ſtep by ſtep, whatever happens, or wherever it may lead me.

The two exiles, ſo nearly united in fortune and intereſt, took a lodging together; where, at their

firſt leiſure, they began to reflect on the numberleſs misfortunes and vexations of their life paſt; and could not tell, on the ſudden, to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after ſome recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's *will*, which they had ſo happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm reſolution taken between them, to alter whatever was already amiſs, and reduce all their future meaſures to the ſtricteſt obedience preſcribed therein. The main body of the *will* (as the reader cannot eaſily have forgot) conſiſted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats: in the peruſal whereof, the two brothers, at every period duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never ſeen a wider difference between two things; horrible, downright tranſgreſſions of every point, Upon which they both reſolved, without further delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to ſtop the haſty reader, ever impatient to ſee the end of an adventure, before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that theſe two brothers began to be diſtinguiſhed at this time by certain names. One of them deſired to be called MARTIN *, and the other took the appellation of JACK †. Theſe two had lived in much friendſhip and agreement, under the tyranny of their brother Peter; as it is the talent of fellow-ſufferers to do; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the ſame. But when they came forward into the world, and began to diſplay themſelves to each other, and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the preſent poſture

* Martin Luther. † John Calvin.

of

of their affairs gave them a ſudden opportunity to diſcover.

But here the ſevere reader may juſtly tax me as a writer of ſhort memory; a deficiency to which a true *modern* cannot but, of neceſſity, be a little ſubject: becauſe *memory* being an employment of the mind upon things paſt, is a faculty, for which the learned in our illuſtrious age have no manner of occaſion, who deal entirely with *invention*, and ſtrike all things out of themſelves, or at leaſt by colliſion from each other: upon which account we think it highly reaſonable to produce our great forgetfulneſs, as an argument unanſwerable for our great wit. I ought, in method, to have informed the reader about fifty pages ago, of a fancy Lord Peter took, and infuſed into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in faſhion; never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley, the moſt antic you can poſſibly conceive; and this to a degree, that, upon the time of their falling out, there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be ſeen; but an infinite quantity of *lace*, and *ribbands*, and *fringe*, and *embroidery*, and *points*; (I mean only thoſe *tagged with ſilver* *, for the reſt fell off). Now, this material circumſtance having been forgot in due place, as good fortune hath ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are juſt going to reform their veſtures into the primitive ſtate, preſcribed by their father's *will*.

They both unanimouſly entered upon this great work, looking ſometimes on their coats, and ſometimes on the will. Martin laid the firſt hand; at

* Points tagged with ſilver, are thoſe doctrines that promote the greatneſs and wealth of the church, which have been therefore woven deepeſt in the body of Popery.

one

one twitch brought off a large handful of *points*; and, with a second pull, ſtripped away ten dozen yards of *fringe*. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while. He knew very well, there yet remained a great deal more to be done. However, the firſt heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he reſolved to proceed more moderately in the reſt of the work; having already narrowly eſcaped a ſwinging rent in pulling off the *points*, which, being *tagged with ſilver*, (as we have obſerved before, the judicious workman had with much ſagacity double ſown, to preſerve them from *falling*. Reſolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of *gold lace*, he picked up the ſtitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the looſe threads as he went; which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children; againſt which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's teſtament was extremely exact and ſevere: theſe, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated, or utterly defaced. For the reſt, where he obſerved the embroidery to be worked ſo cloſe, as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it ſerved to hide or ſtrengthen any flaw in the body of the coat; contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded, the wiſeſt courſe was, to let it remain; reſolving in no caſe whatſoever, that the ſubſtance of the ſtuff ſhould ſuffer injury; which he thought the beſt method for ſerving the true intent and meaning of his father's *will*. And this is the neareſt account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution *.

But

* The criticiſms of the Martiniſts (whom we may ſuppoſe the members of the church of England) were, it is to be hoped, more candid

But his brother Jack†, whose adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts, and a quite different spirit. For the memory of Lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite, which had a much greater share of inciting him, than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared at best only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of *zeal*; which is perhaps the most significant word that hath been ever yet produced in any language; as, I think, I have fully proved in my excellent *analytical* discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a *histori-theo-physi-logical* account of *zeal*, shewing how it first proceeded from a *notion* into a *word*, and from thence, in

candid than those contained in the following note, for Martin is treated with a much less degree of sarcasm than the other two brothers —The church of England can scarce be angry at such a favourable account of Luther; especially as we have since reformed from Luther himself, and, so far as our judgements can teach us, have restored our habits still nearer to the original fashion, which they bore at the perfection of the testament. *Orrery.*

† In the character of Jack a set of people were alarmed, who are easily offended, and who can scarce bear the cheerfulness of a smile. In their dictionary, wit is only another name for wickedness; and the purer or more excellent the wit, the greater and more impious the abomination. However wise, therefore, the difference of Peter and Jack might have been in fashioning their coats, the two brothers most sincerely agreed in their hatred of an adversary so powerful as this anonymous author. They spared no unmannerly reflections upon his character. They had recourse to every kind of abuse that could reach him. And sometimes it was the work of Swift and his companions: sometimes not a syllable of it was his work; it was the work of one of his uncle's sons, a clergyman: and sometimes it was the work of a person, who was to be nameless. Each of these malicious conjectures reigned in its turn: and it will be found, that bold assertions, however false, almost constantly meet with success; a kind of triumph that would appear one of the severest institutes of fate, if time and truth did not soon obliterate all marks of the victory. *Orrery.*

a hot ſummer, ripened into a *tangible ſubſtance*. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I deſign very ſhortly to publiſh by the *modern* way of *ſubſcription*; not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all poſſible encouragement, having had already ſuch a taſte of what I am able to perform.

I record, therefore, that brother Jack, brim-full of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the deſpondency of Martin, prefaced his reſolutions to this purpoſe. "What," ſaid he, "a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away "our wives, cheated us of our fortunes, palmed "his damned cruſts upon us for mutton, and at "laſt kicked us out of doors; muſt we be in his "faſhions, with a pox! a raſcal, beſides, that all "the ſtreet cries out againſt." Having thus kindled and inflamed himſelf as high as poſſible, and by conſequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he ſet about the work immediately, and in three minutes made more diſpatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to underſtand, that *zeal* is never ſo highly obliged, as when you ſet it a *tearing*; and Jack, who doted on that quality in himſelf, allowed it at this time its full ſwing. Thus it happened, that ſtripping down a parcel of *gold lace* a little too haſtily, he rent the *main body* of his *coat* from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happieſt *in taking up a ſtitch*, he knew no better way, than to darn it again with *packthread* and a *ſkewer*. But the matter was yet infinitely worſe (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the *embroidery*: for, being clumſy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of ſtitches that required the niceſt hand, and ſedateſt conſtitution, to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and

flung it into the kennel, and furiously thus continued his career: "Ah, good brother Martin," said he, "do as I do, for the love of God; strip, "tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear "as unlike the rogue Peter as it is possible. I "would not, for an hundred pounds, carry the "least mark about me, that might give occasion "to the neighbours, of suspecting that I was re-"lated to such a rascal." But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely flegmatic and sedate, "begged his brother, of all love, "not to damage his coat by any means; for he "never would get such another: desired him to "consider, that it was not their business to form "their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but "by observing the rules prescribed in their fa-"ther's *will*: that he should remember, Peter was "still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he "had committed; and therefore they should by all "means avoid such a thought, as that of taking "measures for good and evil, from no other rule "than of opposition to him: that it was true, the "testament of their good father was very exact in "what related to the wearing of their coats; yet "was it no less penal and strict in prescribing a-"greement, and friendship, and affection between "them; and therefore, if straining a point were "at all dispensable, it would certainly be so, rather "to the advance of unity, than increase of contra-"diction."

Martin had still proceeded as gravely as he began; and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's *repose, both of body and mind*, the true ultimate end of *ethics*; but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as, in scholastic disputes, nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that *opposes*, so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the *respondent*; disputants

disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the *gravity* of one side advances the *lightness* of the other, and causes it to fly up, and kick the beam: so it happened here, that the *weight* of Martin's arguments exalted Jack's *levity*, and made him fly out and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's *patience* put Jack in a *rage*. But that which most afflicted him, was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt; or those places which had escaped his cruel clutches, were still in Peter's livery: so that he looked like a drunken *beau*, half rifled by *bullies*; or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of *garnish*; or like a discovered *shop-lifter*, left to the mercy of *Exchange women* *; or like a *bawd* in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the *mobile*. Like any, or like all of these, a medley of *rags* and *lace*, and *rents* and *fringes*, unfortunate Jack did now appear. He would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the *fox*'s arguments † as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to *rea-*

* The galleries over the piazzas in the Royal Exchange were formerly filled with shops, kept chiefly by women. The same use was made of a building called the New Exchange in the Strand. This edifice has been pulled down; the shopkeepers have removed from the Royal Exchange into Cornhill, and the adjacent streets; and there are now no remains of Exchange-women, but in Exeter 'change, and they are no longer deemed the first ministers of fashion.

† The fox in the fable, who having been caught in a trap, and lost his tail, used many arguments to persuade the rest to cut off theirs, that the singularity of his deformity might not expose him to derision.

ſon, as he called it, or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bobtailed condition; and obſerving he ſaid all to little purpoſe; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but, after a million of ſcurrilities againſt his brother, to run mad with ſpleen, and ſpite, and contradiction? To be ſhort, here begun a mortal breach between theſe two. Jack went immediately to *new lodgings*, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a ſhort time after he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report, by falling into the oddeſt whimſies that ever a ſick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the ſtreets began to ſalute him with ſeveral names. Sometimes they would call him *Jack the Bald* †; ſometimes, *Jack with a lantern* ‡; ſometimes, *Dutch Jack* ‖; ſometimes *French Hugh* **; ſometimes, *Tom the Beggar* ††; and ſometimes, *Knocking Jack of the North* ‡‡. And it was under one, or ſome, or all of theſe appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he hath given riſe to the moſt illuſtrious and epidemic ſect of *Æoliſts*, who, with honourable commemoration, do ſtill acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whoſe original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account;

——*Mellco contingens cuncta lepore.*

† That is, Calvin, from *calvus*, bald.

‡ All thoſe who pretend to inward light.

‖ Jack of Leyden, who gave riſe to the Anabaptiſts.

** The Hugonots.

†† The Gueuſes, by which name ſome Proteſtants in Flanders were called.

‡‡ John Knox, the reformer of Scotland.

SECT.

SECT. VII.

A digreſſion in praiſe of digreſſions.

I Have ſometimes *heard* of an *Iliad* in a *nut-ſhell*; but it hath been my fortune to have much oftener *ſeen a nut ſhell* in an *Iliad*. There is no doubt that human life has received moſt wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I ſhall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmoſt enquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great *modern* improvement of *digreſſions*: the late refiements in knowledge running parallel to thoſe of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taſte, are dreſſed up in various compounds, conſiſting in *ſoups* and *olio's*, *fricaſſees* and *ragouts*.

It is true, there is a ſort of moroſe, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to diſreliſh theſe polite innovations. And as to the ſimilitude from diet, they allow the parallel; but are ſo bold to pronounce the example itſelf, a corruption and degeneracy of taſte. They tell us, that the faſhion of jumbling fifty things together in a diſh, was at firſt introduced in compliance to a depraved and *debauched appetite*, as well as to a *crazy conſtitution*: and to ſee a man hunting through an *olio* after the *head* and *brains* of a *gooſe*, a *widgeon*, or a *woodcock*, is a ſign he wants a ſtomach and digeſtion for more ſubſtantial victuals. Farther, they affirm, that *digreſſions* in a book are like *foreign troops* in a *ſtate*, which argue the nation to want a *heart* and *hands*

of its own; and often either *ſubdue* the *natives*, or drive them into the moſt *unfruitful corners*.

But, after all that can be objected by theſe ſupercilious cenſors, it is manifeſt, the ſociety of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconſiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpoſe. It is acknowledged, that were the caſe the ſame among us, as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its *cradle*, to be reared, and fed, and clothed by *invention*; it would be an eaſy taſk to fill up volumes upon particular occaſions, without farther expatiating from the ſubject, than by moderate excurſions, helping to advance or clear the main deſign. But with *knowledge* it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country; which for a few days maintains itſelf by the product of the ſoil it is on; till, proviſions being ſpent, they are ſent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Mean while, the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry, affording no ſuſtenance but clouds of duſt.

The whole courſe of things being thus entirely changed between *us* and the *ancients*, and the *moderns* wiſely ſenſible of it; we of this age have diſcovered a ſhorter, and more prudent method, to become *ſcholars* and *wits*, without the fatigue of *reading* or of *thinking*. The moſt accompliſhed way of uſing books at preſent, is twofold: either, firſt, to ſerve them as ſome men do *lords*, learn their *titles* exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, ſecondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough inſight into the *index*, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like *fiſhes* by the *tail*. For to enter the palace of learning at the *great gate*, requires an expence of time and forms; therefore men of much haſte and little ceremony are content to

to get in by the *back-door*. For the arts are all in a *flying* march, and therefore more eaſily ſubdued by attacking them in the *rear*. Thus phyſicians diſcover the ſtate of the whole body, by conſulting only what comes from *behind*. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their *wit* on the *poſteriors* of a book, as boys do ſparrows with flinging *ſalt* upon their *tails*. Thus human life is beſt underſtood by the wiſe man's rule of *regarding the end*. Thus are the ſciences found, like Hercules's oxen, by *tracing them backwards*. Thus are *old ſciences* unravelled like *old ſtockings*, by beginning at the *foot*.

Beſides all this, the army of the ſciences hath been of late, with a world of martial diſcipline, drawn into its *cloſe order*, ſo that a view, or a muſter may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great bleſſing we are wholly indebted to *ſyſtems* and *abſtracts*, in which the *modern* fathers of learning, like prudent uſurers, ſpent their ſweat for the eaſe of us their children. For *labour* is the ſeed of *idleneſs*, and it is the peculiar happineſs of our noble age to gather the *fruit*.

Now, the method of growing wiſe, learned, and *ſublime*, having become ſo regular an affair, and ſo eſtabliſhed in all its forms; the number of writers muſt needs have increaſed accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of abſolute neceſſity for them to interfere continually with each other. Beſides, it is reckoned, that there is not, at this preſent, a ſufficient quantity of new matter left in nature to furniſh and adorn any one particular ſubject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very ſkilful *computer*, who hath given a full demonſtration of it from rules of *arithmetic*.

This, perhaps, may be objected againſt by thoſe who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any *ſpecies* of it can be exhauſted. For anſwer to which, let us examine the no-

bleſt

bleſt branch of *modern* wit or invention, planted and cultivated by the preſent age, and which of all others, hath borne the moſt and the faireſt fruit. For tho' ſome remains of it were left us by the *ancients*, yet have not any of thoſe, as I remember, been tranſlated, or compiled into ſyſtems for *modern* uſe. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it hath, in ſome ſort, been both invented and brought to a perfection by the ſame hands. What I mean is, that highly-celebrated talent among the *modern* wits, of deducing ſimilitudes, alluſions, and applications, very ſurpriſing, agreeable, and appoſite, from the *pudenda* of either ſex, together with their *proper uſes*. And truly, having obſerved how little invention bears any vogue, beſides what is derived into theſe *channels*, I have ſometimes had a thought, that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical deſcription of the Indian pygmies; *whoſe ſtature did not exceed above two foot: ſed quorum pudenda craſſa, et ad talos uſque pertingentia* *. Now, I have been very curious to inſpect the late productions, wherein the beauties of this kind have moſt prominently appeared. And although this *vein* hath bled ſo freely, and all endeavours have been uſed in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the Scythians, *who had a cuſtom, and an inſtrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk* †; yet I am under an apprehenſion, it is near growing dry, and paſt all recovery; and that either ſome new *fonde* of wit ſhould, if poſſible, be provided, or elſe that we muſt e'en be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occaſions.

This will ſtand as an inconteſtible argument, that

* Cteſiæ fragm. apud Photium.

† Herodot. l. 4.

our

our *modern* wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter, for a conſtant ſupply. What remains therefore, but that our laſt recourſe muſt be had to large *indexes*, and little *compendiums? Quotations* muſt be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet. To this end, though authors need be little conſulted, yet *critics*, and *commentators*, and *lexicons*, carefully muſt. But above all, thoſe judicious collectors of *bright parts*, and *flowers*, and *obſervanda's*, are to be nicely dwelt on, by ſome called the *ſieves* and *boulters* of learning; though it is left undetermined, whether they dealt in *pearls* or meal; and conſequently, whether we are more to value that which *paſſed through*, or what *ſtaid behind*.

By theſe methods, in a few weeks, there ſtarts up many a writer, capable of managing the profoundeſt, and moſt univerſal ſubjects. For what though his *head* be empty, provided his *common-place book* be full? And if you will bate him but the circumſtances of *method*, and *ſtyle*, and *grammar*, and *invention*; allow him but the common privileges of tranſcribing from others, and digreſſing from himſelf, as often as he ſhall ſee occaſion; he will deſire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatiſe, that ſhall make a very comely figure on a bookſeller's ſhelf, there to be preſerved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inſcribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greaſed by ſtudents, nor bound to everlaſting chains of darkneſs in a library; but when the fulneſs of time is come, ſhall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order *to aſcend the ſky*.

Without theſe allowances, how is it poſſible we *modern* wits ſhould ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, liſted under ſo many thouſand heads of a different nature? for want of which the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as inſtruction, and we ourſelves buried

ried beyond redreſs in an inglorious and undiſtinguiſhed oblivion.

From ſuch elements as theſe, I am alive to behold the day, wherein the corporatio of authors can outvie all its brethren in the *guild*: A happineſs derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian anceſtors; among whom the number of *pens* was ſo infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expreſſing it, than by ſaying, "that "in the regions far to the *north*, it was hardly poſ- "ſible for a man to travel, the very air was ſo re- "plete with *feathers* *.

The neceſſity of this digreſſion will eaſily excuſe the length; and I have choſen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can aſſign a fitter, I do here impower him to remove it into any other corner he pleaſes. And ſo I return, with great alacrity, to purſue a more important concern.

SECT. VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB.

THE learned Æoliſts † maintain the original cauſe of all things to be *wind*, from which principle this whole univerſe was at firſt produced, and into which it muſt at laſt be reſolved; that the ſame breath which had kindled and blew *up* the flame of nature, ſhould one day blow it *out*.

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.

This is what the *adepti* underſtand by their *anima*

* Herodot. l. 4.

† All pretenders to inſpiration whatſoever.

mundi;

mundi; that is to say, the *spirit*, or *breath*, or *wind* of the world. For examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man, by the name of *spiritus*, *animus*, *afflatus*, or *anima*; what are all these but several appellations for *wind?* which is the ruling *element* in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption. Farther, what is life itself, but, as it is commonly called, the *breath* of our nostrils? Whence it is very justly observed by naturalists, that *wind* still continues of great emolument in *certain mysteries* not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidus*, and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent* or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the *compass* of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight, That since *wind* had the mastership, as well as operation in every compound, by consequence, those beings must be of chief excellence, wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore *man* is in highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *animus* or *winds*, to which the sage Æolists, with much liberality, have added a fourth of equal necessity, as well as ornament, with the other three; by this *quartum principium*, taking in our four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned *cabalist*, Bombastus *, of pla-

* This is one of the names of Paracelsus. He was called Christophorus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bombastus.

cing

cing the body of man in due poſition to the four *cardinal* points.

In conſequence of this, their next principle was, That *man* brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of *wind*, which may be called a *quinta eſſentia*, extracted from the other four. This *quinteſſence* is of a catholic uſe upon all emergencies of life, is improvable into all arts and ſciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in education. This, when *blown* up to its perfection, ought not to be covetouſly hoarded up, ſtifled, or hid under a buſhel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon theſe reaſons, and others of equal weight, the wiſe Æoliſts aſſim the gift of BELCHING to be the nobleſt act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more ſerviceable to mankind, they made uſe of ſeveral methods. At certain ſeaſons of the year, you might behold the prieſts among them in vaſt numbers, with their *mouths gaping wide enough againſt a ſtorm* *. At other times were to be ſeen, ſeveral hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the ſhape and ſize of a *tun*; and for that reaſon, with great propriety of ſpeech, did uſually call their bodies their *veſſels*. When, by theſe and the like performances, they were grown ſufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and diſembogue, for the public good, a plentiful ſhare of their acquirements into their diſciples chaps. For we muſt here obſerve, that all learning was eſteemed among them to be compounded from the ſame principle: Becauſe, firſt, it is generally affirmed, or confeſſed, that learning *puffeth men up*; and, ſecondly, they proved it by the following ſyllogiſm:

* This is meant of thoſe ſeditious preachers, who blow up the ſeeds of rebellion, &c.

Words

Words are but wind; *and learning is nothing but words*; ergo, *learning is nothing but wind.* For this reaſon, the philoſophers among them did, in their ſchools, deliver to their pupils, all their doctrines and opinions by *eructation*, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteriſtic by which their chief ſages were beſt diſtinguiſhed, was a certain poſition of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the ſpirit agitated the inward maſs. For, after certain gripings, the *wind* and vapours iſſuing forth; having firſt, by their turbulence and convulſions within, cauſed an earthquake in man's little world; diſtorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind of *relievo*. At which junctures, all their *belches* were received for ſacred, the ſourer the better, and ſwallowed with infinite conſolation by their meagre devotees. And to render theſe yet more complete; becauſe the breath of man's life is in his noſtrils, therefore the choiceſt, moſt edifying, and moſt enlivening *belches* were very wiſely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they paſſed.

Their gods were the four *winds*, whom they worſhipped, as the ſpirits that pervade and enliven the univerſe, and as thoſe from whom alone all *inſpiration* can properly be ſaid to proceed. However, the chief of theſe, to whom they performed the adoration of *latria**, was the *almighty North*; an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis in Greece had likewiſe in the higheſt reverence: *Omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant* †. This god, though endued with ubiquity was yet ſuppoſed by the profounder Æoliſts, to poſſeſs one peculiar habitation, or (to ſpeak in form) a *cœlum*

* Latria is that worſhip which is paid only to the Supreme Deity.
† Pauſan. l. 8.

empyræum, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called Σκοτία, or, the *land of darkness*. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter; yet so much is undisputed, that, from a region of the *like denomination*, the most refined Æolists have borrowed their original; from whence, in every age, the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest *inspiration*; fetching it, with their own hands, from the fountain-head, in certain *bladders*, and disploding it among the sectaries in all nations; who did, and do, and ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner. It is well known among the learned, that the virtuosos of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving *winds* in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea-voyages; and the loss of so useful an art at present is very much to be lamented, although, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by Pancirollus *. It was an invention ascribed to Æolus himself, from whom this sect is denominated; and who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those *barrels*, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out the top. Into this *barrel*, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself, by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiration from a *northern* chink or cranny. Whereupon you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his *vessel*. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his

* An author who writ *De artibus perditis*, &c. of arts lost, and of arts invented.

auditory,

auditory, as the ſpirit from beneath gives him utterance; which, iſſuing *ex adytis et penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And the *wind* in breaking forth, deals with his face as it does with that of the ſea; firſt *blackening*, then *wrinkling*, and at laſt *burſting it into a foam* †. It is in this guiſe the ſacred Æoliſt delivers his oracular *belches* to his panting diſciples; of whom ſome are greedily gaping after the ſanctified breath? others are all the while hymning out the praiſes of the *winds*; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus repreſent the ſoft breezes of their deities appeaſed.

It is from this cuſtom of the prieſts, that ſome authors maintain theſe Æoliſts to have been very ancient in the world; becauſe the delivery of their myſteries, which I have juſt now mentioned, appears exactly the ſame with that of other ancient oracles, whoſe inſpirations were owing to certain ſubterraneous *effluviums* of *wind*, delivered with the ſame pain to the prieſt, and much about the *ſame* influence on the people. It is true, indeed, that theſe were frequently managed and directed by *female* officers, whoſe organs were underſtood to be better diſpoſed for the admiſſion of thoſe *oracular guſts*, as entering and paſſing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and cauſing alſo a pruriency by the way, ſuch as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal into a ſpiritual ecſtaſy. And, to ſtrengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther inſiſted, that this cuſtom of *female* prieſts * is kept up ſtill in certain refined colleges of our *modern* Æoliſts, who are agreed to receive their inſpiration, derived through the receptacle aforeſaid, like their anceſtors, the *Sibyls*.

† This is an exact deſcription of the changes made in the face by enthuſiaſtic preachers.

* Quakers, who ſuffer their women to preach and pray.

And whereas the mind of man, when he gives the ſpur and bridle to his thoughts, doth never ſtop, but naturally ſallies out into both extremes of high and low, of good and evil; his firſt flight of fancy commonly tranſports him to ideas of what is moſt perfect, finiſhed, and exalted; till having ſoared out of his own reach and ſight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other, with the ſame courſe and wing, he falls down plum into the loweſt bottom of things; like one who travels the *eaſt* into the *weſt*; or like a ſtrait line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furniſhing every bright idea with its reverſe; or whether reaſon, reflecting upon the ſum of things, can, like the ſun, ſerve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by neceſſity under ſhade and darkneſs; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is higheſt and beſt, becomes over-ſhort, and ſpent, and weary, and ſuddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradiſe, to the ground: or whether, after all theſe *metaphyſical* conjectures, I have not entirely miſſed the true reaſon; the propoſition, however, which hath ſtood me in ſo much circumſtance, is altogether true, That, as the moſt uncivilized parts of mankind have ſome way or other climbed up into the conception of a *god*, or ſupreme power, ſo they have ſeldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghaſtly notions, which, inſtead of better, have ſerved them pretty tolerably for a *devil*. And this proceeding ſeems to be natural enough: for it is with men, whoſe imaginations are lifted up very high, after the ſame rate as with thoſe whoſe bodies are ſo; that as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, ſo they are equally terrified with the diſmal proſpect of the precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a *devil*, it hath been the uſual method of mankind, to ſingle

out

out some being, either in act or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of Æolists possessed themselves with a dread, and horror, and hatred of two malignant natures, betwixt whom and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the *camelion* *, sworn foe to *inspiration*, who, in scorn, devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by *eructation*. The other was a huge terrible monster, called *Moulin à vent*, who, with four strong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dextrously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.

Thus furnished, and set out with *gods*, as well as *devils*, was the renowned sect of Æolists; which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Laplanders are, beyond all doubt, a most authentic branch: of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother Æolists among us, as not only to buy their *winds* by wholesale from the *same* merchants, but also to retail them after the *same* rate and method, and to customers much alike.

Now, whether the system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack; or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations suited to the times and circumstances; I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it, at least, a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model as it lies deduced by me.

* I do not well understand what the author aims at here, any more than by the terrible monster mentioned in the following lines, called *Moulin à vent*, which is the French name for a windmill.

I have long ſought after this opportunity of doing juſtice to a ſociety of men, for whom I have a peculiar honour; and whoſe opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely miſrepreſented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adverſaries. For I think it one of the greateſt and beſt of human actions, to remove prejudices, and place things in their trueſt and faireſt light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, beſide the conſcience, the honour, and the thanks.

SECT. IX.

A digreſſion concerning the original, the uſe, and improvement of madneſs in a commonwealth.

NOR ſhall it any wiſe detract from the juſt reputation of this famous ſect, that its riſe and inſtitution are owing to ſuch an author as I have deſcribed Jack to be; a perſon whoſe intellectuals were overturned, and his brain ſhaken out of its natural poſition; which we commonly ſuppoſe to be a diſtemper, and call by the name of *madneſs*, or *phrenzy*. For if we take a ſurvey of the greateſt actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of ſingle men; which are, "the "eſtabliſhment of new empires by conqueſt; the "advance and progreſs of new ſchemes in philo-"ſophy; and the contriving, as well as the propa-"gating of new religions;" we ſhall find the authors of them all to have been perſons, whoſe natural reaſon had admitted great revolutions from their diet, their education, the prevalency of ſome certain temper, together with the particular influ-

ence

ence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons, And it is of no import, where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the *upper region* of man is furnished like the *middle region* of the air; the materials are formed from causes of the wildest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills. exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition, as well as consequences; and the fumes issuing from a Jakes will furnish as comely and useful a vapour, as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow, that as the face of nature never produces rain, but when it is overcast and disturbed; so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours, ascending from the lower faculties to water the invention, and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours (as it hath been already said) are of as various orignal, as those of the skies; yet the crops they produce, differ both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet; and all this, without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers or his nearest favourites *. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in

* This was Harry the Great of France.

trembling

trembling expectations, towards what point the ſtorm would burſt; the ſmall politicians every where forming profound conjectures. Some believed, he had laid a ſcheme for univerſal monarchy; others, after much inſight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the *Pope*, and ſetting up the *Reformed* religion, which had once been his own. Some again, of a deeper ſagacity, ſent him into Aſia, to ſubdue the Turk, and recover Paleſtine. In the midſt of all theſe projects and preparations, a certain *ſtate-ſurgeon* †, gathering the nature of the diſeaſe by theſe ſymptoms, attempted the cure; at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the *vapour*. Nor did any thing want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceeding curious to learn, from whence this *vapour* took its riſe, which had ſo long ſet the nations at a gaze! what ſecret wheel, what hidden ſpring could put into motion ſo wonderful an engine? It was afterwards diſcovered, that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an abſent *female*, whoſe eyes had raiſed a protuberancy, and, before emiſſion, ſhe was removed into an enemy's country. What ſhould an unhappy prince do in ſuch tickliſh circumſtances as theſe? He tried, in vain, the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quæque:* for,

Idque petit corpus mens, unde eſt ſaucia amore;
Unde feritur, eo tendit, geſtitque coire. Lucr.

Having to no purpoſe uſed all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the *ſemen*, raiſed and inflamed, became aduſt, converted to choler, turned head upon the ſpinal duct, and aſcended to the

† Ravillac, who ſtabbed Henry the Great in his coach.

brain.

brain. The very ſame principle that influences a *bully* to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him, naturally ſtirs up a great prince to raiſe mighty armies, and dream of nothing but ſieges, battles, and victories.

—— *Cunnus, teterrimi belli*
Cauſa ——

The other inſtance is, what I have read ſomewhere in a very ancient author of a mighty king *, who for the ſpace of above thirty years, amuſed himſelf to take and loſe towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waſte, plunder, dragoon, maſſacre ſubject and ſtranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded, that the philoſophers of each country were in grave diſpute upon cauſes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they ſhould aſſign an original ſolution of this *phænomenon*. At laſt the *vapour* or *ſpirit* which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, ſeized upon that region of the human body, ſo renowned for furniſhing the *zibeta occidentalis* †, and gathering there into a tumour, left the reſt of the world for that time in peace. Of ſuch mighty conſequence it is, where thoſe exhalations fix; and of ſo little, from whence they proceed. The ſame ſpirits, which, in their ſuperior progreſs, would conquer a kingdom, deſcending upon the *anus*, conclude in a *fiſtula*

Let us next examine the great introducers of

* This is meant of the preſent French King, Lewis XIV.

† Paracelſus, who was ſo famous for chymiſtry, tried an experiment upon human excrement, to make a perfume of it; which when he had brought to perfection, he called *zibeta occidentalis*, or *weſtern civet*, the back parts of man (according to his diviſion mentioned by the author, p. 120.) being the weſt,

new

new ſchemes in philoſophy, and ſearch till we can find from what faculty of the ſoul the diſpoſition ariſes in mortal man, of taking it into his head to advance new ſyſtems, with ſuch an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands impoſſible to be known; from what ſeeds this diſpoſition ſprings, and to what quality of human nature theſe grand innovators have been indebted for their number of diſciples: becauſe it is plain, that ſeveral of the chief among them, both *ancient* and *modern*, were uſually miſtaken by their adverſaries, and indeed by all, except their own followers, to have been perſons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded, in the common courſe of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of *unrefined* reaſon; agreeing, for the moſt part, in their ſeveral models, with their preſent undoubted ſucceſſors in the *academy* of *modern bedlam*; (whoſe merits and principles I ſhall farther examine in due place). Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelſus, Des Cartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied faſt, and ſeparate from their followers, would, in this our undiſtinguiſhing age, incur manifeſt danger of *phlebotomy*, and *whips*, and *chains*, and *dark chambers*, and *ſtraw*. For what man, in the natural ſtate or courſe of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the ſame length, and breadth, and height of his own? Yet this is the firſt humble and civil deſign of all innovators in the empire of reaſon. Epicurus modeſtly hoped, that, one time or other, a certain fortuitous concourſe of all mens opinions, after perpetual juſtlings, the ſharp with the ſmooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the ſquare, would, by certain *clinamina*, unite in the notions of *atoms* and *void*, as theſe did in the originals of all things. Carteſius reckoned to ſee, before he died, the ſentiments of all philoſophers,

ſophers, like ſo many leſſer ſtars in his *romantic* ſyſtem, wrapped and drawn within his own *vortex*. Now, I would gladly be informed, how it is poſſible to account for ſuch imaginations as theſe in particular men, without recourſe to my *phænomenon* of *vapours*, aſcending from the lower faculties to overſhadow the brain, and there diſtilling into conceptions, for which the narrowneſs of our mother-tongue has not yet aſſigned any other name beſides that of *madneſs*, or *phrenzy*. Let us therefore now conjecture, how it comes to paſs, that none of theſe great preſcribers do ever fail providing themſelves and their notions with a number of implicit diſciples. And, I think, the reaſon is eaſy to be aſſigned: for there is a peculiar *ſtring* in the harmony of human underſtanding, which, in ſeveral individuals, is exactly of the ſame tuning. This if you can dexterouſly ſcrew up to its right key, and then ſtrike gently upon it; whenever you have the good fortune to light among thoſe of the ſame pitch, they will, by a ſecret neceſſary ſympathy, ſtrike exactly at the ſame time. And in this one circumſtance lies all the ſkill or luck of the matter: for if you chance to jar the ſtring among thoſe who are either above or below your own height; inſtead of ſubſcribing to your doctrine, they will tie you faſt, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the niceſt conduct, to diſtinguiſh and adapt this noble talent with reſpect to the differences of perſons and of times. Cicero underſtood this very well, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our *hackney-coachmen*, (who, it ſeems, in thoſe days, were as arrant raſcals as they are *now*), has theſe remarkable words: *Eſt quod gaudeas te in iſta loca veniſſe, ubi aliquid ſapere viderere* *. For, to ſpeak

* Epiſt. ad Fam. Trebatio.

a bold truth, it is a fatal miſcarriage, ſo ill to order affairs, as to paſs for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a *philoſopher*. Which I deſire *ſome certain gentlemen of my acquaintance* to lay up in their hearts as a very ſeaſonable *innuendo*.

This, indeed, was the fatal miſtake of that worthy gentleman, my moſt ingenious friend, Mr. Wotton; a perſon, in appearance, ordained for great deſigns, as well as performances. Whether you will conſider his *notions* or his *looks*, ſurely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind, for the propagation of a new religion. Oh, had thoſe happy talents, miſapplied to vain philoſophy, been turned into their proper channels of *dreams* and *viſions*, where *diſtortion* of mind and countenance are of ſuch ſovereign uſe; the baſe detracting world would not then have dared to report, that ſomething is amiſs, that his brain hath undergone an unlucky ſhake; which even his brother *moderniſts* themſelves, like ungrates, do whiſper ſo loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

Laſtly, Whoſoever pleaſes to look into the fountains of *enthuſiaſm*, from whence, in all ages, have eternally proceeded ſuch fattening ſtreams, will find the ſpring-head to have been as *troubled* and *muddy* as the current. Of ſuch great emolument is a tincture of this *vapour*, which the world calls *madneſs*, that, without its help, the world would not only be deprived of thoſe two great bleſſings, *conqueſts* and ſyſtems, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the ſame belief in things inviſible. Now, the former *poſtulatum* being held, that it is of no import from what originals this *vapour* proceeds, but either in what *angles* it ſtrikes, and ſpreads over the underſtanding, or upon what *ſpecies* of brain it aſcends; it will be a very delicate point, to cut the feather, and divide the ſeveral

reaſons

reaſons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of ſo vaſt a difference from the ſame *vapour*, as to be the ſole point of individation between *Alexander the Great*, *Jack of Leyden*, and Monſieur *des Cartes*. The preſent argument is the moſt abſtracted that ever I engaged in; it ſtrains my faculties to their higheſt ſtretch; and I deſire the reader to attend with the utmoſt perpenſity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain † * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
Hic multa * * * * * * * * * * * *
deſiderantur. * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * And this I take to be a clear ſolution of the matter.

Having therefore ſo narrowly paſſed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am ſure, agree with me in the concluſion, that, if the *moderns* mean by *madneſs* only a diſturbance or tranſpoſition of the brain, by force of certain *vapours* iſſuing up from the lower faculties, then has this *madneſs* been the parent of all thoſe mighty revolutions that have happened in *empire*, in *philoſophy*, and in *religion*. For the brain, in its natural poſition and ſtate of ſerenity, diſpoſeth its owner to paſs his life in the common forms, without any thoughts of ſubduing multitudes to his own *power*, his *reaſons*, or his *viſions*; and the more he ſhapes his underſtanding by the pattern of human learning, the leſs he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions; becauſe that inſtructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the ſtubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets *aſtride* on his reaſon;

† Here is another defect in the manuſcript; but I think the author did wiſely, and that the matter, which thus ſtrained his faculties, was not worth a ſolution; and it were well if all metaphyſical cobweb problems were no otherwiſe anſwered.

when imagination is at cuffs with the ſenſes; and common underſtanding, as well as common ſenſe, is kicked out of doors; the firſt proſelyte he makes is himſelf; and when that is once compaſſed, the difficulty is not ſo great in bringing over others; a ſtrong deluſion always operating from *without*, as vigorouſly as from *within*. For cant and viſion are to the ear and the eye the ſame that tickling is to the touch. Thoſe entertainments and pleaſures we moſt value in life, are ſuch as *dupe* and play the wag with the ſenſes. For if we take an examination of what is generally underſtood by *happineſs*, as it has reſpect either to the underſtanding or the ſenſes, we ſhall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this ſhort definition, That *it is a perpetual poſſeſſion of being well deceived.* And firſt, with relation to the mind or underſtanding, it is manifeſt, what mighty advantages fiction has over truth: And the reaſon is juſt at our elbow; becauſe imagination can build nobler ſcenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expence to furniſh. Nor is mankind ſo much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we conſider that the debate merely lies betweeen *things paſt*, and *things conceived*. And ſo the queſtion is only this: Whether things that have place in the *imagination*, may not as properly be ſaid to *exiſt*, as thoſe that are ſeated in the *memory?* Which may be juſtly held in the affirmative; and very much to the advantage of the former; ſince this is acknowledged to be the *womb* of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the *grave*. Again, if we take this definition of happineſs, and examine it with reference to the ſenſes, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and inſipid do all objects accoſt us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of *deluſion!* How ſhrunk is every thing, as it appears in the glaſs of nature! ſo that if it were not for the aſſiſtance of artificial

artificial *mediums*, falſe lights, refracted angles, varniſh and tinſel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were ſeriouſly conſidered by the world, as I have a certain reaſon to ſuſpect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wiſdom, the art of expoſing weak ſides, and publiſhing infirmities: An employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worſe than that of *unmaſking*; which, I think, has never been allowed fair uſage, either in the *world*, or the *play-houſe*.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful poſſeſſion of the mind, than curioſity, ſo far preferable is that wiſdom which converſes about the ſurface, to that pretended philoſophy which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and diſcoveries, that in the inſide they are good for nothing. The two ſenſes to which all objects firſt addreſs themſelves, are the ſight and the touch. Theſe never examine farther than the colour, the ſhape, the ſize, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reaſon officiouſly with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonſtrate, that they are not of the ſame conſiſtence quite through. Now, I take all this to be the laſt degree of perverting nature; one of whoſe eternal laws it is, to put her beſt furniture forward. And therefore, in order to ſave the charges of all ſuch expenſive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that in ſuch concluſions as theſe, reaſon is certainly in the right; and that in moſt corporeal beings which have fallen under my cogniſance, the *outſide* hath been infinitely preferable to the *in*. Whereof I have been farther convinced from ſome late experiments. Laſt week I ſaw a woman *flayed*, and you will hardly

believe how much it altered her perſon for the worſe. Yeſterday I ordered the carcaſe of a *beau* to be ſtripped in my preſence; when we were all amazed to find ſo many unſuſpected faults under one ſuit of cloaths. Then I laid open his *brain*, his *heart*,, and his *ſpleen*. But I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increaſe upon us in number and bulk. From all which I juſtly formed this concluſion to myſelf, that whatever philoſopher or projector can find out an art to ſolder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deſerve much better of mankind, and teach us a more uſeful ſcience, than that ſo much in preſent eſteem, of widening and expoſing them, like him who held *anatomy* to be the ultimate end of *phyſic*. And he whoſe fortunes and diſpoſitions have placed him in a convenient ſtation to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can, with Epicurus, content his ideas with the *films* and *images*, that fly off upon his ſenſes from the *ſuperficies* of things; ſuch a man, truly wiſe, creams off nature, leaving the ſour and the dregs for philoſophy and reaſon to lap up. This is the ſublime and refined point of felicity, called the *poſſeſſion of being well deceived*; the ſerene peaceful ſtate of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to *madneſs*: It is certain, that according to the ſyſtem I have above deduced, every *ſpecies* thereof proceeds from a redundancy of *vapours*; therefore, as ſome kinds of *phrenzy* give double ſtrength to the ſinews, ſo there are of other *ſpecies*, which add vigour, and life, and ſpirit to the brain. Now, it uſually happens, that theſe active ſpirits, getting poſſeſſion of the brain, reſemble thoſe that haunt other waſte and empty dwellings, which, for want of buſineſs, either vaniſh, and carry away a piece of the houſe, or elſe ſtay at home, and fling it all out of the windows. By which are myſtically diſplayed the two principal branches

branches of *madneſs*, and which ſome philoſophers, not conſidering ſo well as I, have miſtaken to be different in their cauſes; over-haſtily aſſigning the firſt to deficiency, and the other to redundance.

I think it therefore manifeſt, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of ſkill and addreſs is, to furniſh employment for this redundancy of *vapour*, and prudently to adjuſt the ſeaſon of it; by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth. Thus one man, chuſing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulf, from thence proceeds a hero, and is called the ſaver of his country: Another atchieves the ſame enterprize; but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of *madneſs* fixed as a reproach upon his memory. Upon ſo nice a diſtinction are we taught to repeat the name of *Curtius* with reverence and love; that of *Empedocles* with hatred and contempt. Thus alſo it is uſually conceived, that the elder Brutus only perſonated the *fool* and *madman* for the good of the public. But this was nothing elſe than a redundancy of the ſame *vapour* long miſappled, called by the Latins, *ingenium par negotiis* *; or, to tranſlate it as nearly as I can, a ſort of *phrenzy*, never in its right element, till you take it up in the buſineſs of the ſtate.

Upon all which, and many other reaſons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long ſought for, of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Chriſtopher Muſgrave, Sir John Bawls, John How, Eſq; and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commiſſioners to inſpect into Bedlam, and the parts adjacent; who ſhall be impowered to *ſend for perſons, papers, and records*; to examine into the merits and qualifi-

* Tacit.

cations of every ſtudent and profeſſor; to obſerve with the utmoſt exactneſs, their ſeveral diſpoſitions and behaviour; by which means, duly diſtinguiſhing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable inſtruments for the ſeveral offices in a ſtate, † * * * * *civil* and *military*; proceeding in ſuch methods as I ſhall here humbly propoſe. And I hope the gentle reader will give ſome allowance to my great ſolicitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high eſteem I have borne that honourable ſociety, whereof I had ſome time the happineſs to be an unworthy number.

Is any ſtudent tearing his ſtraw in piece-meal, ſwearing and blaſpheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his piſs-pot in the ſpectators faces? Let the Right Worſhipful the *Commiſſioner of Inſpection* give him a regiment of dragoons, and ſend him into Flanders among the *reſt*. Is another eternally talking, ſputtering, gaping, bawling, in a ſound without period or article? what wonderful talents are here miſlaid! let him be furniſhed immediately with a green bag and papers, and *three pence* * in his pocket, and away with him to Weſtminſter-hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimenſions of his kennel; a perſon of foreſight and inſight. though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moſes, *ecce cornuta erat ejus facies* ‡. He walks duly in one pace; intreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes. and *the whore of Babylon*; bars up the wooden window of his cell conſtantly at eight o'clock; dreams of *fire*, and *ſhop-lifters*, and *court-cuſtomers*, and *privileged*

† *Eccleſiaſtical.*

* A lawyer's coach-hire, when four together, from any of the inns of court to Weſtminſter.

‡ *Cornutus* is either horned or ſhining: and by this term Moſes is deſcribed in the vulgar Latin of the Bible.

places,

places. Now, what a figure would all theſe acquirements amount to, if the owner were ſent into the *city* among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep converſation with himſelf; biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with buſineſs and deſign; ſometimes walking very faſt, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands; a great ſaver of time; ſomewhat thick of hearing; very ſhort of ſight, but more of memory; a man ever in haſte; a great hatcher and breeder of buſineſs, and excellent at the famous art of *whiſpering nothing*; a large idolater of monoſyllables and procraſtination; ſo ready to *give* his word to every body that he never *keeps* it, one that has forgot the common *meaning* of words, but an admirable retainer of the *ſound*: extremely ſubject to the *looſeneſs*, for his *occaſions* are perpetually *calling him away*. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals, "Sir," ſays he, "Give "me a penny and I'll ſing you a ſong; but give "me the penny firſt. (Hence comes the common ſaying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a *ſong*.) What a complete ſyſtem of *court-ſkill* is here deſcribed in every branch of it, and all utterly loſt with wrong application! Accoſt the hole of another kennel, (firſt ſtopping your noſe,) you will behold a ſurly, gloomy, naſty, ſlovenly mortal, raking in his own dung, and dabbling in his urine,. The beſt part of his diet is the reverſion of his own ordure; which, expiring into ſteams, whirls perpetually about, and at laſt reinfunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin ſcattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its firſt declination; like other inſects, who having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their ſmell. The ſtudent of this apartment is very ſparing of his words, but ſomewhat over-liberal of his breath; he holds his hand out ready to receive your

your penny, and immediately upon receipt, withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think, the ſociety of Warwick-lane ſhould have no more concern for the recovery of ſo uſeful a member, who, if one may judge from theſe appearances, would become the greateſt ornament to that illuſtrious body? Another ſtudent ſtruts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half ſqueezing out his eyes, and very graciouſly holds you out his hand to kiſs. The *keeper* deſires you not to be afraid of this profeſſor, for he will do you no hurt. To him alone is allowed the liberty of the anti-chamber; and the *orator* of the place gives you to underſtand, that this ſolemn perſon is a *tailor* run mad with pride. This conſiderable ſtudent is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at preſent I ſhall not farther enlarge.——*Hark in your ear* *.——I am ſtrangely miſtaken, if all his addreſs, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I ſhall not deſcend ſo minutely, as to inſiſt upon the vaſt number of *beaux*, *fidlers*, *poets* and *politicians*, that the world might recover by ſuch a reformation. But what is more material, beſides the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by ſo large an acquiſition of perſons to employ, whoſe talents and acquirements, if I may be ſo bold to affirm it, are now buried, or at leaſt miſapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this inquiry, that all theſe would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection in their ſeveral kinds; which, I think, is manifeſt from what I have already ſhewn, and ſhall inforce by this one plain inſtance, that even I myſelf, the au-

* I cannot conjecture what the author means here, or how this chaſm could be filled, though it is capable of more than one interpretation.

thor

thor of theſe momentous truths, am a perſon, whoſe imaginations are hard-mouthed, and exceedingly diſpoſed to run away with his *reaſon*, which I have obſerved, from long experience, to be a very light rider, and eaſily ſhaken off; upon which account, my friends will never truſt me alone, without a ſolemn promiſe to vent my ſpeculations in this or the like manner, for the univerſal benefit of human kind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that *modern* charity and tenderneſs uſually annexed to his *office*, will be very hardly perſuaded to believe.

SECT. X.

A further digreſſion *.

IT is an unanſwerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have paſſed of late years between the nation of *authors*, and that of *readers*. There can hardly pop out a *play*, a *pamphlet*, or a *poem*, without a preface full of acknowledgement to the world, for the general reception and applauſe they have given it; which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom it received †. In due deference to ſo laudable a cuſtom, I do here return my humble thanks to *his Majeſty*, and both houſes of *parliament*; to

* This ſection has in former editions been intitled, *A Tale of a Tub*; but the Tale not being continued till ſection 11. and this being only a further digreſſion, no apology can be thought neceſſary for making the title correſpond with the contents.

† This is literally true, as we may obſerve in the prefaces to moſt plays, poems, &c.

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the *lords* of the King's Moſt Honourable Privy Council; to the Reverend the *judges*; to the *clergy*, and *gentry*, and *yeomanry* of this land; but, in a more eſpecial manner, to my worthy brethren and friends at *Will's coffeehouſe*, and *Greſham-college*, and *Warwick-lane*, and *Moorfields*, and *Scotland-yard*, and *Weſtminſter-hall*, and *Guild-hall*; in ſhort, to all inhabitants and retainers whatſoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country, for their generous and univerſal acceptance of this divine treatiſe. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude; and, to the utmoſt of my poor capacity, ſhall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am alſo happy, that fate has flung me into ſo bleſſed an age, for the mutual felicity of *bookſellers* and *authors*, whom I may ſafely affirm to be at this day the two only ſatisfied parties in England. Aſk an author, how his laſt piece has ſucceeded: "Why, "truly, he thanks his ſtars, the world has been "very favourable, and he has not the leaſt reaſon "to complain. And yet, by G—, he writ it in "a week at bits and ſtarts, when he could ſteal an "hour from his urgent affairs;" as it is a hundred to one, you may ſee farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the reſt, to the bookſeller. There you go as a cuſtomer, and make the ſame queſtion: "He bleſſes his God the thing "takes wonderfully; he is juſt printing the ſecond "edition, and has but three left in his ſhop." You beat down the price: "Sir, we ſhall not differ;" and, in hopes of your cuſtom another time, lets you have it as reaſonable as you pleaſe; "and, "pray ſend as many of your acquaintance as you "will, I ſhall upon your account furniſh them all "at the ſame rate."

Now, it is not well enough conſidered to what accidents and occaſions the world is indebted for the greateſt part of thoſe noble writings which hourly

hourly ſtart up to entertain it. If it were not for a " rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the ſpleen, " a courſe of phyſic, a ſleepy Sunday, an ill run " at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purſe, a " factious head, a hot ſun, coſtive diet, want of " books, and a juſt contempt of learning;" but for theſe events, I ſay, and ſome others, too long to recite, (eſpecially a " prudent neglect of taking " brimſtone inwardly)." I doubt, the number of *authors*, and of *writings*, would dwindle away to a degree moſt woful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of a famous Troglodyte philoſopher. " It is certain," ſaid he, " ſome " grains of folly are of courſe annexed as part of " the compoſitions of human nature: only the " choice is left us, whether we pleaſe to wear them " *inlaid* or *imboſſed*; and we need not go very far " to ſeek how that is uſually determined, when we " remember, it is with human faculties as with li- " quors, the lighteſt will be ever at the top."

There is in this famous iſland of Britain, a certain paultry *ſcribler*, very voluminous, whoſe character the reader cannot wholly be a ſtranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called *ſecond parts*, and uſually paſſes under the name of *the author of the firſt*. I eaſily foreſee, that as ſoon as I lay down my pen, this nimble *operator* will have ſtolen it, and treat me as inhumanly as he hath already done Dr. Blackmore, L'Eſtrange, and many others, who ſhall here be nameleſs. I therefore fly for juſtice and relief, into the hands of that great *rectifier of ſaddles* *, and *lover of mankind*, Dr. Bentley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his moſt *modern* conſideration: and if it ſhould ſo happen, that the *furniture of an aſs*, in the ſhape of a *ſecond part*, muſt for my ſins be clap-

* Alluding to the trite phraſe, " Place the ſaddle on the right " horſe."

ped

ped by a miſtake upon my back; that he will immediately pleaſe, in the preſence of the world, to lighten me of the burden, and take it home to *his own houſe*, till the *true beaſt* thinks fit to call for it.

In the mean time, I do here give this public notice, that my reſolutions are to circumſcribe within this diſcourſe the whole ſtock of matter I have been ſo many years providing. Since my *vein* is once opened, I am content to exhauſt it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the univerſal benefit of mankind. Therefore hoſpitably conſidering the number of my gueſts, they ſhall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I ſcorn to ſet up the *leavings* in the cupboard. What the *gueſts* cannot eat, may be given to the *poor*; and the dogs under the table may gnaw the *bones* †. This I underſtand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's ſtomach, by inviting them again to-morrow to a ſcurvy meal of *ſcraps*.

If the reader fairly conſiders the ſtrength of what I have advanced in the foregoing ſection, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to reliſh the concluding part of this miraculous treatiſe. Readers may be divided into three claſſes; the *ſuperficial*, the *ignorant*, and the *learned*: and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The *ſuperficial* reader will be ſtrangely provoked to *laughter*; which clears the breaſt and the lungs, is ſovereign againſt the *ſpleen*, and the moſt innocent of all *diuretics*. The *ignorant* reader, between whom and the former the diſtinction is extremely nice, will find himſelf diſpoſed to *ſtare*; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, ſerves

† By *dogs* the author means common injudicious critics, as he explains it himſelf before, in his digreſſion upon critics, p. 82.

to

to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps *perspiration*. But the reader truly *learned*, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep, and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in *Christendom* will take seven of the *deepest scholars* in his dominions, and shut them up close for *seven* years, in *seven* chambers, with a command to write *seven* ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm, that whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Mean time, it is my earnest request, that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their Majesties please, with all convenient speed; because I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing, which we *mysterious* writers can seldom reach, till we have gotten into our graves, whether it is, that *Fame*, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the *stock* is in the earth; or whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured among the rest to pursue after the scent of a *carcase*; or whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and hartheſt, when she stands on a *tomb*, by the advantage of a rising ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of *dark* authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of *dying*, have been peculiarly happy in the variety, as well as extent of their reputation. For, *Night* being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be *fruitful* in the proportion they are *dark*; and therefore the *true illuminated** (that is to say, the *darkest* of all) have

 met

* A name of the Rosycrucians. —— These were Fanatic alchymists,

met with such numberless commentators, whose *scholastic* midwifery hath delivered them of meanings that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them; the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower *.

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few *innuendo's*, that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits, who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And, first, I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of O's multiplied by *seven*, and divided by nine †. Also, if a devout brother of the *Rosy Cross* will pray fervently for sixty-three mornings, with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables according to prescription, in the second and fifth section; they will certainly reveal into a full recept of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference; the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of *bythus* and *sige* ‡, and be sure not

mists, who, in search after the great secret, had invented a means altogether proportioned to their end. It was a kind of theological philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan Platonism, Christian Quietism, and the Jewish Cabala. "Warburton on the Rape "of the Lock."

* Nothing is more frequent, than for commentators to force interpretations which the author never meant.

† This is what the Cabalists among the Jews have done with the Bible, and pretend to find wonderful mysteries by it.

‡ I was told by an eminent divine, whom I consulted on this point, that these two barbarous words, with that of *achamoth*, and its

not to forget the qualities of *achamoth*; *a cujus lacrymis humecta prodit ſubſtantia, a riſu lucida, a triſtitia ſolida, et a timore mobilis*; wherein Eugenius Philalethes * hath committed an unpardonable miſtake.

SECT. XI.

A TALE OF A TUB.

AFter ſo wide a compaſs as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake, and cloſe in with my ſubject; and ſhall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except ſome beautiful proſpect appears within ſight of my way: whereof though at preſent I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon ſuch an accident, come when it will, I ſhall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it

its qualities, as here ſet down, are quoted from Irenæus. This he diſcovered by ſearching that ancient writer for another quotation of our author; which he has placed in the title-page, and refers to the book and chapter. The curious were very inquiſitive, whether thoſe barbarous words, *baſyma cacabaſa*, &c. are really in Irenæus: and upon enquiry, it was found they were a ſort of cant or jargon of certain heretics, and therefore very properly prefixed to ſuch a book as this of our author.

* *Vid.* Anima magica abſcondita.

To the above mentioned treatiſe, called *Anthropeſophia Theomagica*, there is another annexed, called *Anima magica abſcondita*, written by the ſame author, *Vaughan*, under the name of *Eugenius Philalethes*; but in neither of thoſe treatiſes is there any mention of *achamoth*, or its qualities: ſo that this is nothing but amuſement, and a ridicule of dark, unintelligible writers; only the words, *a cujus lacrymis*, &c. are, as we have ſaid, tranſcribed from *Irenæus*, though I know not from what part. I believe one of the author's deſigns was, to ſet curious men a hunting through indexes, and enquiring for books out of the common road.

along with myſelf. For in *writing*, it is as in *travelling*; if a man is in haſte to be at home, (which I acknowledge to be none of my caſe, having never ſo little buſineſs as when I am there), if his *horſe* be tired with long riding and ill ways, or be naturally a jade, I adviſe him clearly to make the ſtraiteſt and the commoneſt road, be it ever ſo dirty. But then, ſurely, we muſt own ſuch a man to be a ſcurvy companion at beſt: he *ſpatters* himſelf and his fellow-travellers at every ſtep; all their thoughts, and wiſhes, and converſation, turn entirely upon the ſubject of their journey's end; and at every ſplaſh, and plunge, and ſtumble, they heartily wiſh one another at the devil.

On the other ſide, when a traveller and his *horſe* are in heart and plight; when his purſe is full, and the day before him; he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can: but, upon the firſt occaſion, carries them along with him to every delightful ſcene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuſe, out of ſtupidity or wearineſs, let them jog on by themſelves and be d—mn'd: he'll overtake them at the next town; at which arriving, he rides furiouſly through; the men, women, and children run out to gaze; a hundred *noiſy curs* * run *barking* after him; of which if he honours the boldeſt with a *laſh of his whip*, it is rather out of ſport than revenge: but ſhould ſome *ſourer mongril* dare too near an approach, he receives a *ſalute* on the chaps by an accidental ſtroke from the courſer's heels, (nor is any ground loſt by the blow), which ſends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to ſum up the ſingular adventures of my renowned Jack; the ſtate of whoſe diſpoſi-

* By theſe are meant what the author calls, the True Critics p. 82.

tions

tions and fortunes the careful reader does, no doubt, moſt exactly remember, as I laſt parted with them in the concluſion of a former ſection. Therefore his next care muſt be, from two of the foregoing, to extract a ſcheme of notions that may beſt fit his underſtanding for a true reliſh of what is to enſue.

Jack had not only calculated the firſt revolution of his brain ſo prudently, as to give riſe to that epidemic ſect of *Æoliſts*, but ſucceeding alſo into a new and ſtrange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulneſs of his imagination led him into certain notions, which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their myſteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I ſhall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting ſuch material paſſages of this nature, as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition, or indefatigable reading; and ſhall deſcribe them as graphically as it is poſſible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compaſs of a pen. Nor do I at all queſtion, but they will furniſh plenty of noble matter for ſuch, whoſe converting imaginations diſpoſe them to reduce all things into types; who can make *ſhadows*, no thanks to the ſun; and then mould them into ſubſtances, no thanks to philoſophy; whoſe peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the *letter*, and refining what is literal into figure and myſtery.

Jack had provided a fair copy of his father's *will*, ingroſſed in form upon a large ſkin of parchment; and reſolving to act the part of a moſt dutiful ſon, he became the fondeſt creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it conſiſted wholly in certain plain, eaſy directions about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies and penalties in caſe of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy, that the

matter was *deeper* and *darker*, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. "Gentlemen, *said he*, I will prove this very "skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth; "to be the philospher's stone, and the universal "medicine *." In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary, as well as the most paultry occasions of life. He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a night-cap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe; or when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or if any thing lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off, and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny: they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly in the phrase of his will †; and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from thence. Once, at a strange house, he was suddenly taken short upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the back-side; he chose rather, as the most prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed. Neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himself clean again; because, having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a pas-

* The author here lashes those pretenders to purity, who place so much merit in using scripture phrase on all occasions.

† The *Protestant dissenters* use *scripture phrases* in their serious discourses and compositures, more than the *Church-of-England men*. Accordingly *Jack* is introduced, making his common talk and conversation to run wholly in the phrase of his WILL. *W. Wotton.*

sage

ſage near the bottom (whether foiſted in by the tranſcriber, is not known) which ſeemed to forbid it *.

He made it a part of his religion, never to ſay grace to his meat †; nor could all the world perſuade him, as the common phraſe is, to eat his victuals *like a Chriſtian* ‡.

He bore a ſtrange kind of appetite to *ſnap-dragon* ‖, and to the livid ſnuffs of a burning candle; which he would catch and ſwallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and by this procedure maintained a perpetual flame in his belly; which iſſuing in a glowing ſteam from both his eyes, as well as his noſtrils and his mouth, made his head appear, in a dark night, like the ſkull of an aſs, wherein a roguiſh boy had conveyd a farthing candle, *to the terror of his Majeſty's liege ſubjects*. Therefore he made uſe of no other expedient to light himſelf home; but was wont to ſay, that *a wiſe man was his own lantern*.

He would ſhut his eyes as he walked along the ſtreets; and if he happened to bounce his head againſt a poſt, or fall into the kennel, as he ſeldom miſſed either to do one or both, he would tell the

* I cannot gueſs the author's meaning here, which I would be very glad to know, becauſe it ſeems to be of importance.

Ibid. *Incurring the penalty in ſuch caſes uſually annexed*, wants no explanation. *He would not make himſelf clean, becauſe having conſulted the will*, (i. e. the New Teſtament), *he met with a paſſage near the bottom*, i. e. in the 11th verſe of the laſt chapter of the Revelations, "He "which is *filthy*, let him be *filthy* ſtill," *which ſeemed to forbid it. Whether foiſted in by the tranſcriber*, is added; becauſe this paragraph is wanting in the *Alexandrian* MS. the oldeſt and moſt authentic copy of the New Teſtament.

† The ſlovenly way of receiving the ſacrament among the fanatics.

‡ This is a common phraſe to expreſs eating cleanly, and is meant for an invective againſt that indecent manner among ſome people in receiving the ſacrament; ſo in the lines before, which is to be underſtood of the diſſenters refuſing to kneel at the ſacrament.

‖ I cannot well find out the author's meaning here, unleſs it be the hot, untimely, blind zeal of enthuſiaſts.

gibing

gibing apprentices, who looked on, that " he sub-
" mitted, with entire resignation, as to a trip, or a
" blow of fate, with whom he found, by long ex-
" perience, how vain it was either to wrestle or
" to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do ei-
" ther, would be sure to come off with a swinging
" fall, or a bloody nose. It was ordained, *said he*,
" some few days before the creation, that my nose
" and this very post should have a rencounter;
" and therefore Nature thought fit to send us both
" into the world into the same age, and to make
" us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had
" my eyes been open, it is very likely, the business
" might have been a great deal worse; for how
" many a confounded slip is daily got by man, with
" all his foresight about him? Besides, the eyes of
" the understanding see best, when those of the
" senses are out of the way; and therefore blind
" men are observed to tread their steps with much
" more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than
" those who rely with too much confidence upon
" the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little
" accident shakes out of order, and a drop or a
" film can wholly disconcert; like a lantern among
" a pack of roaring bullies, when they scour the
" streets; exposing its owner and itself, to outward
" kicks and buffets, which both might have escap-
" ed, if the vanity of appearing would have suf-
" fered them to walk in the dark. But farther, if
" we examine the *conduct* of these boasted lights, it
" will prove yet a great deal worse than their *for-*
" *tune*. It is true, I have broke my nose against
" this post, because fortune either forgot, or did
" not think it convenient to twich me by the elbow,
" and give me notice to avoid it. But let not this
" encourage either the present age or posterity, to
" trust their *noses* into the keeping of their *eyes*;
" which may prove the fairest way of losing them
" for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind
" guides;

" guides; miſerable guardians are ye of our frail
" noſes; ye, I ſay, who faſten upon the firſt pre-
" cipice in view, and then tow our wretched wil-
" ling bodies after you, to the very brink of de-
" ſtruction. But, alas! that brink is rotten, our
" feet ſlip, and we tumble down prone into a gulf,
" without one hoſpitable ſhrub in the way to break
" the fall; a fall to which not any noſe of mortal
" make is equal, except that of the giant *Laurcal-*
" *co* *, who was lord of the *ſilver bridge*. Moſt
" properly therefore, O eyes, and with great juſ-
" tice, may you be compared to thoſe fooliſh
" lights, which conduct men through dirt and
" darkneſs, till they fall into a deep pit, or a noi-
" ſome bog."

This I have produced, as a ſcantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reaſoning upon ſuch abſtruſe matters.

He was, beſides, a perſon of great deſign and improvement in affairs of *devotion*, having introduced a new deity, who hath ſince met with a vaſt number of worſhippers †; by ſome called *Babel*, by others *Chaos*; who had an ancient temple of Gothic ſtructure upon Saliſbury-plain, famous for its ſhrine and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had ſome roguiſh trick to play, he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midſt of the kennel †. Then it was, that thoſe who underſtood his pranks would be ſure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curioſity attracted ſtrangers to laugh, or to liſten, he would of a ſudden with one hand out with his *gear*, and piſs full in their eyes, and with the other all beſpatter them with mud.

* Vide *Don Quixote*.

† The villanies and cruelties, committed by enthuſiaſts and fanatics among us, were all performed under the diſguiſe of religion and long prayers.

In

In winter he went always looſe and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as poſſible, to let *in* the ambient heat; and in ſummer lapped himſelf cloſe and thick, to keep it *out* ‡.

In all revolutions of government, he would make his court for the office of *hangman*-general ‖; and in the exerciſe of that dignity, wherein he was very dextrous, would make uſe of no other *vizor* than a long prayer **.

He had a tongue ſo muſculous and ſubtil, that he could twiſt it up into his noſe, and deliver a ſtrange kind of ſpeech from thence. He was alſo the firſt in theſe kingdoms who began to improve the Spaniſh accompliſhment of *braying*; and having large ears, perpetually expoſed and erected, he carried his art to ſuch a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to diſtinguiſh, either by the view or the ſound, between the *original* and the *copy*.

He was troubled with a diſeaſe, reverſe to that called the ſtinging of the *tarantula*; and would run dog-mad at the noiſe of *muſic*, eſpecially a *pair of bag-pipes* *. But he would cure himſelf again, by taking two or three turns in *Weſtminſter-hall*, or *Billingſgate*, or in *a boarding-ſchool*, or the *Royal-Exchange*, or a *ſtate coffee-houſe*.

He was a perſon that *feared* no *colours* †, but mortally *hated* all; and upon that account bore a cruel averſion againſt *painters*; inſomuch, that in his paroxyſms, as he walked the ſtreets, he would

‡ They affected differences in habit and behaviour.

‖ They are ſevere perſecutors, and all in a form of cant and devotion.

** Cromwell and his confederates went, as they called it, *to ſeek God*, when they reſolved to murder the King.

* This is to expoſe our Diſſenters averſion againſt inſtrumental muſic in churches. *W. Wotton.*

† They quarrel at the moſt innocent decency and ornament, and defaced the ſtatues and paintings on all the churches in England.

have his pockets loaden with ſtones, to pelt at the ſigns.

Having, from his manner of living, frequent occaſion to *waſh* himſelf, he would often leap over head and ears into water, though it were in the midſt of *winter*; but was always obſerved to come out again much *dirtier*, if poſſible, than he went in ‡.

He was the firſt that ever found out the ſecret of contriving a *ſoporiferous* medicine to be conveyed in at the *ears*. It was a compound of *ſulphur*, and *balm of Gilead*, with a little *pilgrim's ſalve* ‖.

He wore a large plaiſter of artificial *cauſtics* on his ſtomach, with the ſevour of which he could ſet himſelf a *groaning*, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would ſtand in the turning of a ſtreet; and, calling to thoſe who paſſed by, would cry to one, "Worthy Sir, do me the honour of a good ſlap "in the chaps;" to another, "Honeſt friend, "pray favour me with a handſome kick on the arſe. "Madam, ſhall I intreat a ſmall box on the ear "from your Ladyſhip's fair hand? Noble Cap- "tain, lend a reaſonable thwack, for the love of "God, with that cane of yours, over theſe poor "ſhoulders *." And when he had, by ſuch earneſt ſolicitations, made a ſhift to procure a baſting ſufficient to ſwell up his fancy and his ſides, he would return home extremely comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the *public good*. "Obſerve this ſtroke," ſaid he, ſhewing his bare ſhoulders, "a plaguy *janiſary* gave it

‡ Baptiſm of adults by plunging.

‖ Fanatic preaching, compoſed either of hell and damnation, or a fulſome deſcription of the joys of heaven; both in ſuch a dirty, naſeous ſtyle, as to be well reſembled to pilgrim's ſalve.

* The Fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into perſecution, and count vaſt merit upon every little hardſhip they ſuffer.

"me

" me this very morning at seven o'clock, as, with " much ado, I was driving off the Great Turk. " Neighbours, mind, this broken head deserves a " plaister. Had poor Jack been tender of his nod- " dle, you would have seen the Pope and the " French King, long before this time of day, a- " mong your wives and your warehouses. Dear " Christians, the Great Mogul was come as far as " White-chapel; and you may thank these poor " sides, that he hath not (God bless us) already " swallowed up man, woman, and child."

It was highly worth observing, the singular effects of that aversion or antipathy, which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear against each other †. Peter had lately done *some rogueries*, that forced him to abscond; and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town, from each other; and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another. Yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend: for the frenzy and the spleen of both, having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same centre; which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the

† The Papists and Fanatics, though they appear the most averse against each other, yet bear a near resemblance in many things, as hath been observed by learned men.

Ibid. The agreement of our Dissenters and the Papists, in that which Bishop Stillingfleet called, *The fanaticism of the church of Rome*, is ludicrously described for several pages together, by Jack's likeness to Peter, and their being often mistaken for each other, and their frequent meetings when they least intended it. *W. Wotton.*

circum-

circumference. Beſides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack, to bear a huge perſonal reſemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and diſpoſitions were not only the ſame, but there was a cloſe analogy in their ſhape and ſize, and their mien; inſomuch as nothing was more frequent, than for a bailiff to ſeiſe Jack by the ſhoulders, and to cry, "Mr. Peter, you are the King's priſoner:" or, at other times, for one of Peter's neareſt friends to accoſt Jack with open arms, "Dear Peter, I am "glad to ſee thee; pray, ſend me one of your beſt "medicines for the worms." This, we may ſuppoſe, was a mortifying return of thoſe pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in ſo long; and finding how directly oppoſite all his endeavours had anſwered to the ſole end and intention which he had propoſed to himſelf, how could it avoid having terrible effects, upon a head and heart ſo furniſhed as his? However, the poor remainders of his *coat* bore all the puniſhment. The orient ſun never entered upon his diurnal progreſs, without miſſing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to ſtich up the collar ſo cloſe, that it was ready to choke him, and ſqueezed out his eyes at ſuch a rate, as one could ſee nothing but the white. What little was left of the main ſubſtance of the coat, he rubbed every day, for two hours, againſt a rough-caſt wall, in order to grind away the remnants of *lace* and *embroidery:* but, at the ſame time, went on with ſo much violence, that he proceeded a *heathen philoſopher*. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the ſucceſs continued ſtill to diſappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags to bear a kind of mock-reſemblance to finery; there being a ſort of fluttering appearance in both, which is not to be diſtinguiſhed at a diſtance, in the dark, or by ſhort-ſighted eyes: ſo, in theſe junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the firſt view a ridiculous flaunting; which, aſſiſting

the reſemblance in perſon and air, thwarted all his projects of ſeparation, and left ſo near a ſimilitude between them, as frequently deceived the very diſciples and followers of both. * * *

* * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * *Deſunt nonnulla.*

* * * * * * * * *

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The old Sclavonian proverb ſaid well, That "it "is with *men*, as with *aſſes*; whoever would keep "them faſt, muſt find a very good hold at their "ears." Yet I think we may affirm, that it hath been verified by repeated experience, that,

Effugiet tamen hæc ſceleratus vincula Proteus.

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our anceſtors, with great allowances to times and perſons. For, if we look into primitive records, we ſhall find, that no revolutions have been ſo great, or ſo frequent, as thoſe of human *ears*. In former days, there was a curious invention to catch and keep them; which, I think, we may juſtly reckon among the *artes perditæ*. And how can it be otherwiſe, when, in theſe latter centuries, the very ſpecies is not only diminiſhed to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is alſo degenerated ſo far, as to mock our ſkilfulleſt *tenure?* For if the only ſlitting of one *ear* in a ſtag hath been found ſufficient to propagate the defect through a whole foreſt, why ſhould we wonder at the greateſt conſequences, from ſo many loppings and mutilations, to which the *ears* of our fathers, and our own, have been of late ſo much expoſed? It is true, indeed, that while this *iſland* of ours was under the *dominion of grace*, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of *ears* once more among us. The proportion of largeneſs was not only looked upon as an ornament of the *outward* man, but as a type of grace in the *inward*. Beſides, it is held by natu-

naturaliſts, that if there be a protuberancy of parts in the *ſuperior* region of the body, as in the *ears* and *noſe*, there muſt be a parity alſo in the *inferior*. And therefore, in that truly pious age, the *males* in every aſſembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very forward in expoſing their *ears* to view, and the regions about them; becauſe Hippocrates tells us, that "when the vein behind the ear "happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch *." And the *females* were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them; whereof thoſe who had already *uſed the means*, looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a ſuitable offſpring by ſuch a proſpect. Others, who ſtood candidates for *benevolence*, found there a plentiful choice, and were ſure to fix upon ſuch as diſcovered the largeſt *ears*, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Laſtly, the devouter ſiſters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member, as protruſions of zeal, or ſpiritual excreſcences, were ſure to honour every head they ſat upon, as if they had been *marks of grace*; but eſpecially that of the preacher, whoſe *ears* were uſually of the prime magnitude; which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in expoſing with all advantages to the people: in his rhetorical *paroxyſms*, turning ſometimes to *hold forth* the one, and ſometimes to hold forth the other. From which cuſtom, the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their profeſſors, ſtyled by the phraſe of *holding forth*.

Such was the progreſs of the ſaints for anvancing the ſize of that member; and, it is thought, the ſucceſs would have been every way anſwerable, if, in proceſs of time, a cruel king had not aroſe, who raiſed a bloody perſecution againſt all *ears* a-

* Lib. de aere, locis, et aquis.

bove a certain ſtandard †. Upon which, ſome were glad to hide their flouriſhing ſprouts in a black border; others crept wholly under a periwig; ſome were ſlit, others cropped, and a great number ſliced to the ſtumps. But of this more hereafter, in my *general hiſtory of ears*; which I deſign very ſpeedily to beſtow upon the public.

From this brief ſurvey of the falling ſtate of *ears* in the laſt age, and the ſmall care had to advance their ancient growth in the preſent, it is manifeſt, how little reaſon we can have to rely upon a hold ſo ſhort, ſo weak, and ſo ſlippery; and that whoever deſires to catch mankind faſt, muſt have recourſe to ſome other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumſpection enough, may diſcover ſeveral *handles*, whereof the *ſix* * ſenſes afford one a-piece, beſide a great number that are ſcrewed to the paſſions, and ſome few rivetted to the intellect. Among theſe laſt, *curioſity* is one, and, of all others, affords the firmeſt graſp; *curioſity*, that ſpur in the ſide, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the noſe, of a lazy and impatient, and a grunting reader. By this *handle* it is, that an author ſhould ſeize upon his readers; which, as ſoon as he hath once compaſſed, all reſiſtance and ſtruggling are in vain: and they become his priſoners as cloſe as he pleaſes, till wearineſs or dulneſs force him to let go his gripe.

And therefore I, the author of this miraculous treatiſe, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained, by the aforeſaid *handle*, a firm hold upon my gentle readers; it it with great reluctance, that I am at length compelled to remit my graſp; leaving them in the peruſal of what remains to that natural *oſcitancy* inherent in the tribe. I can only aſ-

† This was K. Charles II. who, at his reſtoration, turned out all the diſſenting teachers that would not conform.

* Including Scaliger's.

ſure

ſure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine, for my unhappineſs in loſing, or miſlaying among my papers, the remaining part of theſe memoirs; which conſiſted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and ſurpriſing; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taſte of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmoſt endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which there was a full account, how Peter got a *protection* out of the King's-bench; and of a reconcilement between Jack and him, upon a deſign they had in a certain *rainy night*, to trepan brother Martin into a *ſpunging-houſe*, and there ſtrip him to the ſkin ‖: how Martin, with much ado, ſhewed them both a fair pair of heels; how a *new warrant* came out againſt Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, *ſtole his protection, and made uſe of it himſelf*. How Jack's tatters came into faſhion in *court* and *city*; how *he got upon a great horſe* *; *and eat cuſtard* †. But the particulars of all theſe, with ſeveral others, which have now ſlid out of my memory, are loſt beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other, as far as they ſhall find it to agree with their ſeveral conſtitutions; but conjuring them by all the friendſhip that hath paſſed between us, from the title-page to this, not

‖ In the reign of K. James II. the Preſbyterians, by the King's invitation, joined with the Papiſts, againſt the church of England, and addreſſed him for repeal of the penal laws and teſt. The King, by his diſpenſing power, gave liberty of conſcience, which both Papiſts and Preſbyterians made uſe of. But, upon the revolution, the Papiſts being down of courſe, the Preſbyterians freely continued their aſſemblies, by virtue of King James's indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This, I believe, the author means, by Jack's ſtealing Peter's protection, and making uſe of it himſelf.

* Sir Humphry Edwyn, a Preſbyterian, was ſome years ago Lord Mayor of London, and had the inſolence to go in his formalities to a conventicle, with the enſigns of his office.

† Cuſtard is a famous diſh at a Lord Mayor's feaſt,

to proceed ſo far as to injure their healths, for an accident paſt remedy: I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accompliſhed writer; and therefore, by a courtly *modern*, leaſt of all others to be omitted.

THE CONCLUSION.

GOing *too long* is a cauſe of abortion as effectual, though not ſo frequent, as *going too ſhort*; and holds true eſpecially in the *labours* of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble *Jeſuit* ‡ who firſt adventured to confeſs in print, that books muſt be ſuited to their ſeveral ſeaſons, like dreſs, and diet, and diverſions; and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this, among other French modes. I am living faſt to ſee the time, when a *book* that miſſes its tide, ſhall be neglected, as the *moon* by day, or like *mackarel* a week after the ſeaſon. No man hath more nicely obſerved our climate, than the bookſeller who bought the copy of this work. He knows to a tittle, what ſubjects will go beſt off in a *dry year*, and which it is proper to expoſe foremoſt, when the weather-glaſs is fallen to *much rain*. When he had ſeen this treatiſe, and conſulted his *almanack* upon it, he gave me to underſtand, that he had manifeſtly conſidered the two principal things, which were the *bulk* and the *ſubject*; and found, it would never *take*, but after a long vacation; and then only, in caſe it ſhould happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I deſired to know, *conſidering my urgent neceſſities*, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked *weſtward*, and ſaid, "I doubt we ſhall have a fit of "bad weather; however, if you could prepare

‡ Pere d'Orleans.

"ſome

" ſome pretty little *banter*, (*but not in verſe*) or a " ſmall treatiſe upon the ——, it would run like " wild-fire. But, *if it hold up*, I have already hired " an author to write ſomething againſt Dr. Bently, " which, I am ſure, will turn to account *."

At length we agreed upon this expedient, That when a cuſtomer comes for one of theſe, and deſires in confidence to know the author; he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming which ever of the wits ſhall happen to be that week in vogue; and if Durfey's laſt play ſhould be in courſe, I had as lieve he may be the perſon as Congreve. This I mention, becauſe I am wonderfully well acquainted with the preſent reliſh of courteous readers; and have often obſerved with ſingular pleaſure, that a *fly* driven from a *honey-pot*, will immediately with very good appetite alight, and finiſh his meal on an *excrement*.

I have one word to ſay upon the ſubject of *profound writers*, who are grown very numerous of late; and, I know very well, the judicious world is reſolved to liſt me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the buſineſs of being *profound*, that it is with *writers* as with *wells*; a perſon with good eyes may ſee to the bottom of the deepeſt, provided any *water* be there; and often, whenthere is nothing in the world at the bottom, beſides *dryneſs* and *dirt*, though it be but a yard and a half under ground, it ſhall paſs however for wondrous *deep*, upon no wiſer a reaſon, than becauſe it is wondrous *dark*.

I am now trying an experiment, very frequent among modern authors; which is, to *write upon nothing*: when the ſubject is utterly exhauſted, to let the pen ſtill move on; by ſome called the ghoſt of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its bo-

* When Dr. Prideaux brought the copy of his Connection of the Old and New Teſtament to the bookſeller, he told him, it was a *dry ſubject*, and the printing could not ſafely be ventured, unleſs he could *enliven it with a little humour*.

dy.

dy. And, to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands, than that of discerning *when to have done*. By the time that an author hath written out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintants, and grow very loth to part; so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing, as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which hath sometimes been compared to the end of a feast; where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva:* for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to *doze*, or to *sleep* out the rest of the day. But, in this latter, I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud, if, by all my labours, I can have any ways contributed to the *repose* of mankind in times so turbulent and unquiet as these *. Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a *wit*, as some would suppose. For among a very polite nation in Greece, there were the *same* temples built and consecrated to *Sleep* and the *Muses*, between which two deities they believed the strictest friendship was established †.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader, That he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line, or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen, and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather, or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their ease from a window to criticise his gait, and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

* This was written before the peace of Ryswick, which was signed in September 1697.

† Trezenii, Pausan. l. 2.

In

In my disposure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make *invention* the *master*, and to give *method* and *reason* the office of its *lacqueys*. The cause of this distribution was, from observing it my peculiar case to be often under a temptation of being *witty* upon occasions, where I could be neither *wise* nor *sound*, nor any thing to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the *modern* way, to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them. For I have observed, that from a laborious collection of seven hundred thirty-eight *flowers*, and *shining hints* of the best *modern* authors, digested with great reading into my book of *common-places*; I have not been able, after five years, to draw, hook, or force into common conversation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of success, by being dropped among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains, and traps, and *ambages* to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this disappointment, (to discover a secret), I must own, gave me the first hint of setting up for an *author*; and I have since found among some particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a *towardly word* to be wholly neglected or despised in *discourse*, which hath passed very smoothly, with some consideration and esteem, after its preferment and sanction in *print*. But now since, by the liberty and encouragement of the press, I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities to expose the talents I have acquired; I already discover, that the *issues* of my *observanda* begin to grow too large for the *receipts*. Therefore I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both to resume my pen.

A full and true Account of the BATTLE fought last Friday, between the ANCIENT and the MODERN BOOKS in St. James's Library.

The BOOKSELLER to the READER.

THE following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time with the former; I mean, the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot, about *ancient and modern learning*. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir William Temple's upon that subject; which was answered by W. Wotton, B. D. with an appendix by Dr. Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of Æsop and Phalaris for authors, whom Sir William Temple had, in the essay before mentioned, highly commended. In that appendix, the Doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the Honourable Charles Boyle (now Earl of Orrery); to which Mr. Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit; and the Doctor voluminously rejoined. In this dispute, the town highly resented to see a person of Sir William Temple's character and merits roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us, that the BOOKS in St. James's library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune

fortune or weather, being in ſeveral places imperfect, we cannot learn to which ſide the victory fell.

I muſt warn the reader, to beware of applying to perſons, what is here meant only of books in the moſt literal ſenſe. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to underſtand the perſon of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain ſheets of paper, bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the ſaid poet: And ſo of the reſt.

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The PREFACE of the AUTHOR.

SAtire is a ſort of *glaſs*, wherein beholders do generally diſcover every body's face but their own; which is the chief reaſon for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that ſo very few are offended with it. But if it ſhould happen otherwiſe, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience, never to apprehend miſchief from thoſe underſtandings I have been able to provoke. For anger and fury, though they add ſtrength to the *ſinews* of the *body*, yet are found to relax thoſe of the *mind*, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a *brain* that will endure but one *ſcumming*; let the owner gather it with diſcretion, and manage his little ſtock with huſbandry. But of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the *laſh* of his *betters*; becauſe that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new ſupply: Wit without knowledge being a ſort of *cream*, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a ſkilful hand may be ſoon *whipped* into *froth*; but once ſcummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing, but to be thrown to the hogs.

A full and true Account of the BATTLE fought last Friday, &c *.

WHoever examines with due circumspection into the *annual records of time*, will find it remarked, that *war is the child of pride*, and *pride*

* The *Battle of the Books* took its rise from a controversy between Sir William Temple and Mr. Wotton; a controversy which made much noise, and employed many pens towards the latter end of the last century. This humorous treatise is drawn up in an heroic comic stile, in which Swift, with great wit and spirit, gives the victory to the former. The general plan is excellent, but particular parts are defective. The frequent chasms puzzle and interrupt the narrative: They neither convey any latent ideas; nor point out any distinct or occult sarcasms. Some characters are barely touched upon, which might have been extended, others are enlarged, which might have been contracted. The name of Horace is inserted; and Virgil is introduced only for an opportunity of comparing his translator Dryden, *to the lady in a lobster*; *to a mouse under a canopy of state*; *and to a shrivelled beau within the pent house of a full-bottomed periwig*. These similes carry the true stamp of ridicule. But rancour must be very prevalent in the heart of an author, who could overlook the merits of Dryden; many of whose dedications and prefaces are as fine compositions, and, and as just pieces of criticism, as any in our language. The translation of Virgil was a work of haste and indigence. Dryden was equal to the undertaking, but unfortunate during the conduct of it.——The two chief heroes among the modern generals, are Wotton and Bentley. Their figures are displayed in the most disadvantageous attitudes. The former is described, "full of spleen, dulness, and ill manners." The latter is represented. "tall, without shape or comeliness; large, "without strength or proportion."———The *battle*, which is maintained by the ancients with great superiority of strength, though not of numbers, ends with the demolition of Bentley, and his friend Wotton, by the lance of the Honourable Charles Boyle, youngest son of Roger the second Earl of Orrery, and father of the present Earl. He was a fellow of the royal society, and invented the astronomical machine called the *Orrery*. *Orrery*.

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the daughter of riches †. The former of which aſſertions may be ſoon granted; but one cannot ſo eaſily ſubſcribe to the latter. For *Pride* is nearly related to *Beggary* and *Want*, either by father or mother, and ſometimes by both: and, to ſpeak naturally, it very ſeldom happens among men to fall out, when all have enough; invaſions uſually travelling from *north* to *ſouth*, that is to ſay, from Poverty to Plenty. The moſt ancient and natural grounds of quarrels are *Luſt and Avarice*; which, though we may allow to be brethren or collateral branches of *Pride*, are certainly the iſſues of *Want*. For to ſpeak in the phraſe of writers upon politics, we may obſerve in the republic of *Dogs*, which in its original ſeems to be an inſtitution of the *many*, that the whole ſtate is ever in the profoundeſt peace, after a full meal; and that civil broils ariſe among them, when it happens for one great *bone* to be ſeized on by ſome *leading dog*; who either divides it among the *few*, and then it falls to an *oligarchy*; or keeps it to himſelf, and then it runs up to a *tyranny*. The ſame reaſoning alſo holds place among them, in thoſe diſſenſions we behold upon a turgeſcency in any of their females. For, the right of poſſeſſion lying in common, (it being impoſſible to eſtabliſh a property in ſo delicate a caſe,) jealouſies and ſuſpicions do ſo abound, that the whole commonwealth of that ſtreet is reduced to a manifeſt *ſtate of war*, of every *citizen* againſt every *citizen*; till ſome one of more courage, conduct, or fortune than the reſt, ſeizes and enjoys the prize: Upon which naturally ariſes plenty of heart-burning, and envy and ſnarling againſt the *happy dog*. Again, if we look upon any of theſe republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invaſion or defence, we ſhall find the ſame rea-

† Riches produceth pride: pride is war's ground, &c. *Vid. Ephem. de Mary Clarke. opt. edit.*——now called *Wing's ſhort almanack*, and printed by J. Roberts for the company of ſtationers.

ſoning will ſerve as to the grounds and occaſions of each; and that *Poverty* or *Want*, in ſome degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the caſe), has a great ſhare, as well as *Pride*, on the part of the aggreſſor.

Now, whoever will pleaſe to take this ſcheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual ſtate, or commonwealth of learning, will ſoon diſcover the firſt ground of diſagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms; and may form juſt concluſions upon the merits of either cauſe. But the iſſue or events of this war are not ſo eaſy to conjecture at, for the preſent quarrel is ſo inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretenſions *ſomewhere or other* ſo exorbitant, as not to admit the leaſt overtures of accommodation. This quarrel firſt began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a ſmall ſpot of ground, *lying* and *being* upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnaſſus; the higheſt and largeſt of which had, it ſeems, been, time out of mind, in quiet poſſeſſion of certain tenants called the *Ancients*; and the other was held by the *Moderns*. But theſe diſliking their preſent ſtation, ſent certain ambaſſadors to the *Ancients*, complaining of a great nuiſance; how the height of that part of Parnaſſus quite ſpoiled the proſpect of theirs, eſpecially towards the *eaſt*; and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative, either that the *Ancients* would pleaſe to remove themſelves and their effects down to the lower ſummity, which the *Moderns* would graciouſly ſurrender to them, and advance in their place; or elſe, that the ſaid *Ancients* will give leave to the *Moderns* to come with ſhovels and mattocks, and level the ſaid hill as low as they ſhall think it convenient. To which the *Ancients* made anſwer, How little they expected ſuch a meſſage as this, from a colony whom they had admitted,

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out of their own free grace, to ſo near a neighbourhood: That, as to their own ſeat, they were *Aborigines* of it; and therefore to talk with them of a removal or ſurrender, was a language they did not underſtand: That, if the height of the hill on their ſide ſhortened the proſpect of the *Moderns*, it was a diſadvantage they could not help; but deſired them to conſider, whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompenſed by the *ſhade* and *ſhelter* it afforded them: That, as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propoſe it, if they did, or did not know, how that ſide of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts without any damage to itſelf: That they would therefore adviſe the *Modorns*, rather to raiſe their own ſide of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the *Ancients*; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but alſo largely contribute. All this was rejected by the *Moderns*, with much indignation; who ſtill inſiſted upon one of the two expedients. And ſo this difference broke out into a long and obſtinate war; maintained on the one part by reſolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but on the other, by the greatneſs of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel, whole rivulets of *ink* have been exhauſted, and the virulence of both parties enormouſly augmented. Now, it muſt here be underſtood, that *ink* is the great miſſive weapon in all battles of the *learned*, which conveyed through a ſort of engine, called a *quill*, infinite numbers of theſe are darted at the enemy, by the valiant on each ſide, with equal ſkill and violence, as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor was compounded by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are *gall* and *copperas*; by its bitterneſs and venom to *ſuit* in ſome degree, as well as to *foment*, the

genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not *agree* about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides; the beaten party being content to be at the same expence to keep itself in countenance, (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late in the art of war); so the *learned*, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do on both sides hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a *battle*, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as *Disputes*, *Arguments*, *Rejoinders*, *Brief Considerations*, *Answers*, *Replies*, *Remarks*, *Reflections*, *Objections*, *Confutations*. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themselves or their representatives *, for passengers to gaze at: From whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines, they call *libraries*, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and from thenceforth begin to be called *books of controversy*.

In these books is wonderfully instilled and preserved the spirit of each warrior, while he is alive; and after his death, his soul transmigrates there, to inform them. This, at least, is the more common opinion. But I believe, it is with libraries as with other cœmeteries, where some philosophers affirm, that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted, and turns to *dust* or to *worms*, but then vanishes or dissolves: So, we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every *book*, till *dust* or *worms* have seized upon it; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later. And therefore *books of controversy* being of all others haunted by the most disorderly

* Their title-pages.

spirits

ſpirits, have always been confined in a ſeparate lodge from the reſt; and, for fear of mutual violence againſt each other, it was thought prudent by our anceſtors, to bind them to the peace with ſtrong iron chains. Of which invention the original occaſion was this. When the works of Scotus firſt came out, they were carried to a certain great library, and had logings appointed them: But this author was no ſooner ſettled than he went to viſit his maſter Ariſtotle; and there both concerted together to ſeize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient ſtation among the *divines*, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt ſucceeded, and the two uſurpers have reigned ever ſince in his ſtead. But to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed, that all *polemics* of the larger ſize ſhould be held faſt with a chain.

By this expedient, the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preſerved, if a new ſpecies of controverſial books had not aroſe of late years, inſtinct with a moſt malignant ſpirit, from the war above-mentioned, between the *learned*, about the higher ſummity of Parnaſſus.

When thoſe books were firſt admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have ſaid upon occaſions, to ſeveral perſons concerned, how I was ſure they would create broils wherever they came, unleſs a world of care were taken: and therefore I adviſed, that the champions of each ſide ſhould be coupled together, or otherwiſe mixed; that, like the blending of contrary poiſons, their malignity might be employed among themſelves. And it ſeems I was neither an ill prophet, nor an ill counſellor; for it was nothing elſe but the neglect of this caution which gave occaſion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday laſt between the *Ancient* and *Modern books* in the *King's library*. Now, becauſe the talk of this battle is ſo freſh in every

body's mouth, and the expectation of the town ſo great, to be informed in the particulars; I being poſſeſſed of all qualifications requiſite in an *hiſtorian*, and retained by neither party, have reſolved to comply with the urgent *importunity of my friends*, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The *guardian* of the *regal library*, a perſon of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his *humanity* *, had been a fierce champion for the *Moderns*; and, in an engagement upon Parnaſſus, had vowed, with his own hands to knock down two of the *Ancient* chiefs, who guarded a ſmall paſs on the ſuperior rock; but endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obſtructed by his own unhappy weight, and tendency towards his centre: A quality to which thoſe of the *Modern* party are extreme ſubject: for being light-headed, they have in ſpeculation a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but in reducing to practice, diſcover a mighty preſſure about their poſteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his deſign, the diſappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the *Ancients*; which he reſolved to gratify, by ſhewing all marks of his favour to the *books* of their adverſaries, and lodging them in the faireſt apartments; when at the ſame time, whatever *book* had the boldneſs to own itſelf for an advocate of the *Ancients*, was buried alive in ſome obſure corner, and threatened, upon the leaſt diſpleaſure, to be turned out of door. Beſides, it ſo happened, that about this time there was a ſtrange confuſion of place among all the *books* in the library; for which ſeveral reaſons were aſſigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of *learned duſt*, which a perverſe wind blew

* The Honourable Mr. Boyle, in the preface to his edition of Phalaris, ſays, he was refuſed a manuſcript by the library-keeper, *pro ſolita humanitate ſua*.

Ibid. Dr. Bentley was then library-keeper. The two ancients were Phalaris and Æſop.

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off from a ſhelf of *Moderns* into the *keeper's* eyes. Others affirmed, he had a humour to pick the *worms* out of the *ſchoolmen*, and ſwallow them freſh and faſting; whereof ſome fell upon his *ſpleen*, and ſome climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And laſtly, others maintained, that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite loſt the ſituation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his *books*, he was apt to miſtake, and clap Des Cartes next to Ariſtotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven wiſe maſters; and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one ſide, and Withers on the other.

Mean while, thoſe *books* that were advocates for the *Moderns*, choſe out one from among them, to make a progreſs through the whole library, examine the number and ſtrength of their party, and concert their affairs. This meſſenger performed all things very induſtriouſly, and brought back with him a liſt of their forces, in all fifty thouſand, conſiſting chiefly of *light horſe*, *heavy-armed foot*, and *mercenaries*: whereof the *foot* were, in general but ſorrily armed, and worſe clad; their *horſes* large, but extremely out of caſe and heart. However, ſome few, by trading among the *Ancients*, had furniſhed themſelves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, *Diſcord* grew extremely high, hot words paſſed on both ſides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a ſolitary *Ancient*, ſqueezed up among a whole ſhelf of *Moderns*, offered fairly to diſpute the caſe, and to prove, by manifeſt reaſon, that the priority was due to them, from long poſſeſſion, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and above all, their great merits toward the *Moderns*. But theſe denied the premiſſes; and ſeemed very much to wonder, how the *Ancients* could pretend to inſiſt upon their antiquity, when it was ſo plain, (if they went

to

to that), that the *Moderns* were *much* the more *ancient* * of the two. As for any obligations they owed to the *Ancients*, they renounced them all. "It is true," ſaid they, "we are informed ſome "few of our party have been ſo mean to borrow "their ſubſiſtence from you. But the reſt, infi- "nitely the greater number, (and eſpecially we "French and Engliſh), were ſo far from ſtooping "to ſo baſe an example, that there never paſſed, "till this very hour, ſix words between us. For "our *horſes* were of our own breeding, our arms "of our own forging, and our *cloaths* of our own "cutting out and ſewing." Plato was by chance upon the next ſhelf, and obſerving thoſe that ſpoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago; their *jades* lean and foundered, their *weapons* of rotten wood, their *armour* ruſty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and, in his pleaſant way, ſwore, "By ———, he believed "them."

Now, the *Moderns* had not proceeded in their late negotiation, with ſecrecy enough to eſcape the notice of the enemy. For thoſe advocates who had begun the quarrel, by ſetting firſt on foot the diſpute of precedency, talked ſo loud of coming to a battle, that Temple happened to overhear them; and gave immediate intelligence to the *Ancients*; who thereupon drew up their ſcattered troops together, reſolving to act upon the defenſive. Upon which ſeveral of the *Moderns* fled over to their party and among the reſt Temple himſelf. This Temple having been educated and long converſed among the *Ancients*, was of all the *Moderns* their greateſt favourite, and became their greateſt champion.

Things were at this criſis, when a material accident fell out. For, upon the higheſt corner of a

* According to the modern paradox.

large

large window, there dwelt a certain *ſpider*, ſwollen up to the firſt magnitude by the deſtruction of infinite numbers of *flies*, whoſe ſpoils lay ſcattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of ſome giant. The avenues to his caſtle were guarded with turnpikes and paliſadoes, all after the *modern* way of fortification. After you had paſſed ſeveral courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the *conſtable* himſelf in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to ſally out upon all occaſions of prey or defence. In this manſion he had for ſome time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his *perſon* by *ſwallows* from above, or to his *palace* by *brooms* from below; when it was the pleaſure of Fortune to conduct thither a wandering *bee*, to whoſe curioſity a broken pane in the glaſs had diſcovered itſelf; and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at laſt happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the *ſpider's* citadel: which yielding to the unequal weight, ſunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his paſſage, and thrice the centre ſhook. The *ſpider* within, feeling the terrible convulſion, ſuppoſed at firſt, that *Nature* was approaching to her final diſſolution; or elſe, that Beelzebub, with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thouſands of his ſubjects, whom his enemy had ſlain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly reſolved to iſſue forth and meet his fate. Mean while the *bee* had acquitted himſelf of his toils, and, poſted ſecurely at ſome diſtance, was employed in cleanſing his wings, and diſengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the *ſpider* was adventured out; when, beholding the chaſms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortreſs, he was very near at his wit's end. He ſtormed and ſwore like a madman, and ſwelled till he was ready to burſt.

burſt. At length, caſting his eye upon the *bee*; and wiſely gathering cauſes from events, (for they knew each other by ſight, " A plague ſplit you," ſaid he, " for a giddy ſon of a whore. Is it you, " with a vengeance, that have made this litter " here? Could not you look before you, and be " d—n'd? Do you think I have nothing elſe to " do, (in the devil's name), but to mend and re- " pair after your arſe?" " Good words, friend," (ſaid the bee, having now pruned himſelf, and be- " ing diſpoſed to droll); " I'll give you my hand " and word to come near your kennel no more: " I was never in ſuch a confounded pickle ſince I was born." " Sirrah," replied the ſpider, " if it " were not for breaking an old cuſtom in our fa- " mily, never to ſtir abroad againſt an enemy, " I ſhould come and teach you better manners." " I pray have patience," ſaid the bee, " or you will " ſpend your ſubſtance; and, for aught I ſee, you " may ſtand in need of it all towards the repair of " your houſe." Rogue, rogue," replied the ſpider; " yet methinks you ſhould have more reſpect to a " perſon, whom all the world allows to be ſo much " your betters." " By my troth," ſaid the bee, " the compariſon will amount to a very good jeſt; " and you will do me a favour, to let me know the " reaſons that all the world is pleaſed to uſe in ſo " hopeful a diſpute." At this, the *ſpider*, having ſwelled himſelf into the ſize and poſture of a diſputant, began his argument in the true ſpirit of controverſy, with reſolution to be heartily ſcurrilous and angry; to urge *on* his own reaſons, without the leaſt regard to the anſwers or objections of his oppoſite; and fully predetermined in his mind againſt all conviction.

" Not to diſparage myſelf," ſaid he, " by the " compariſon with ſuch a raſcal, what art thou " but a vagabond, without houſe or home, with- " out ſtock or inheritance; born to no poſſeſſion

" of

" of your own, but a pair of wings and a drone-
" pipe? Your livelihood is an univerſal plunder
" upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens;
" and, for the ſake of ſtealing, will rob a nettle as
" readily as a violet. Whereas I am a domeſtic a-
" nimal, furniſhed with a native ſtock within my-
" ſelf. This large caſtle (to ſhew my improve-
" provements in the mathematics) is all built with
" my own hands, and the materials extracted alto-
" gether out of my own perſon."

" I am glad," anſwered the bee, " to hear you
" grant at leaſt, that I am come honeſtly by my
" wings and my voice: for then, it ſeems, I am
" obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my
" muſic; and Providence would never have be-
" ſtowed on me two ſuch gifts, without deſigning
" them for the nobleſt ends. I viſit indeed all the
" flowers and bloſſoms of the field and garden:
" but whatever I collect from thence, enriches
" myſelf, without the leaſt injury to their beauty,
" their ſmell, or their taſte. Now, for you, and
" your ſkill in architecture and other mathematics,
" I have little to ſay. In that building of yours,
" there might, for aught I know, have been la-
" bour and method enough; but, by woful expe-
" rience for us both, it is plain, the materials are
" naught; and I hope you will henceforth take
" warning, and conſider duration and matter, as
" well as method and art. You boaſt indeed of
" being obliged to no other creature, but of draw-
" ing and ſpinning out all from yourſelf; that is
" to ſay, if we may judge of the liquor in the veſ-
" ſel by what iſſues out, you poſſeſs a good plenti-
" ful ſtore of dirt and poiſon in your breaſt. And
" though I would by no means leſſen or diſparage
" your genuine ſtock of either, yet, I doubt, you
" are ſomewhat obliged for an increaſe of both to
" a little foreign aſſiſtance. Your inherent portion
" of dirt does not fail of acquiſitions, by ſweepings,

" exhaled

" exhaled from below; and one infect furniſhes " you with a ſhare of poiſon to deſtroy another. " So that, in ſhort, the queſtion comes all to this, " Whether is the nobler being of the two, that " which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches " round, by an overweening pride, feeding and " engendering on itſelf, turns all into excrement " and venom, producing nothing at all, but fly- " bane and a cobweb; or that, which, by an uni- " verſal range, with long ſearch, much ſtudy, true " judgement, and diſtinction of things, brings " home honey and wax?"

This diſpute was managed with ſuch eagerneſs, clamour and warmth, that the two parties of *books* in arms below ſtood ſilent a while, waiting in ſuſpence what would be the iſſue. Which was not long undetermined: for the *bee*, grown impatient at ſo much loſs of time, fled ſtraight away to a bed of roſes, without looking for a reply; and left the *ſpider* like an orator *collected* in himſelf, and juſt prepared to burſt out.

It happened upon this emergency, that Æſop broke ſilence firſt. He had been of late moſt barbarouſly treated by a ſtrange effect of the *regent's humanity*, who had torn off his title-page, ſorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him faſt among a ſhelf of *Moderns* *; where ſoon diſcovering how high the quarrel was like to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himſelf to a thouſand forms. At length, in the borrowed ſhape of an *aſs*, the *regent* miſtook him for a *Modern*; by which means, he had time and opportunity to eſcape to the *Ancients*, juſt when the *ſpider* and the *bee* were entering into their conteſt: to which he gave his attention with a world of pleaſure; and when it was ended, ſwore in the loudeſt key, that, in all his life, he had never known two caſes ſo parallel

* Bentley, who denied the antiquity of Æſop. See note, p. 174.

rallel and adapt to each other, as that in the window, and this upon the ſhelves. "The diſputants," ſaid he, "have admirably managed the "diſpute between them, have taken in the full "ſtrength of all that is to be ſaid on both ſides, "and exhauſted the ſubſtance of every argument "*pro* and *con*. It is but to adjuſt the reaſonings of "both to the preſent quarrel, then to compare "and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the "*bee* has learnedly deduced them; and we ſhall "find the concluſion full plain and cloſe upon the "*Moderns* and *us*. For, pray Gentlemen, was e-"ver any thing ſo *modern* as the *ſpider*, in his air, "his turns, and his paradoxes? He argues in the "behalf of *you* his brethren, and himſelf, with ma-"ny boaſtings of his native ſtock and great ge-"nius; that he ſpins and ſpits wholly from him-"ſelf, and ſcorns to own any obligation or aſſiſt-"ance from without. Then he diſplays to you "his great ſkill in architecture, and improvement "in the mathematics. To all this, the *bee*, as an "advocate retained by us the *Ancients*, thinks fit "to anſwer, That if one may judge of the great "genius or inventions of the *Moderns*, by what "they have produced, you will hardly have coun-"tenance to bear you out in boaſting of either. "Erect your ſchemes with as much method and "ſkill as you pleaſe; yet if the materials be no-"thing but dirt, ſpun out of your own intrails, "(the guts of *modern* brains,) the edifice will con-"clude at laſt in a *cobweb*; the duration of which, "like that of other *ſpiders* webs, may be imputed "to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in "a corner. For any thing elſe of genuine that "the *Moderns* may pretend to, I cannot recollect; "unleſs it be a large vein of wrangling and ſatire, "much of a nature and ſubſtance with the *ſpider*'s "poiſon; which, however they pretend to ſpit "wholly out of themſelves, is improved by the

" ſame arts, by feeding upon the *inſects* and *ver-*
" *min* of the age. As for *us* the *Ancients*, we are
" content, with the *bee*, to pretend to nothing of
" our own, beyond our *wings* and our *voice*; that
" is to ſay, our *flights* and our *language*. For the
" reſt, whatever we have got, has been by infinite
" labour and ſearch, and ranging through every
" corner of Nature. The difference is, that, in-
" ſtead of dirt and poiſon, we have rather choſen
" to fill our hives with *honey* and *wax*; thus fur-
" niſhing mankind with the two nobleſt of things,
" which are, *ſweetneſs* and *light*."

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult ariſen among the *books*, upon the cloſe of this long deſcant of Æſop. Both parties took the hint, and heightened their animoſities ſo on a ſudden, that they reſolved it ſhould come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew under their ſeveral enſigns, to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals and conſults upon the preſent emergency. The *Moderns* were in very warm debates upon the choice of their *leaders*: and nothing leſs than the fear impending from the enemies, could have kept them from mutinies upon this occaſion. The difference was greateſt among the *horſe*, where every private *trooper* pretended to the chief command, from Taſſo and Milton, to Dryden and Withers. The *light horſe* were commanded by Cowley and Deſpreaux *. There came the *bowmen* under their valiant leaders, Des Cartes, Gaſſendi, and Hobbes; whoſe ſtrength was ſuch, that they could ſhoot their arrows beyond the *atmoſphere*, never to fall down again, but turn, like that of Evander, into *meteors*, or, like the *cannon-ball*, into *ſtars*. Paracelſus brought a *ſquadron* of *ſtink-pot-ſlingers*, from the ſnowy mountains of Rhætia. There came a vaſt body of *dragoons* of

* More commonly known by the name of *Boileau*.

different

different nations, under the leading of Harvey, their great *Aga* †; part armed with *ſcythes*, the weapons of death; part with *lances* and long *knives*, all ſteeped in *poiſon*; part ſhot *bullets* of a moſt malignant nature, and uſed *white powder*, which infallibly killed without *report*. There came ſeveral bodies of *heavy-armed foot*, all *mercenaries*, under the enſigns of Guicciardine, Davila, Polydore, Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others. The *engineers* were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins. The reſt were a confuſed multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmine; of mighty bulk and ſtature, but without either arms, courage, or diſcipline. In the laſt place, came infinite ſwarms of *calones* *, a diſorderly rout led by L'Eſtrange; rogues and raggamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder; all without *coats* to cover them †.

The army of the *Ancients* was much fewer in number. Homer led the *horſe*, and Pindar the *light horſe*; Euclid was chief *engineer*; Plato and Ariſtotle commanded the *bowmen*; Herodotus and Livy the *foot*; Hippocrates the *dragoons*; the *allies* led by Voſſius, and Temple brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a deciſive battle, *Fame*, who much frequented, and had a large apartment formerly aſſigned her in the *regal library*, fled up ſtrait to Jupiter, to whom ſhe delivered a faithful account of all that paſſed between the two

† Dr. Harvey, who diſcovered the circulation of the blood; a diſcovery much inſiſted on by the advocates for the Moderns, and excepted againſt as falſe by Sir William Temple, in his eſſay, p. 44. 45.

* *Calones*. By calling this diſorderly rout *calones*, the author points both his ſatire and contempt againſt all ſorts of mercenary ſcribblers, who write as they are commanded by the leaders and patrons of ſedition, faction, corruption, and every evil work. They are ſtyled *calones*, becauſe they are the meaneſt and moſt deſpicable of all writers, as the *calones*, whether be onging to the army or private families, were the meaneſt of all ſlaves or ſervants whatſoever.

† Theſe are pamphlets, which are not bound or covered.

parties below; for among the Gods ſhe always tells truth. Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the *Milky Way*. The ſenate aſſembled: he declares the occaſion of convening them; a bloody battle juſt impendent between two mighty armies of *Ancient* and *Modern* creatures, called *books*, wherein the celeſtial intereſt was but too deeply concerned. Momus, the patron of the *Moderns*, made an excellent ſpeech in their favour; which was anſwered by Pallas, the protectreſs of the *Ancients*. The aſſembly was divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of Fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury, three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things paſt, preſent, and to come. The claſps were of ſilver, double gilt; the covers of celeſtial turkey-leather, and the paper ſuch as here on earth might almoſt paſs for vellum. Jupiter, having ſilently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but preſently ſhut up the book.

Without the doors of this aſſembly, there attended a vaſt number of light, nimble gods, menial ſervants to Jupiter. Theſe are his miniſtering inſtruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or leſs together, and are faſtened to each other, like a link of galley-ſlaves, by a light chain, which paſſes from them to Jupiter's great toe. And yet, in receiving or delivering a meſſage, they may never approach above the loweſt ſtep of his throne, where he and they whiſper to each other through a long hollow trunk. Theſe deities are called by mortal men, *Accidents* or *Events*; but the gods call them *Second Cauſes*. Jupiter having delivered his meſſage to a certain number of theſe divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and, conſulting a few minutes, entered unſeen, and diſpoſed the parties according to their orders.

Mean

Mean while, Momus, fearing the worſt, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy, which bore no very good face to his children the *Moderns*, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called *Criticiſm*. She dwelt on the top of a ſnowy mountain in Nova Zembla. There Momus found her extended in her den, upon the ſpoils of numberleſs volumes half devoured. At her right hand ſat *Ignorance*, her father and huſband, blind with age; at her left, *Pride*, her mother, dreſſing her up in the ſcraps of paper herſelf had torn. There was *Opinion*, her ſiſter, light of foot, hood-winked, and head-ſtrong; yet giddy, and perpetually turning. About her played her children, *Noiſe* and *Impudence*, *Dulneſs* and *Vanity*, *Poſitiveneſs*, *Pedantry*, *and Ill-manners*. The goddeſs herſelf had claws like a cat, her head, and ears, and voice, reſembled thoſe of an *aſs*; her teeth fallen out before; her eyes turned inward, as if ſhe looked only upon herſelf; her diet was the overflowing of her own *gall*; her *ſpleen* was ſo large, as to ſtand prominent like a dug of the firſt rate; nor wanted excreſcences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monſters were greedily ſucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of ſpleen increaſed faſter than the ſucking could diminiſh it. "Goddeſs," ſaid Momus, "can you ſit idly here, "while our devout worſhippers, the *Moderns*, are "this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the ſwords of their enemies? Who then hereafter will ever ſacrifice, or "build altars to our divinities? Haſte therefore to "the *Britiſh iſle*, and, if poſſible, prevent their "deſtruction; while I make factions among the "gods, and gain them over to our party."

Momus having thus delivered himſelf, ſtaid not for an anſwer, but left the goddeſs to her own reſentment. Up ſhe roſe in a rage; and, as it is the form upon ſuch occaſions, began a ſoliloquy.

" It is I," (ſaid ſhe) who give wiſdom to infants " and idiots; by me children grow wiſer than " their parents; by me *beaux* become politicians, " and *ſchool-boys* judges of philoſophy; by me ſo- " phiſters debate, and conclude upon the depths " of knowledge; and coffeehouſe wits, inſtinct by " me, can correct an author's ſtyle, and diſplay " his minuteſt errors, without underſtanding a ſyl- " lable of his matter or his language; by me ſtrip- " lings ſpend their judgement, as they do their e- " ſtate, before it comes into their hands. It is I " who have depoſed Wit and Knowledge from " their empire over *Poetry*, and advanced myſelf " in their ſtead. And ſhall a few *upſtart Ancients* " dare oppoſe me? —— But come, my aged pa- " rents, and you my children dear, and thou, my " beauteous ſiſter; let us aſcend my chariot, and " haſte to aſſiſt our devout *Moderns*, who are now " ſacrificing to us a *hecatomb*, as I perceive by that " grateful ſmell, which from thence reaches my " noſtrils."

The goddeſs and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by *tame geeſe*, flew over infinite regions, ſhedding her influence in due places, till at length ſhe arrived at her beloved iſland of Britain. But, in hovering over its *metropolis*, what bleſſings did ſhe not let fall upon her ſeminaries of Greſham and Covent-garden *? And now ſhe reached the fatal plain of St. James's library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where entering with all her caravan unſeen, and landing upon a caſe of ſhelves, now deſert, but once inhabited by a colony of *virtuoſo*'s, ſhe ſtaid a while to obſerve the poſture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts, and move in her breaſt. For,

* See the notes, p. 51.

at

at the head of a troop of *Modern bowmen*, ſhe caſt her eyes upon her ſon Wotton; to whom the Fates had aſſigned a very ſhort thread; Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by ſtolen embraces with this goddeſs. He was the darling of his mother, above all her children; and ſhe reſolved to go and comfort him. But firſt, according to the good old cuſtom of deities, ſhe caſt about to change her ſhape; for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal ſight, and overcharge the reſt of his ſenſes. She therefore gathered up her perſon into an *octavo* compaſs. Her body grew white and arid, and ſplit in pieces with dryneſs; the thick turned into paſteboard, and the thin into paper; upon which her parents and children artfully ſtrewed a black juice or decoction of gall and ſoot, in form of letters; her head, and voice, and ſpleen, kept their primitive form; and that which before was a cover of ſkin, did ſtill continue ſo. In this guiſe, ſhe marched on towards the *Moderns*, undiſtinguiſhable in ſhape and dreſs from the *divine Bentley*, Wotton's deareſt friend. "Brave Wotton," ſaid the goddeſs, "Why do our troops ſtand idle here, "to ſpend their preſent vigour, and opportunity "of this day? Away, let us haſte to the generals, "and adviſe to give the onſet immediately." Having ſpoke thus, ſhe took the uglieſt of her monſters, full glutted from her ſpleen, and flung it inviſibly into his mouth; which flying ſtraight up into his head, ſqueezed out his eye-balls, gave him a diſtorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then ſhe privately ordered two of her beloved children, *Dulneſs* and *Ill-manners*, cloſely to attend his perſon in all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, ſhe vaniſhed in a miſt; and the *hero* perceived it was the goddeſs his mother.

The deſtined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to make

make a particualr deſcription, I muſt, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens; which would all be too little to perform ſo immenſe a work. Say, goddeſs, that preſideſt over hiſtory, who it was that firſt advanced in the field of battle, Paracelſus, at the head of his *dragoons*, obſerving Galen in the adverſe wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force; which the brave *Ancient* received upon his ſhield, the point breaking in the ſecond fold. * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *Hic pauca*
* * * * * * * *deſunt.*

They bore the wounded *Aga* † on their ſhields to his chariot. * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *Deſunt*
* * * * * * * *nonnulla.*
* * * * * * * * *

Then Ariſtotle obſerving Bacon advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow; which miſſed the valiant *Modern*, and went hizzing over his head. But Dès Cartes it hit; The ſteel point quickly found a *defect* in his *head-piece*; it pierced the leather and paſteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant *bowman* round, till death, like a ſtar of ſuperior influence, drew him into his own *vortex*. * * * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * * * * *Ingens hiatus*
* * * * * * *hic in MS.*

when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry,

† Dr. Harvey. See the note, p. 181. It was not thought proper to name his antagoniſt, but only to intimate that he was wounded. Other moderns are ſpared by the hiatus that follows, probably for ſimilar reaſons.

mounted

mounted on a furious horſe, with difficulty managed by the rider himſelf, but which no other mortal durſt approach. He rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddeſs whom he ſlew firſt, and whom he ſlew laſt. Firſt, Gondibert * advanced againſt him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a ſtaid ſober gelding, not ſo famed for his ſpeed, as his docility in kneeling, whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas, that he would never leave the field, till he had ſpoiled Homer of his armour * ; madman, who had never once *ſeen* the wearer, nor underſtood his ſtrength! Him Homer overthrew, horſe and man, to the ground, there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then, with a long ſpear, he ſlew Denham, a ſtout *Modern* ; who, from his father's ſide, derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race †. He fell, and bit the earth. The celeſtial part Apollo took, and made it a ſtar ; but the terreſtrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer ſlew Weſley ‡, with a kick of his horſe's heel. He took Perault, by mighty force, out of his ſaddle ; then hurled him at Fontenelle ; with the ſame blow daſhing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horſe, Virgil appeared, in ſhining armour, completely fitted to his body. He was mounted on dapple-grey ſteed, the ſlowneſs of whoſe pace was an effect of the higheſt mettle and vigour. He caſt his eye on the adverſe wing, with a deſire to find an object worthy of his valour ; when, behold, upon a ſorrel gelding of a

* An heroic poem by Sir William Davenant, in ſtanzas of four lines.

* Vide Homer.

† Sir John Denham's poems are very unequal, extremely good, and very indifferent ; ſo that his detractors ſaid, he was not the real author of *Cooper's Hill*.

‡ Mr. Weſley, who wrote the Life of Chriſt in verſe, *&c.*

monſtrous

monſtrous ſize, appeared a foe, iſſuing from among the thickeſt of the enemy's ſquadron; but his ſpeed was leſs than his noiſe; for his horſe, old and lean, ſpent the dregs of his ſtrength in a high trot; which, though it made ſlow advances, yet cauſed a loud claſhing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance; when the ſtranger deſired a parley, and lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within; which, after a pauſe, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave *Ancient* ſuddenly ſtarted, as one poſſeſſed with ſurpriſe and diſappointment together; for the helmet was nine times too large for the head; which appeared ſituate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobſter, or like a mouſe under a canopy of ſtate, or like a ſhrivelled beau from within the pent-houſe of a modern periwig: And the voice was ſuited to the viſage, ſounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, ſmoothed up the good *Ancient*, called him *Father*; and, by a large deduction of genealogies made it plainly appear that they were nearly related. Then he humbly propoſed an exchange of armour, as a laſting mark of hoſpitality between them. Virgil conſented, (for the goddeſs *Diffidence* came unſeen, and caſt a miſt before his eyes,) though his was of gold, and coſt a hundred beeves *, the other's but of ruſty iron. However, this glittering armour became the *Modern* yet worſe than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horſes; but when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid, and utterly unable to mount. * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *Alter hiatus in MS.*

* * * * * * *

* * * * * Lucan appeared upon

* Vid. Homer.

a fiery

a fiery horſe, of admirable ſhape, but head-ſtrong, bearing the rider where he liſt, over the field. He made a mighty ſlaughter among the enemy's horſe; which deſtruction to ſtop, Blackmore, a famous *Modern*, (but one of the *mercenaries*,) ſtrenouſly oppoſed himſelf, and darted his javelin with a ſtrong hand, which falling ſhort of its mark, ſtruck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æſculapius came unſeen, and turned off the point †. "Brave *Modern*," ſaid Lucan, "I perceive ſome god protects you; for never did my "arm ſo deceive me before. But what mortal can "contend with a god? Therefore let us fight no "longer, but preſent gifts to each other." Lucan then beſtowed *the Modern a pair of ſpurs*, and Blackmore gave Lucan a *bridle*. * * * * * *. * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *Pauca deſunt.*

* * * * * * *

Creech: But the goddeſs *Dullneſs* took a cloud, formed into the ſhape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed it in a flying poſture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and purſued the image, threatening loud; till at laſt it led him to the peaceful bower of his father Ogleby; by whom he was diſarmed, and aſſigned to his repoſe.

Then Pindar flew ——, and ——, and Oldham, and ——, and Afra the Amazon *, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible ſlaughter among the enemy's *light horſe*. Him when Cowley obſerved, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced againſt the fierce *Ancient*, imitating his addreſs, his pace and career, as well as the vigour of his horſe, and his own ſkill would

† His ſkill as a phyſician atoned for his dulneſs as a poet.

* Mrs. Afra Behn, author of many plays, novels, and poems.

allow.

allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins; firſt Cowley threw a lance, which miſſed Pindar, and paſſing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin, ſo large and weighty, that ſcarce a dozen *cavaliers*, as *cavaliers* are in our degenerate days, could raiſe it from the ground; yet he threw it with eaſe, and it went, by an unerring hand, ſinging through the air; nor could the *Modern* have avoided preſent death, if he had not luckily oppoſed the ſhield that had been given him by Venus †. And now both heroes drew their ſwords. But the *Modern* was ſo aghaſt and diſordered, that he knew not where he was; his ſhield dropt from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not eſcape. At laſt he turned, and, lifting up his hands in the poſture of a ſuppliant, "Godlike Pindar," ſaid he, "ſpare "my life, and poſſeſs my horſe, with theſe arms, "beſides the ranſom which my friends will give, "when they hear I am alive, and your priſoner." "Dog," ſaid Pindar, "let your ranſom ſtay "with your friends: But your carcaſe ſhall be left "for the *fowls of the air*, and the *beaſts of the* "*field*." With that, he raiſed his ſword, and, with a mighty ſtroke, cleft the wretched *Modern* in twain, the ſword purſuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horſes feet, the other half was borne by the frighted ſteed through the field. This Venus took *, waſhed it ſeven times in *ambroſia*; then ſtruck it thrice with a ſprig of *amaranth*; upon

† His poem called the *Miſtreſs*.

* I do not approve the author's jugment in this; for I think Cowley's Pindarics are much preferable to his *Miſtreſs*.

It may however be conſidered that Cowley's Pindarics were but copies, of which Pindar was the original. Before Pindar, therefore, his Pindarics might fall; and his *Miſtreſs* be preſerved, as properly his own.

which

which the leather grew round and ſoft, and the leaves turned into feathers; and being gilded before, continued gilded ſtill; ſo it became a *dove*, and ſhe harneſſed it to her chariot. * * *

* * * * *
* * * * * *Hiatus valde deſlendus in MS.*
* * * * *

Day being far ſpent, and the numerous forces of the *Moderns* half inclining to a retreat, there iſſued forth from a ſquadron of their *heavy-armed foot* †; a captain, whoſe name was *Bentley*; the moſt deformed of all the *Moderns*; tall, but without ſhape or comelineſs; large, but without ſtrength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thouſand incoherent pieces; and the ſound of it as he marched was loud and dry, like that made by the fall of a ſheet of lead, which an *Eteſian* wind blows ſuddenly down from the roof of ſome ſteeple. His helmet was of old ruſty iron; but the vizor was braſs, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the ſame fountain; ſo that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of moſt malignant nature was ſeen to diſtil from his lips. In his right hand he graſped a flail ‡, and (that he might never be unprovided of an *offenſive* weapon) a veſſel full of *ordure* in his left. Thus completely armed, he advanced with a ſlow and heavy pace, where the *Modern* chiefs were holding a conſult upon the ſum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg and hump ſhoulder, which his

† The epiſode of Bentley and Wotton.
As the account of the battle of the books is an allegorical repreſentation of Sir William Temple's eſſay, in which the Ancients are oppoſed to the Moderns, the account of Bentley and Wotton is called an epiſode, and their intruſion repreſented as an under action.

‡ The perſon here ſpoken of, is famous for letting fly at every body without diſtinction, and uſing mean and foul ſcurrilities.

boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause; but at other times did more mischief than good; for at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the disposition of Bentley, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every body's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the *Modern* generals to understand, that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of *rogues*, and *fools*, and *sons of whores*, and *d— n'd cowards*, and *confounded logger-heads* and *illiterate whelps*, and *nonsensical scoundrels*; that if himself had been constituted general, those *presumptuous dogs* * the *Ancients*, would long before this have been beaten out of the field. "You," said he, "sit here idle; but when I, or any other valiant *Modern*, kill an enemy, you are sure to "seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot "against the foe, till you all swear to me, that "whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly "possess." Bently having spoken thus, Scaliger bestowing him a sour look, "Miscreant prater," said he, "eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou "railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. "The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature, "thy *learning* makes thee more *barbarous*; thy "study of *humanity* more *inhuman*; thy converse "among poets, more *grovelling*, *miry*, and *dull*. "All arts of *civilizing* others, render thee *rude* "and *untractable*; *courts* have taught thee *ill manners*, and polite conversation has finished thee a "*pedant*. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth "not the army. But never despond; I pass my

* Vid. Homer. de Thersite,

"word,

" word, whatever ſpoil thou takeſt ſhall certainly " be thy own; though, I hope, that vile carcaſe " will firſt become a prey to kites and worms."

Bentley durſt not reply; but half choked with ſpleen and rage, withdrew in full reſolution of performing ſome great atchievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton; reſolving, by policy or ſurpriſe, to attempt ſome neglected quarter of the *Ancients* army. They began their march over carcaſes of their ſlaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb; which they paſſed on the ſide of declining ſun. And now they arrived with fear towards the enemy's out-guards; looking about, if haply they might ſpy the quarters of the wounded, or ſome ſtraggling ſleepers, unarmed, and remote from the reſt. As when two *mungrel curs*, whom *native greedineſs* and *domeſtic want*, provoke and join in partnerſhip, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of ſome rich grazier; they, with tails depreſſed, and lolling tongues, creep ſoft and ſlow: mean while, the conſcious *moon*, now in her *zenith*, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent viſage, whether ſeen in puddle by reflection, or in ſphere direct; but one ſurveys the region round, while t'other ſcouts the plain, if haply to diſcover, at diſtance from the flock, ſome *carcaſe* half devoured, the refuſe of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens; ſo marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with leſs fear and circumſpection; when, at diſtance, they might perceive two ſhining ſuits of armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound ſleep. The two friends drew lots, and the purſuing of this adventure fell to Bentley. On he went, and in his van *Confuſion* and *Amaze*, while *Horror* and *Affright* brought up the rear. As he came near,

behold two heroes of the *Ancients* army, Phalaris and Æſop, lay faſt aſleep. Bentley would fain have diſpatched them both; and, ſtealing cloſe, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breaſt. But then the goddeſs *Affright* interpoſing, caught the *Modern* in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger ſhe foreſaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the ſame inſtant, though ſoundly ſleeping and buſy in a dream. * For Phalaris was juſt that minute dreaming, how a moſt vile *poetaſter* had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his *bull*. And Æſop dreamed, that as he and the *Ancient chiefs* were lying on the ground, a *wild aſs* broke looſe, ran about trampling and kicking, and dunging in their faces. Bentley leaving the two heroes aſleep, ſeized on both their armours, and withdrew in queſt of his darling Wotton.

He, in the mean time, had wandered long in ſearch of ſome enterpriſe, till at length he arrived at a ſmall *rivulet*, that iſſued from a fountain hard by, called, in the language of mortal men, *Helicon*. Here he ſtopped, and parched with thirſt, reſolved to allay it in this limpid ſtream. Thrice with profane hands he eſſayed to raiſe the water to his lips, and thrice it ſlipped all through his fingers. Then he ſtooped prone on his breaſt; but ere his mouth had kiſſed the liquid cryſtal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his *ſhield* betwixt the *Modern* and the fountain, ſo that he drew up nothing but *mud*. For although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearneſs of *Helicon*, yet there lies at bottom a thick ſediment of *ſlime* and *mud*; for ſo Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a puniſhment to thoſe who durſt attempt to taſte it with unhallowed lips, and for a leſſon to all, not to *draw too deep*, or *far from the ſpring*.

* This is according to Homer, who tells the dreams of thoſe who were killed in their ſleep.

At

At the fountain-head, Wotton discerned two heroes. The one he could not distinguish; but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the *allies* to the *Ancients*. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet, from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. Wotton, observing him, with quaking knees and trembling hands, spoke thus to himself. "Oh, "that I could kill this destroyer of our army! "What renown should I purchase among the "chiefs? But to issue out against him, man against "man, shield against shield, and lance against "lance †, what *Modern* of us dare? For he fights "like a god, and Pallas or Apollo are ever at his "elbow. But, Oh, *mother!* if what Fame reports "be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, "grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the "stroke may send him to hell, and that I may re-"turn in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils." The first part of this prayer the gods granted, at the intercession of his *mother*, and of Momus; but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from *Fate*, was scattered in the air. Then Wotton grasped his lance, and brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might; the *goddess*, his *mother*, at the same time, adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went hissing, and reached even to the belt of the averted *Ancient*; upon which lightly grasing it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall. And Wotton might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having emitted his lance against so great a leader, unrevenged; but Apollo, enraged that a Javelin flung by the assistance of so foul a *goddess*, should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of ——, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Tem-

† Vid. Homer.

ple: he pointed first to the lance, then to the distant *Modern* that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been *given him by all the gods* *, immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Araby Desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise; he scours along, wishing to meet some tyger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a *wild ass*, with brayings importune affronts his ear; the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet much provoked at the offensive noise; which *Echo*, foolish nymph, like her *ill-judging sex*, repeats much louder, and with more delight than Philomela's song; he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-ear'd animal: so Wotton fled, so Boyle pursued. But Wotton, heavy-armed, and slow of foot, began to slack his course; when his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping *Ancients*. Boyle observed him well; and soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris his friend, both which he had lately, with his own hands, new polished and gilt; rage sparkled in his eyes; and leaving his pursuit after Wotton, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways. And as a woman in a little house, that gets a painful livelihood by spinning *; if chance her *geese* be scat-

* Boyle was assisted in this dispute by Dean Aldrich, Dr. Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, and other persons at Oxford, celebrated for their genius and their learning, then called the *Christchurch wits*.

* This is also after the manner of Homer; the woman's getting a painful livelihood by spinning, has nothing to do with the similitude, nor would be excusable without such an authority.

Vid. Homer.

tered

tered o'er the common, ſhe courſes round the plain from ſide to ſide, compelling here and there the ſtragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champaign: ſo Boyle purſued, ſo fled this pair of friends. Finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined, and drew themſelves in *phalanx*. Firſt, Bentley threw a ſpear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breaſt. But Pallas came unſeen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of *lead*; which, after a dead bang againſt the enemy's ſhield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, obſerving well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and ſharpneſs; and as this pair of friends compacted, ſtood cloſe ſide to ſide, he wheeled him to the right, and, with unuſual force, darted the weapon. Bentley ſaw his fate approach; and flanking down his arms cloſe to his ribs, hoping to ſave his body; in went the point paſſing through arm and ſide: nor ſtopt or ſpent its force, till it had alſo pierced the valiant Wotton; who going to ſuſtain his dying friend, ſhared his fate. As when a ſkilful cook has truſſed a brace of *woodcocks*, he, with iron ſkewer, pierces the tender ſides of both, their legs and wings cloſe pinioned to their ribs: ſo was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths; ſo cloſely joined, that Charon would miſtake them both for one, and waft them over the Styx for half his fare. Farewel, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal ſhall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And now, * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

* * * * *Deſunt cætera.*

A DISCOURSE concerning the MECHANICAL OPERATION of the SPIRIT.

In a LETTER to a FRIEND.

A FRAGMENT.

The BOOKSELLER's ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following diſcourſe came into my hands perfect and entire. But there being ſeveral things in it which the preſent age would not very well bear, I kept it by me ſome years, reſolving it ſhould never ſee the light,. At length, by the advice and aſſiſtance of a judicious friend, I retrenched thoſe parts that might give moſt offence, and have now ventured to publiſh the remainder. Concerning the author, I am wholly ignorant; neither can I conjecture, whether it be the ſame with that of the two foregoing pieces; the original having been ſent me at a different time, and in a different hand. The learned reader will better determine; to whoſe judgment I entirely ſubmit it.

A Discourse concerning the Mechanical Operation of the SPIRIT *.

For T. H. Esq; † at his chambers in the academy of the Beaux-esprits in New England.

SIR,

IT is now a good while since I have had in my head something, not only very material, but absolutely necessary to my health, that the world should be informed in. For, to tell you a secret, I am able to *contain* it no longer. However, I have been perplexed for some time, to resolve what would be the most proper form to send it abroad in. To which end, I have been three days coursing through Westminster-hall, and St. Paul's church-yard, and Fleet-street, to peruse *titles*; and I do not find any which holds so general a vogue, as that of *A letter to a friend.* Nothing is more

* This discourse is not altogether equal to the former, the best parts of it being omitted. Whether the bookseller's account be true, that he durst not print the rest, I know not: nor indeed is it easy to determine, whether he may be relied on in any thing he says of this, or the former treatises, only as to the time they were writ in; which, however, appears more from the discourses themselves, than his relation.

This discourse is a satire against enthusiasm, and those affected inspirations, which constantly begin in folly, and very often end in vice. In this treatise, the author hath revelled in too licentious a vein of sarcasm: many of his ideas are nauseous, some are indecent, and others have an irreligious tendency. Nor is the piece itself equal in wit and humour, either to *The Tale of a Tub*, or *The Battle of the Books.* I should constantly chuse rather to praise than to arraign any part of Swift's writings: but in those tracts where he tries to make us uneasy with ourselves, and unhappy in our present existence, *there* I must yield him up entirely to censure. *Orrery.*

† Supposed to be Col. Hunter.

common

common than to meet with long epiſtles addreſſed to perſons and places, where, at firſt thinking, one would be apt to imagine it not altogether ſo neceſſary or convenient; ſuch as, *a neighbour at next door*, *a mortal enemy*, *a perfect ſtranger*, or *a perſon of quality in the clouds*; and theſe upon ſubjects, in appearance, the leaſt proper for conveyance by the poſt; as, *long ſchemes in philoſophy*, *dark and wonderful myſteries of ſtate*, *laborious diſſertations in criticiſm and philoſophy*, *advice to parliaments*, and the like.

Now, Sir, to proceed after the method in preſent wear: (for, let me ſay what I will to the contrary, I am afraid you will publiſh this *letter*, as ſoon as ever it comes to your hand): I deſire you will be my witneſs to the world, how careleſs and ſudden a ſcribble it has been; that it was but yeſterday, when you and I began accidentally to fall into diſcourſe on this matter; that I was not very well when we parted; that the poſt is in ſuch haſte, I have had no manner of time to digeſt it into order, or correct the ſtyle; and if any other modern excuſes, for haſte and negligence, ſhall occur to you in reading, I beg you to inſert them, faithfully promiſing they ſhall be thankfully acknowledged.

Pray, Sir, in your next letter to the *Iroquois virtuoſi*, do me the favour to preſent my humble ſervice to that illuſtrious body; and aſſure them, I ſhall ſend an account of thoſe *phænomena*, as ſoon as we can determine them at Greſham.

I have not had a line from the *literati* of Tobinambou theſe three laſt ordinaries.

And now, Sir, having diſpatched what I had to ſay of forms, or of buſineſs, let me intreat you will ſuffer me to proceed upon my ſubject; and to pardon me, if I make no further uſe of the epiſtolary ſtyle, till I come to conclude.

SECT.

SECT. I.

IT is recorded of Mahomet, that, upon a viſit he was going to pay in Paradiſe, he had an offer of ſeveral vehicles to conduct him upwards; as fiery chariots, winged horſes, and celeſtial ſedans: but he refuſed them all, and would be borne to heaven upon nothing but his *aſs*. Now, this inclination of Mahomet, as ſingular as it ſeems, hath been ſince taken up by a great number of devout *Chriſtians*; and doubtleſs with very good reaſon. For ſince that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious ſyſtem from the *Chriſtian* faith, it is but juſt he ſhould pay repriſals to ſuch as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. For though there is not any other nation in the world ſo plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to ſafety or eaſe; yet there are abundance of us, who will not be ſatisfied with any other machine, beſides this of Mahomet.

For my own part, I muſt confeſs to bear a very ſingular reſpect to this animal, by whom I take human nature to be moſt admirably held forth in all its qualities as well as operations: and therefore, whatever in my ſmall reading occurs concerning this our fellow-creature, I do never fail to ſet it down by way of common-place; and when I have occaſion to write upon human reaſon, politics, eloquence, or knowledge, I lay my *memorandums* before me, and inſert them with a wonderful facility of application. However, among all the qualifications aſcribed to this diſtinguiſhed brute, by ancient or modern authors, I cannot remember this talent, of bearing his rider to heaven, has been recorded

corded for a part of his character, except in the two examples mentioned already; therefore I conceive the methods of this art to be a point of useful knowledge in very few hands, and which the learned world would gladly be better informed in: this is what I have undertaken to perform in the following discourse. For towards the operation already mentioned, many peculiar properties are required, both in the *rider* and the *ass*; which I shall endeavour to set in as clear a light as I can.

But, because I am resolved, by all means, to avoid giving offence to any party whatever, I will leave off discoursing so closely to the *letter* as I have hitherto done, and go on for the future by way of allegory, though in such a manner, that the judicious reader may, without much straining, make his applications, as often as he shall think fit. Therefore, if you please, from hence forward, instead of the term *ass*, we shall make use of *gifted*, or *enlightened teacher*; and the word *rider*, we will exchange for that of *fanatic auditory*, or any other denomination of the like import. Having settled this weighty point, the great subject of inquiry before us is, to examine by what methods this *teacher* arrives at his *gifts*, or *spirit*, or *light*; and by what intercourse between him and his assembly it is cultivated and supported.

In all my writings I have had constant regard to this great end, not to suit and apply them to particular occasions and circumstances of time, of place, or of person; but to calculate them for universal nature, and mankind in general. And of such catholic use I esteem this present disquisition: for I do not remember any other temper of body, or quality of mind, wherein all nations and ages of the world have so unanimously agreed, as that of a *fanatic* strain, or tincture of *enthusiasm*; which, improved by certain persons or societies of men, and by them practised upon the rest, has been able

to

to produce revolutions of the greateſt figure in hiſtory; as will ſoon appear to thoſe who know any thing of Arabia, Perſia, India, or China, of Morocco and Peru. Farther, it has poſſeſſed as great a power in the kingdom of knowledge, where it is hard to aſſign one art or ſcience, which has not annexed to it ſome *fanatic* branch: ſuch are the *philoſopher's ſtone, the grand elixir*, the planetary worlds, the ſquaring of the circle, the ſummum bonum, Utopian commonwealths*, with ſome others of leſs or ſubordinate note; which all ſerve for nothing elſe but to employ or amuſe this grain of *enthuſiaſm*, dealt into every compoſition.

But if this plant has found a root in the fields of *Empire* and of *Knowledge*, it has fixed deeper, and ſpread yet farther upon *holy ground:* wherein, tho' it hath paſſed under the general name of *enthuſiaſm*, and perhaps ariſen from the ſame original; yet hath it produced certain branches of a very different nature, however often miſtaken for each other. The word, in its univerſal acceptation, may be defined, *A lifting up of the ſoul, or its faculties, above matter.* This deſcription will hold good in general: but I am only to underſtand it as applied to *religion*; wherein there are three general ways of ejaculating the ſoul, or tranſporting it beyond the ſphere of matter. The firſt is, the immediate act of God, and is called *prophecy* or *inſpiration*. The ſecond is, the immediate act of the devil, and is termed *poſſeſſion*. The third is, the product of natural cauſes, the effect of ſtrong imagination, ſpleen, violent anger, fear, grief, pain, and the like. Theſe three have been abundantly treated on by authors, and therefore ſhall not employ my inquiry. But the fourth method of *religious enthuſiaſm*, or lanching out of the ſoul, as it is purely an effect of *artifice* and *mechanic operation*, has been ſparingly

* Some writers hold them for the ſame, others not.

handled, or not at all, by any writer; becauſe though it is an art of great antiquity, yet, having been confined to few perſons, it long wanted thoſe advancements and refinements, which it afterwards met with, ſince it has grown ſo epidemic, and fallen into ſo many cultivating hands.

It is therefore upon this *mechanical operation of the ſpirit* that I mean to treat, as it is at preſent performed by our *Britiſh workmen*. I ſhall deliver to the reader the reſult of many judicious obſervations upon the matter; tracing, as near as I can, the whole courſe and method of this *trade*; producing parallel inſtances, and relating certain diſcoveries that have luckily fallen in my way.

I have ſaid, that there is one branch of *religious enthuſiaſm*, which is purely an effect of nature; whereas the part I mean to handle, is wholly an effect of art, which, however, is inclined to work upon certain natures and conſtitutions, more than others. Beſides, there is many an operation, which in its original, was purely an artifice; but, through a long ſucceſſion of ages, hath grown to be natural. Hippocrates tells us, that, among our anceſtors the Scythians, there was a nation called *Longheads* *, which at firſt began by a cuſtom among midwives and nurſes, of moulding, and ſqueezing, and bracing up the heads of infants; by which means, nature, ſhut out at one paſſage, was forced to ſeek another, and, finding room above, ſhot upwards in the form of a ſugar-loaf; and being diverted that way, for ſome generations, at laſt found it out of herſelf, needing no aſſiſtance from the nurſe's hand. This was the original of the Scythian *Longheads*; and thus did cuſtom, from being a ſecond nature, proceed to be a firſt. To all which there is ſomething very analagous among us of this nation, who are the undoubted poſterity of that

* Macrocephali.

refined

refined people. For, in the age of our fathers, there arose a generation of men in this island, called *Round-heads* *, whose race is now spread over three kingdoms; yet, in its beginning, was merely an operation of art, produced by a pair of scissars, a squeeze of the face, and a black cap. These heads, thus formed into a perfect sphere in all assemblies, were most exposed to the view of the female sort; which did influence their conceptions so effectually, that Nature at last took the hint, and did it of herself; so that a *Round-head* has been ever since as familiar a sight among us, as a *Long-head* among the Scythians.

Upon these examples, and others easy to produce, I desire the curious reader to distinguish, first, between an effect grown from *art* into *nature*, and one that is natural from its beginning; secondly, between an effect wholly naturally, and one which has only a natural foundation, but where the superstructure is entirely artificial. For the first and the last of these, I understand to come within the districts of my subject. And having obtained these allowances, they will serve to remove any objections that may be raised hereafter against what I shall advance.

The practitioners of this famous art proceed in general upon the following fundamental, That "the corruption of the senses is the generation of "the spirit;" because the senses in men are so many avenues to the sort of *reason*, which in this operation is wholly blocked up. All endeavours must be therefore used, either to divert, bind up, stupify, fluster, and amuse the *senses*, or else to justle

* The Fanatics, in the time of Charles I. ignorantly applying the text, *Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair*, cut their's very short. It is said, that the Queen, once seeing Pym, a celebrated Patriot, thus cropped, inquired who that *round-headed* man was; and that, from this incident, the distinction became general, and the party were called *Round heads*.

them out of their ſtations; and while they are either abſent, or otherwiſe employed, or engaged in a civil war againſt each other, the *ſpirit* enters, and performs its part.

Now, the uſual methods of managing the ſenſes upon ſuch conjunctures, are what I ſhall be very particular in delivering, as far as it is lawful for me to do; but having had the honour to be initiated into the myſteries of every ſociety, I deſire to be excuſed from divulging any rites, wherein the *profane* muſt have no part.

But here, before I can proceed farther, a very dangerous objection muſt, if poſſible, be removed. For it is poſitively denied by certain critics, that the *ſpirit* can by any means be introduced into an aſſembly of modern ſaints; the diſparity being ſo great, in many material circumſtances, between the primitive way of inſpiration, and that which is practiſed in the preſent age. This they pretend to prove from the 2d chapter of the Acts, where, comparing both, it appears, firſt, that *the apoſtles were gathered together with one accord in one place*; by which is meant an univerſal agreement in opinion and form of worſhip; a harmony, ſay they, ſo far from being found between any two conventicles among us, that it is in vain to expect it between any two heads in the ſame. Secondly, The *ſpirit* inſtructed the apoſtles in the gift of ſpeaking ſeveral languages; a knowledge ſo remote from our dealers in this art, that they neither underſtand propriety of words, or phraſes, in their own. Laſtly, ſay theſe objectors, The modern artiſts do utterly exclude all approaches of the *ſpirit*, and bar up its ancient way of entering, by covering themſelves ſo cloſe, and ſo induſtriouſly a-top. For they will needs have it as a point clearly gained, that the *cloven tongues* never ſat upon the apoſtles heads, while their hats were on.

Now, the force of theſe objections ſeems to conſiſt

fiſt in the different acceptation of the word *ſpirit*; which if it be underſtood for a ſupernatural aſſiſtance, approaching from without, the objectors have reaſon, and their aſſertions may be allowed: but the *ſpirit*, we treat of here, proceeding entirely from within, the argument of theſe adverſaries is wholly eluded. And, upon the ſame account, our modern artificers find it an expedient of abſolute neceſſity, to cover their heads as cloſe as they can, in order to prevent perſpiration; than which nothing is obſerved to be a greater ſpender of mechanic light, as we may perhaps farther ſhew in convenient place.

To proceed therefore upon the *phænomenon* of *ſpiritual mechaniſm*, it is here to be noted, that in forming and working up the *ſpirit*, the aſſembly has a conſiderable ſhare, as well as the preacher. The method of this *arcanum* is as follows. They violently ſtrain their eye-balls inward, half cloſing the lids; then, as they ſit, they are in a perpetual motion of *ſee-ſaw*, making long hums at proper periods, and continuing the ſound at equal height; chuſing their time in thoſe intermiſſions, while the preacher is at ebb. Neither is this practice in any part of it ſo ſingular and improbable, as not to be traced in diſtant regions, from reading and obſervation. For, firſt the Jauguis *, or enlightened ſaints of India, ſee all their viſions by help of an acquired ſtraining and preſſure of the eyes. Secondly, the art of *ſee-ſaw* on a beam, and ſwinging by ſeſſion upon a cord, in order to raiſe artificial ecſtaſies, hath been derived to us from our Scythian anceſtors†, where it is practiſed at this day among the women. Laſtly, the whole proceeding, as I have here related it, is performed by the natives of Ireland, with a conſiderable improvement; and it is

* Bernier, mem. de Mogol.
† Guagnini hiſt. Sarmat.

granted, that this noble nation hath of all others admitted fewer corruptions, and degenerated leaſt from the purity of the old Tartars. Now, it is uſual for a knot of Iriſh, men and women, to abſtract themſelves from matter, bind up all their ſenſes, grow viſionary and ſpiritual, by influence of a ſhort pipe of tobacco handed round the company; each preſerving the ſmoke in his mouth, till it comes again to his turn to take in freſh. At the ſame time there is a concert of a continued gentle hum, repeated and renewed by inſtinct, as occaſion requires; and they move their bodies up and down to a degree, that ſometimes their heads and points lie parallel to the horizon. Mean while, you may obſerve their eyes turned up in the poſture of one who endeavours to keep himſelf awake; by which, and many other ſymptoms among them, it manifeſtly appears, that the reaſoning faculties are all ſuſpended and ſuperſeded; that imagination hath uſurped the ſeat, ſcattering a thouſands deliriums over the brain. Returning from this digreſſion, I ſhall deſcribe the methods by which the *ſpirit* approaches. The eyes being diſpoſed according to art, at firſt you can ſee nothing; but, after a ſhort pauſe, a ſmall glimmering light begins to appear, and dance before you. Then, by frequently moving your body up and down, you perceive the vapours to aſcend very faſt, till you are perfectly doſed, and fluſtered, like one who drinks too much in a morning. Mean while, the preacher is alſo at work; he begins a loud hum, which pierces you quite through: This is immediately returned by the audience; and you find yourſelf prompted to imitate them, by a mere ſpontaneous impulſe, without knowing what you do. The *interſtitia* are duly filled up by the preacher, to prevent too long a pauſe, under which the *ſpirit* would ſoon faint and grow languid.

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This is all I am allowed to discover about the progress of the *spirit*, with relation to that part which is borne by the *assembly*; but in the methods of the preacher, to which I now proceed, I shall be more large and particular.

SECT. II.

YOU will read it very gravely remarked in the books of those illustrious and right eloquent penmen, the modern travellers, that the fundamental difference in point of religion between the wild Indians and us, lies in this; that we worship *God*, and they worship the *devil*. But there are certain critics, who will by no means admit of this distinction; rather believing, that all nations whatsoever adore the *true God*, because they seem to intend their devotions to some invisible power, of greatest *goodness*, and *ability* to help them; which perhaps will take in the brightest attributes ascribed to the divinity. Others again inform us, that those idolaters adore two *principles*; the *principle of good*, and that of *evil:* which indeed I am apt to look upon as the most universal notion that mankind, by the mere light of nature, ever entertained of things invisible. How this idea hath been managed by the Indians and us, and with what advantage to the understandings of either, may well deserve to be examined. To me the difference appears little more than this, that they are put oftner upon their knees by their *fears*, and we by our *desires*; that the former set them a *praying*, and us a *cursing*. What I applaud them for, is their discretion in limiting their devotions and their deities to their several

veral diſtricts; nor ever ſuffering the liturgy of the *white* god, to croſs or to interfere with that of the *black*. Not ſo with us; who, pretending, by the lines and meaſures of our reaſon, to extend the dominion of one inviſible power, and contract that of the other, have diſcovered a groſs ignorance in the natures of good and evil, and moſt horribly confounded the frontiers of both. After men have lifted up the throne of their Divinity to the *cœlum empyræum*, adorned with all ſuch qualities and accompliſhments as themſelves ſeem moſt to value and poſſeſs; after they have ſunk their *principle* of *evil* to the loweſt centre, bound him with chains, loaded him with curſes, furniſhed him with viler diſpoſitions than any *rake-hell* of the town, accoutred him with tail, and horns, and huge claws, and ſaucer eyes; I laugh aloud to ſee theſe reaſoners at the ſame time engaged in wiſe diſpute about certain walks and purlieus, whether they are in the verge of God or the devil; ſeriouſly debating, whether ſuch and ſuch influences come into mens minds from above or below, whether certain paſſions and affections are guided by the evil ſpirit or the good.

Dum fas atque nefas exiguo fine libidinum
Diſcernunt avidi ——

Thus do men eſtabliſh a fellowſhip of *Chriſt* with *Belial*, and ſuch is the analogy they make between *cloven tongues* and *cloven feet*. Of the like nature is the diſquiſition before us. It hath continued theſe hundred years an even debate, whether the deportment and the cant of our Engliſh enthuſiaſtic preachers were *poſſeſſion* or *inſpiration*; and a world of argument has been drained on either ſide, perhaps to little purpoſe. For I think it is in *life* as in *tragedy*, where it is held a conviction of great defect, both in order and invention, to interpoſe the aſſiſtance

aſſiſtance of preternatural power, without an abſolute and laſt neceſſity. However, it is a ſketch of human vanity, for every individual to imagine the whole univerſe is intereſted in his meaneſt concern. If he hath got cleanly over a kennel, ſome angel unſeen deſcended on purpoſe to help him by the hand; if he hath knocked his head againſt a poſt, it was the devil, for his ſins, let looſe from hell on purpoſe to buffet him. Who, that ſees a little paultry mortal droning, and dreaming, and drivelling to a multitude, can think it agreeable to common good ſenſe, that either heaven or hell ſhould be put to the trouble of influence or inſpection upon what he is about? Therefore I am reſolved immediately to weed this error out of mankind, by making it clear, that this myſtery of vending ſpiritual gifts is nothing but a *trade*, acquired by as much inſtruction, and maſtered by equal practice and application, as others are. This will beſt appear by deſcribing and deducing the whole proceſs of the operation, as variouſly as it hath fallen under my knowledge or experience.

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Here the whole ſcheme of ſpiritual mechaniſm was deduced and explained, with an appearance of great reading and obſervation; but it was thought neither ſafe nor convenient to print it.

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Here it may not be amiſs to add a few words upon the laudable practice of wearing *quilted caps*; which is not a matter of mere cuſtom, humour, or faſhion, as ſome would pretend, but an inſtitution of great ſagacity and uſe. Theſe, when moiſtened with ſweat, ſtop all perſpiration; and, by reverberating

berating the heat, prevent the ſpirit from evaporating any way but at the mouth; even as a ſkilful houſewife, that covers a ſtill with a wet clout for the ſame reaſon, and finds the ſame effect. For it is the opinion of choice *virtuoſi*, that the brain is only a croud of little animals, but with teeth and claws extremely ſharp, and therefore cling together in the contexture we behold, like the picture of *Hobbes's Leviathan*, or like bees in perpendicular ſwarm upon a tree, or like a carrion corrupted into vermin, ſtill preſerving the ſhape and figure of the mother animal: That all invention is formed by the morſure of two or more of theſe animals, upon certain capillary nerves, which proceed from thence; whereof three branches ſpread into the tongue, and two into the right hand. They hold alſo, that theſe animals are of a conſtitution extremely cold; that their food is the air we attract, their excrement phlegm; and that what we vulgarly call rheums, and colds, and diſtillations, is nothing elſe but an epidemical looſeneſs, to which that little commonwealth is very ſubject, from the climate it lies under: Farther, that nothing leſs than a violent heat can diſintangle theſe creatures from their hamated ſtation of life, or give them vigour and humour to imprint the marks of their little teeth: That if the morſure be hexagonal, it produces poetry; the circular gives eloquence; if the bite hath been conical, the perſon whoſe nerve is ſo affected, ſhall be diſpoſed to write upon politics; and ſo of the reſt.

I ſhall now diſcourſe briefly, by what kind of practices the voice is beſt governed, towards the compoſition and improvement of the *ſpirit*; for without a competent ſkill in tuning and toning each word, and ſyllable, and letter, to their due cadence, the whole operation is incomplete, miſſes intirely of its effect on the hearers, and puts the workman himſelf to continual pain for new

ſupplie

ſupplies without ſucceſs For it is to be underſtod, that, in the language of the ſpirit, *cant* and *droning* ſupply the place of *ſenſe* and *reaſon*, in the language of men; becauſe in ſpiritual harangues, the diſpoſition of the words according to the art of grammar hath not the leaſt uſe, but the ſkill and influence wholly lie in the choice and cadence of the ſyllables; even as a diſcreet *compoſer*, who, in ſetting a ſong, changes the words and order ſo often, that he is forced to make it *nonſenſe*, before he can make it *muſic*. For this reaſon it hath been held by ſome, that the art of canting is ever in greateſt perfection, when managed by *ignorance*; which is thought to be enigmatically meant by Plutarch, when he tells us, that the beſt muſical inſtruments were made from the bones of an *aſs*. And the profounder critics upon that paſſage are of opinion, the word in its genuine ſignification, means no other than a *jaw-bone*; though ſome rather think it to have been the *os ſacrum*. But in ſo nice a caſe, I ſhall not take upon me to decide; the curious are at liberty to *pick* from it whatever they pleaſe.

The firſt ingredient towards the art of canting, is a competent ſhare of *inward light*; that is to ſay, a large memory, plentifully fraught with theological polyſyllables, and myſterious texts from holy writ, applied and digeſted by thoſe methods and mechanical operations already related; the bearers of this *light* reſembling *lanterns*, compact of leaves from old Geneva Bibles; which invention, Sir Humphry Edwin, during his mayoralty. of happy memory, highly approved and advanced; affirming the ſcripture to be now fulfilled, where it ſays, *Thy word is a lantern to my feet, and a light to my paths*.

Now, the art of *canting* conſiſts in ſkilfully adapting the voice to whatever words the ſpirit delivers, that each may ſtrike the ears of the audience with its

its moſt ſignificant cadence. The force or energy of this eloquence is not to be found, as among ancient orators, in the diſpoſition of words to a ſentence, or the turning of long periods; but, agreeable to the modern refinements in muſic, is taken up wholly in dwelling and dilating upon ſyllables and letters. Thus, it is frequent for a ſingle *vowel* to draw ſighs from a multitude; and for a whole aſſembly of ſaints, to ſob to the muſic of one ſolitary *liquid*. But theſe are trifles, when even ſounds inarticulate, are obſerved to produce as forcible effects. A maſter-workman ſhall *blow his noſe ſo powerfully*, as to pierce the hearts of his people, who are diſpoſed to receive the *excrements* of his brain, with the ſame reverence as the *iſſue* of it. Hawking, ſpitting, and belching, the defects of other mens rhetoric, are the flowers, and figures, and ornaments of his. For, the *ſpirit* being the ſame in all, it is of no import through what vehicle it is conveyed.

It is a point of too much difficulty, to draw the principles of this famous art within the compaſs of certain adequate rules. However, perhaps I may one day oblige the world with my critical eſſay upon the art of *canting*, *philoſophically*, *phyſically*, and *muſically conſidered*.

But, among all improvements of the *ſpirit* wherein the voice hath borne a part, there is none to be compared with that of *conveying the ſound through the noſe*, which, under the denomination of *ſnuffling* *, hath paſſed with ſo great applauſe in the world. The origina's of this inſtitution are very dark; but having been initiated into the myſtery of it, and leave being given me to publiſh it to the world, I ſhall deliver as direct a relation as I can.

* The *ſnuffling* of men, who have loſt their noſes by lewd courſes, is ſaid to have given riſe to that tone, which our diſſenters did too much affect. *W. Wotton.*

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This art, like many other famous inventions, owed its birth, or at leaſt improvement and perfection, to an effect of chance; but was eſtabliſhed upon ſolid reaſons, and hath flouriſhed in this iſland ever ſince, with great luſtre. All agree, that it firſt appeared upon the decay and discouragement of *bagpipes*, which, having long ſuffered under the mortal hatred of the *brethren*, tottered for a time, and at laſt fell with *monarchy*. The ſtory is thus related.

As yet *ſnuffling* was not; when the following adventure happened to a *Banbury ſaint*. Upon a certain day, while he was far engaged among the tabernacles of the *wicked*, he felt the outward man put into odd commotions, and ſtrangely pricked forward by the inward: An effect very uſual among the modern inſpired. For ſome think, that the *ſpirit* is apt to feed on the *fleſh*, like hungry wines upon raw beef. Others rather believe, there is a perpetual game at *leap-frog* between both; and ſometimes the *fleſh* is uppermoſt, and ſometimes the *ſpirit*; adding, that the former, while it is in the ſtate of *rider*, wears huge Rippon ſpurs, and, when it comes to the turn of being *beare*, is wonderfully head-ſtrong and hard-mouthed. However it came about, the *ſaint* felt his *veſſel* full extended in every part, (a very natural effect of ſtrong *inſpiration*); and the place and time falling out ſo unluckily, that he could not have the convenience of evacuating upwards, by repetition, prayer, or lecture, he was forced to open an inferior vent. In ſhort, he wreſtled with the fleſh ſo long, that he at length ſubdued it, coming off with honourable wounds all *before*. The ſurgeon had now cured the parts primarily affected; but the diſeaſe, driven from its poſt, flew up into his head: and, as a ſkilful general, valiantly attacked in his trenches, and beaten from the field, by flying marches withdraws to the capital city, breaking down the bridges

to prevent purſuit; ſo the diſeaſe, repelled from its firſt ſtation, fled before the *rod* of Hermes, to the upper region, there fortifying itſelf; but, finding the foe making attacks at the *noſe*, broke down the *bridge*, and retired to the head-quarters. Now, the naturaliſts obſerve, that there is in human noſes an *idioſyncracy*, by virtue of which, the more the paſſage is obſtructed, the more our ſpeech delights to go through, as the muſic of a flagellet is made by the *ſtops*. By this method, the twang of the noſe becomes perfectly to reſemble the *ſnuffle* of a bagpipe, and is found to be equally attractive of Britiſh ears; whereof the ſaint had ſudden experience, by practiſing his new faculty with wonderful ſucceſs in the operation of the *ſpirit*: For, in a ſhort time, no doctrine paſſed for ſound and orthodox, unleſs it were delivered through the noſe. Straight, every paſtor copied after this original; and thoſe who could not otherwiſe arrive to a perfection, ſpirited by a noble zeal, made uſe of the ſame experiment to acquire it. So that, I think, it may be truly affirmed, the *ſaints* owe their empire to the *ſnuffling* of one *animal*, as Darius * did his to the *neighing* of another; and both ſtratagems were performed by the ſame art; for we read how the *Perſian beaſt* acquired his faculty by *covering a mare* the day before.

I ſhould now have done, if I were not convinced, that whatever I have yet advanced upon this ſubject, is liable to great exception. For, allowing all I have ſaid to be true, it may ſtill be juſtly objected, That there is, in the commonwealth of *artificial enthuſiaſm*, ſome real foundation for art to work upon in the temper and complexion of individuals, which other mortals ſeem to want. Obſerve but the geſture, the motion, and the countenance of ſome choice profeſſors, though

* Herodot.

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in their moſt familiar actions, you will find them of a different race from the reſt of human creatures. Remark your commoneſt pretender to a light *within*, how dark, and dirty, and gloomy he is *without*; as lanterns, which the more light they bear in their bodies, caſt out ſo much the more foot, and ſmoke, and fuliginous matter to adhere to the ſides. Liſten but to their ordinary talk, and look on the mouth that delivers it; you will imagine you are hearing ſome ancient oracle, and your underſtanding will be *equally* informed. Upon theſe, and the like reaſons, certain objectors pretend to put it beyond all doubt, that there muſt be a ſort of preternatural *ſpirit* poſſeſſing the heads of the modern ſaints; and ſome will have it to be the *heat* of zeal, working upon the *dregs* of ignorance, as other *ſpirits* are produced from *lees* by the force of fire. Some again think, that when our earthly tabernacles are diſordered and deſolate, ſhaken and out of repair, the ſpirit delights to dwell within them; as houſes are ſaid to be haunted, when they are forſaken and gone to decay.

To ſet this matter in as fair a light as poſſible, I ſhall here very briefly deduce the hiſtory of *Fanaticiſm* from the moſt early ages to the preſent. And if we are able to fix upon any one material or fundamental point, wherein the chief profeſſors have univerſally agreed, I think we may reaſonably lay hold on that, and aſſign it for the great ſeed or principle of the *ſpirit*.

The moſt early traces we meet with of *Fanatics* in ancient ſtory, are among the Egyptians, who inſtituted thoſe rites known in Greece by the names of *Orgia*, *Panegyres*, and *Dionyſia*; whether introduced there by Orpheus ar Melampus, we ſhall not diſpute at preſent, nor, in all likelihood, at any time for the future. Theſe feaſts were celebrated to the honour of *Oſiris*, whom the Grecians called

Dionſius, and is the ſame with *Bacchus* *. Which has betrayed ſome ſuperficial readers to imagine, that the whole buſineſs was nothing more than a ſet of roaring, ſcouring companions, overcharged with wine. But this is a ſcandalous miſtake, foiſted on the world by a ſort of modern authors, who have too *literal* an underſtanding; and, becauſe antiquity is to be traced *backwards*, do therefore, like Jews, begin their books at the wrong end, as if learning were a ſort of *conjuring*. Theſe are the men who pretend to underſtand a book by ſcouting through the *index*: as if a traveller ſhould go about to deſcribe a *palace*, when he had ſeen nothing but the *privy*; or like certain fortune-tellers in Northern America, who have a way of reading a man's deſtiny by peeping into his *breech*. For, at the time of inſtituting theſe myſteries, † there was not one vine in all Egypt, the natives drinking nothing but *ale*; which liquor ſeems to have been far more ancient than wine, and has the honour of owing its invention and progreſs, not only to the Egyptian Oſiris ‡, but to the Grecian Bacchus; who, in their famous expedition, carried the receipt of it along with them, and gave it to the nations they viſited or ſubdued. Beſides, Bacchus himſelf was very ſeldom or never drunk: For it is recorded of him, that he was the firſt inventor of the *mitre* ‖; which he wore continually on his head, (as the whole company of Bacchanals did), to prevent vapours and the *head-ach* after hard drinking. And for this reaſon, ſay ſome, the *ſcarlet whore*, when ſhe makes the kings of the earth drunk with her cup of abomination, is always ſober herſelf, though ſhe never balks the glaſs in her turn,

* Died. Sic. l. 1. Plut. de Iſide et Oſiride.
† Herod. l. 2.
‡ Died, Sic. l. 1. & 2.
‖ Id. l. 4.

being

being, it seems, kept upon her legs by the virtue of her *triple mitre*. Now, these feasts were instituted in imitation of the famous expedition Osiris made through the world, and of the company that attended him, whereof the Bacchanalian ceremonies *, were so many types and symbols. From which account it is manifest, that the Fanatic rites of these Bacchanals cannot be imputed to intoxications by wine, but must needs have had a deeper foundation. What this was, we may gather large hints from certain circumstances in the course of their mysteries. For, in the first place, there was in their processions, an entire *mixture and confusion of sexes*; they affected to ramble about hills and deserts: Their garlands were of *ivy* and *vine*, emblems of cleaving and clinging; or of *fir*, the parent of *turpentine*. It is added, that they imitated *satyrs*, were attended by *goats*, and rode upon *asses*, all companions of great skill and practice in affairs of gallantry. They bore for their ensigns, certain curious figures, perched upon long poles, made into the shape and size of the *virga genitalis*, with its *appurtenances*; which were so many shadows and emblems of the whole mystery, as well as trophies set up by the female conquerors. Lastly, in a certain town of Attica, the whole solemnity, stripped of all its types *, was performed *in puris naturalibus*; the votaries not flying in covies, but sorted into couples. The same may be farther conjectured from the death of Orpheus, one of the institutors of these mysteries; who was torn in pieces by women, because he refused to *communicate his orgies* † to them; which others explained, by telling us, he had *castrated* himself upon grief, for the loss of his wife.

* See the particulars in Diod. Sic. l. 1. & 3.
* Dionsia Brauronio.
† Vid. Photium, in excerptis è Conone.

Omitting many others of leſs note, the next *Fanatics* we meet with of any eminence, were the numerous ſects of *heretics*, appearing in the five firſt centuries of the *Chriſtian æra*, from Simon Magus and his followers, to thoſe of Eutyches. I have collected their ſyſtems from infinite reading; and comparing them with thoſe of their ſucceſſors in the ſeveral ages ſince, I find there are certain bounds ſet even to the irregularity of human thought, and thoſe a great deal narrower than is commonly apprehended. For as they all frequently interfere, even in their wildeſt ravings; ſo there is one fundamental point, wherein they are ſure to meet, as lines in a centre, and that is, the *community of women*. Great were their ſolicitudes in this matter; and they never failed of certain articles in their ſchemes of worſhip, on purpoſe to eſtabliſh it.

The laſt *fanatics* of note, were thoſe which ſtarted up in Germany, a little after the *reformation* of Luther; ſpringing, as *muſhrooms* do at the *end of a harveſt*. Such were John of Leyden, David George, Adam Neuſter, and many others; whoſe viſions and revelations always terminated in *leading about half a dozen ſiſters a-piece*, and making that practice a fundamental part of their ſyſtem. For human life is a continual navigation; and if we expect our *veſſels* to paſs with ſafety, through the waves and tempeſts of this fluctuating world; it is neceſſary to make a good proviſion of the *fleſh*, as ſeamen lay in ſtore of *beef* for a long voyage.

Now, from this brief ſurvey of ſome principal ſects among the *Fanatics* in all ages, (having omitted the *Mahometans* and others, who might alſo help to confirm the argument I am about); to which I might add ſeveral among ourſelves, ſuch as the *family of love*, *ſweet ſingers of Iſrael*, and the like; and from reflecting upon that fundamental point in their doctrines, about *women*, wherein they

they have ſo unanimouſly agreed; I am apt to imagine, that the ſeed or principle which has ever put men upon *viſions* in things *inviſible*, is of a corporeal nature. For the profounder chymiſts inform us, that the ſtrongeſt *ſpirits* may be extracted from *human fleſh*. Beſides, the ſpinal marrow, being nothing elſe but a continuation of the brain, muſt needs create a very free communication between the ſuperior faculties and thoſe below: And thus the *thorn in the fleſh*, ſerves for a *ſpur* to the *ſpirit*. I think it is agreed among phyſicians, that nothing affects the head ſo much, as a tentiginous humour, repelled and elated to the upper region, found by daily practice to run frequently up into madneſs. A very eminent member of the faculty aſſured me, that when the Quakers firſt appeared, he ſeldom was without ſome female patients among them, for the *furor*——Perſons of a viſionary devotion, either men or women, are, in their complexion, of all others, the moſt amorous. For *zeal* is frequently kindled from the ſame ſpark with other fires, and from inflaming brotherly love, will proceed to raiſe that of a gallant. If we inſpect into the uſual proceſs of modern courtſhip, we ſhall find it to conſiſt in a devout turn of the eyes, called *ogling*; an artificial form of canting and whining, by rote, every interval, for want of other matter, made up with a ſhrug, or a hum; a ſigh, or a groan; the ſtyle compact of inſignificant words, incoherences, and repetitions. Theſe I take to be the moſt accompliſhed rules of addreſs to a miſtreſs; and where are theſe performed with more dexterity, than by the *ſaints?* Nay, to bring this argument yet cloſer, I have been informed by certain ſanguine brethren of the firſt claſs, that in the height and *orgaſmus* of their ſpiritual exerciſe, it has been frequent with them * * * * * *; immediately after which, they found the *ſpirit* to relax and flag of a ſudden with the nerves, and they were forced

forced to haſten to a concluſion. This may be farther ſtrengthened, by obſerving with wonder, how unaccountably all females are attracted by viſionary or enthuſiaſtic preachers, though never ſo contemptible in their *outward mien*; which is uſually ſuppoſed to be done upon conſiderations purely ſpiritual, without any carnal regards at all. But I have reaſon to think, the ſex hath certain characteriſtics, by which they form a truer judgment of human abilities and performings, than we ourſelves can poſſibly do of each other. Let that be as it will, thus much is certain, that however ſpiritual intrigues begin, they generally conclude like all others; they may branch upwards towards heaven, but the root is in the earth. Too intenſe a contemplation is not the buſineſs of fleſh and blood; it muſt, by the neceſſary courſe of things, in a little time, let go its hold, and fall into *matter*. Lovers, for the ſake of celeſtial converſe, are but another ſort of Platonics, who pretend to ſee ſtars and heaven in ladies eyes, and to look or think no lower; but the ſame *pit* is provided for both. And they ſeem a perfect moral to the ſtory of that philoſopher, who, while his thoughts and eyes were fixed upon the *conſtellations*, found himſelf ſeduced by his *lower parts* into a *ditch*.

I had ſomewhat more to ſay upon this part of the ſubject; but the poſt is juſt going, which forces me in great haſte to conclude,

Pray burn this letter as ſoon as it comes to your hands.

SIR,

Yours, &c.

An

An ARGUMENT to prove, that the abolishing of CHRISTIANITY in England, may, as things now stand, be attended with some inconveniencies, and perhaps not produce those many good effects proposed thereby *.

Written in the year 1708.

I AM very sensible, what a weakness and presumption it is, to reason against the general humour and disposition of the world. I remember it was with great justice, and a due regard to the fredom, both of the public and the press, forbidden, upon severe penalties, to write, or discourse,

* "The argument against abolishing Christianity," is carried on with the highest wit and humour. Graver divines threaten their readers with future punishments: Swift artfully exhibits a picture of present shame. He judged rightly in imagining, that a small treatise written with a spirit of mirth and freedom, must be more efficacious, than long sermons, or laborious lessons of morality. He endeavours to laugh us into religion; well knowing, that we are often laughed out of it. *Orrery.*

The Argument, &c. is the most delicate, refined, complete, unvaried piece of irony, from the beginning to the end, that ever was written since the creation of the world. And without dispute, if in the works of man there can be supposed any such thing as real perfection, we must allow it to consist in those amazing productions of wit and humour, which in all probability can never be excelled by any effort of genius, and beyond which it is impossible to frame any critical or distinct idea of the human faculties,———With what egregious contempt and ridicule doth he, in this piece, expose the absurdity of those wretches, who are the patrons and abettors of vice and irreligion? *Swift.*

or,

or lay wagers againſt the *union*, even before it was confirmed by parliament; becauſe that was looked upon as a deſign to oppoſe the current of the people; which, beſides the folly of it, is a manifeſt breach of the fundamental law, that makes this majority of opinion, the voice of God. In like manner, and for the very ſame reaſons, it may perhaps be neither ſafe nor prudent to argue againſt the aboliſhing of Chriſtianity, at a juncture when all parties appear ſo unanimouſly determined upon the point; as we cannot but allow from their actions, their diſcourſes, and their writings. However, I know not how, whether from the affectation of ſingularity, or the perverſeneſs of human nature; but ſo it unhappily falls out, that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were ſure an order were iſſued for my immediate proſecution by the Attorney-General, I ſhould ſtill confeſs, that, in the preſent poſture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet ſee the abſolute neceſſity of extirpating the Chriſtian religion from among us.

This perhaps may appear too great a paradox, even for our wiſe and paradoxical age to endure: therefore I ſhall handle it with all tenderneſs, and with the utmoſt deference to that great and profound majority, which is of another ſentiment.

And yet the curious may pleaſe to obſerve, how much the genius of a nation is liable to alter in half an age. I have heard it affirmed for certain, by ſome very old people, that the contrary opinion was, even in their memories, as much in vogue as the other is now; and that a project for the aboliſhing of Chriſtianity, would then have appeared as ſingular, and been thought as abſurd, as it would be at this time to write or diſcourſe in its defence.

Therefore I freely own, that all appearances are againſt me. The ſyſtem of the goſpel, after the fate of other ſyſtems, is generally antiquated and exploded;

exploded; and the mafs or body of the common people, among whom it feems to have had its lateft credit, are now grown as much afhamed of it as their betters; opinions, like faflions, always defcending from thofe of quality to the middle fort, and thence to the vulgar, where at length they are dropped, and vanifh.

But here I would not be miftaken; and muft therefore be fo bold as to borrow a diftinction from the writers on the other fide, when they make a difference between nominal and real *Trinitarians*. I hope no reader imagines me fo weak to ftand up in the defence of real Chriftianity, fuch as ufed in primitive times (if we may believe the authors of thofe ages) to have an influence upon mens belief and actions. To offer at the reftoring of that, would indeed be a wild project: It would be to dig up foundations; to deftroy at one blow all the wit, and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the entire frame and conftitution of things; to ruin trade, extinguifh arts and fciences, with the profeffors of them; in fhort, to turn our courts, exchanges, and fhops into deferts: and would be full as abfurd as the propofal of Horace, where he advifes the Romans, all in a body, to leave their city, and feek a new feat in fome remote part of the world, by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.

Therefore, I think this caution was in itfelf altogether unneceffary, (which I have inferted only to prevent all poffibility of cavilling;) fince every candid reader will eafily underftand my difcourfe to be intended only in defence of nominal Chriftianity; the other having been for fome time wholly laid afide by general confent, as utterly inconfiftent with our prefent fchemes of wealth and power.

But why we fhould therefore caft off the name and title of Chriftians, although the general opinion and refolution be fo violent for it, I confefs I cannot

not (with ſubmiſſion) apprehend, nor is the conſequence neceſſary. However, ſince the undertakers propoſe ſuch wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plauſible objections againſt the ſyſtem of Chriſtianity; I ſhall briefly conſider the ſtrength of both, fairly allow them their greateſt weight, and offer ſuch anſwers as I think moſt reaſonable. After which I will beg leave to ſhew, what inconveniencies may poſſibly happen, by ſuch an innovation, in the preſent poſture of our affairs.

Firſt, One great advantage propoſed by the aboliſhing of Chriſtianity is, That it would very much enlarge and eſtabliſh liberty of conſcience, that great bulwark of our nation, and of the Proteſtant religion; which is ſtill too much limited by prieſtcraft, notwithſtanding all the good intentions of the legiſlature; as we have lately found by a ſevere inſtance. For it is confidently reported, that two young gentlemen, of real hopes, bright wit, and profound judgement, who, upon a thorough examination of cauſes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without the leaſt tincture of learning, having made a diſcovery, that there was no God, and generouſly communicating their thoughts for the good of the public, were ſome time ago, by an unparallelled ſeverity, and upon I know not what obſolete law, broke *only for blaſphemy*. And, as it hath been wiſely obſerved, if perſecution once begins no man alive knows how far it may reach, or where it will end.

In anſwer to all which, with deference to wiſer judgements, I think this rather ſhews the neceſſity of a nominal religion among us. Great wits love to be free with the higheſt objects; and, if they cannot be allowed a God to revile or renounce, they will *ſpeak evil of dignities*, abuſe the government, and reflect upon the miniſtry; which, I am ſure, few will deny to be of much more pernicious con-

conſequence; according to the ſaying of Tiberius, *Deorum offenſa diis curæ.* As to the particular fact related, I think it is not fair to argue from one inſtance; perhaps another cannot be produced; yet (to the comfort of all thoſe who may be apprehenſive of perſecution) blaſphemy, we know, is freely ſpoken a million of times in every coffeehouſe and tavern, or wherever elſe *good company* meet. It muſt be allowed indeed, that to break an Engliſh free-born officer only for blaſphemy, was, to ſpeak the gentleſt of ſuch an action, a very high ſtrain of abſolute power. Little can be ſaid in excuſe for the General. Perhaps he was afraid it might give offence to the allies, among whom, for aught we know, it may be the cuſtom of the country to believe a God. But if he argued, as ſome have done, upon a miſtaken principle, that an officer who is guilty of ſpeaking blaſphemy, may, ſome time or other, proceed ſo far as to raiſe a mutiny; the conſequence is by no means to be admitted: For ſurely the commander of an Engliſh army is like to be but ill obeyed, whoſe ſoldiers fear and reverence him as little as they do a Deity.

It is further objected againſt the goſpel-ſyſtem, That it obliges men to the belief of things too difficult for freethinkers, and ſuch who have ſhaken off the prejudices that uſually cling to a confined education. To which I anſwer, That men ſhould be cautious how they raiſe objections, which reflect upon the wiſdom of the nation. Is not every body freely allowed to believe whatever he pleaſeth, and to publiſh his belief to the world whenever he thinks fit, eſpecially if it ſerves to ſtrengthen the party which is in the right? Would any indifferent foreigner, who ſhould read the trumpery lately written by Aſgil, Tindal, Toland, Coward *, and

* Aſgil wrote an argument to prove, that man may be tranſlated from hence into eternal life, without paſſing through death.

Toland

forty more, imagine the gospel to be our rule of faith, and confirmed by parliaments? Does any man either believe, or say he believes, or desire to have it thought that he says he believes, one syllable of the matter? And is any man worse received upon that score; or does he find his want of *nominal* faith a disadvantage to him, in the pursuit of any civil or military employment? What if there be an old dormant statute or two against him? Are they not now obsolete, to a degree, that Empson and Dudley themselves, if they were now alive, would find it impossible to put them in execution?

It is likewise urged, That there are, by computation, in this kingdom, above ten thousand parsons; whose revenues, added to those of my Lords the Bishops, would suffice to maintain, at least, two hundred young gentlemen of wit and pleasure, and free-thinking; enemies to priestcraft, narrow principles, pedantry, and prejudices; who might be an ornament to the court and town: and then again, so great a number of able [bodied] divines, might be a recruit to our fleet and armies. This, indeed, appears to be a consideration of some weight. But then, on the other side, several things deserve to be considered likewise: As, first, whether it may not be thought necessary, that in certain tracts of country, like what we call parishes, there should be *one* man, at least, of abilities to read and write. Then it seems a wrong computation, that the revenues of the church throughout this island, would be large enough to maintain two hundred young gentlemen, or even half that number, after the present refined way of living; that is, to allow each of them such a rent, as, in the modern form of

To'and published some deistical books.

Tindal's writings were blasphemous and atheistical.

Coward asserted the mortality of the soul, and alledged the seat of it to be in the blood.

speech

ſpeech, would make them eaſy. But ſtill there is in this project a greater miſchief behind; and we ought to beware of the woman's folly, who killed the hen that every morning laid her a golden egg. For, pray, what will become of the race of men in the next age, if we had nothing to truſt to, beſide the ſcrophulous conſumptive productions, furniſhed by our men of wit and pleaſure; when, having ſquandered away their vigour, health, and eſtates, they are forced, by ſome diſagreeable marriage, to piece up their broken fortunes, and entail rottenneſs and politeneſs on their poſterity? Now, here are ten thouſand perſons reduced, by the wiſe regulations of Henry VIII. to the neceſſity of a low diet, and moderate exerciſe, who are the only great reſtorers of our breed; without which, the nation would, in an age or two, become one great hoſpital.

Another advantage propoſed by the aboliſhing of Chriſtianity is, the clear gain of one day in ſeven, which is now entirely loſt, and conſequently the kingdom one ſeventh leſs conſiderable in trade, buſineſs, and pleaſure; beſides the loſs to the public, of ſo many ſtately ſtructures, now in the hands of the clergy; which might be converted into play-houſes, market-houſes, exchanges, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I ſhall be forgiven a hard word, if I call this a perfect cavil. I readily own there hath been an old cuſtom, time out of mind, for people to aſſemble in the churches every Sunday; and that ſhops are ſtill frequently ſhut, in order, as it is conceived, to preſerve the memory of that ancient practice. But how this can prove a hindrance to buſineſs or pleaſure, is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleaſure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home, inſtead of the *chocolate-houſe?* Are not the *taverns* and *coffeehouſes* open? Can there be a more convenient ſeaſon for taking

a dose of physic? Are fewer claps got upon Sundays than other days? Is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week; and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know how it can be pretended, that the churches are misapplied? Where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry? where more care to appear in the foremost box, with greater advantage of dress? where more meetings for business? where more bargains driven of all sorts? and where so many conveniencies or incitements to sleep?

There is one advantage, greater than any of the foregoing, proposed by the abolishing of Christianity, That it will utterly extinguish parties among us, by removing those factious distinctions of *High* and *Low Church*, of *Whig* and *Tory*, *Presbyterian* and *Church of England*; which are now so many grievous clogs upon public proceedings, and are apt to dispose men to prefer the gratifying themselves, or depressing their adversaries, before the most important interest of the state.

I confess, if it were certain, that so great an advantage would redound to the nation by this expedient, I would submit, and be silent. But will any man say, that if the words *whoring*, *drinking*, *cheating*, *lying*, *stealing*, were, by act of parliament, ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Or, if the physicians would forbid us to pronounce the words *pox*, *gout*, *rheumatism*, and *stone*, would that expedient serve, like so many *talismans*, to destroy the diseases themselves? Are party and faction rooted in mens hearts no deeper than phrases borrowed from religion, or founded upon no firmer principles? And is our language so poor, that we cannot find other terms to express them? Are envy, pride, avarice, and ambition,

ambition, such ill nomenclators, that they cannot furnish appellations for their owners? Will not *Heydukes* and *Mamalukes*, *Mandarines* and *Patshaws*, or any other words formed at pleasure, serve to distinguish those who are in the ministry, from others who would be in it if they could? What, for instance, is easier than to vary the form of speech; and, instead of the word *church*, make it a question in politics, whether the *monument* be in danger? Because religion was nearest at hand to furnish a few convenient phrases, is our invention so barren, we can find no other? Suppose, for argument's sake, that the *Tories* favoured Margarita, the *Whigs* Mrs. Tofts, and the *Trimmers* Valentini *; would not *Margaritians*, *Toftians*, and *Valentinians*, be very tolerable marks of distinction? The *Prasini* and *Veniti*, two most virulent factions in Italy, began (if I remember right) by a distinction of colours in ribbands: and we might contend, with as good a grace, about the dignity of the *blue* and the *green*; which would serve as properly to divide the court, the parliament, and the kingdom between them, as any terms of art whatsoever borrowed from religion. And therefore I think there is little force in this objection against Christianity, or prospect of so great an advantage as is proposed in the abolishing of it.

It is again objected, as a very absurd ridiculous custom, That a set of men should be suffered, much less employed and hired, to bawl one day in seven, against the lawfulness of those methods most in use towards the pursuit of greatness, riches, and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive on the other six. But this objection is, I think, a little unworthy so refined an age as ours.

* Italian singers then in vogue. Margarita was afterwards married to Dr. Pepusche.

Let us argue this matter calmly. I appeal to the breaſt of any polite freethinker, whether, in the purſuit of gratifying a predominant paſſion, he hath not always felt a wonderful incitement, by reflecting it was a thing forbidden; and therefore we ſee, in order to cultivate this taſte, the wiſdom of the nation hath taken ſpecial care, that the ladies ſhould be furniſhed with prohibited ſilks, and the men with prohibited wine. And indeed it were to be wiſhed, that ſome other prohibitions were promoted, in order to improve the pleaſures of the town; which, for want of ſuch expedients, begin already, as I am told, to flag and grow languid, giving way daily to cruel inroads from the ſpleen.

It is likewiſe propoſed, as a great advantage to the public, That if we once diſcard the ſyſtem of the goſpel, all religion will of courſe be baniſhed for ever; and conſequently, along with it, thoſe grievous prejudices of education; which, under the names of *virtue*, *conſcience*, *honour*, *juſtice*, and the like, are ſo apt to diſturb the peace of human minds; and the notions whereof are ſo hard to be eradicated by right reaſon or freethinking, ſometimes during the whole courſe of our lives.

Here, firſt, I obſerve how difficult it is to get rid of a phraſe, which the world is once grown fond of, though the occaſion that firſt produced it be entirely taken away. For ſeveral years paſt, if a man had but an ill-favoured noſe, the deep-thinkers of the age would, ſome way or other, contrive to impute the cauſe to the prejudice of his education. From this fountain are ſaid to be derived all our fooliſh notions of juſtice, piety, love of our country; all our opinions of God, or a future ſtate, heaven, hell, and the like: and there might formerly, perhaps, have been ſome pretence for this charge. But ſo effectual care hath been ſince taken to remove thoſe prejudices, by an entire change

change in the method of education, that (with honour I mention it to our polite innovators) the young gentlemen who are now on the ſcene, ſeem to have not the leaſt tincture left of thoſe infuſions, or ſtring of thoſe weeds; and, by conſequence, the reaſon for aboliſhing nominal Chriſtianity upon that pretext, is wholly ceaſed.

For the reſt, it may perhaps admit a controverſy, whether the baniſhing all notions of religion whatſoever would be convenient for the vulgar. Not that I am, in the leaſt, of opinion with thoſe who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians, to keep the lower part of the world in awe, by the fear of inviſible powers: unleſs mankind were then very different from what it is now: for I look upon the maſs or body of our people here in England, to be as free thinkers, that is to ſay, as ſtanch unbelievers, as any of the higheſt rank, But I conceive ſome ſcattered notions about a ſuperior power to be of ſingular uſe for the common people, as furniſhing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peeviſh, and providing topics of amuſement in a tedious winter-night.

Laſtly, it is propoſed, as a ſingular advantage, That the aboliſhing of Chriſtianity will very much contribute to the uniting of *Proteſtants*, by enlarging the terms of communion, ſo as to take in all ſorts of *diſſenters*; who are now ſhut out of the pale, upon account of a few ceremonies, which all ſides confeſs to be things indifferent: That this alone will effectually anſwer the great ends of a ſcheme for comprehenſion, by opening a large noble gate, at which all bodies may enter; whereas the chaffering with *diſſenters*, and dodging about this or the other ceremony, is but like opening a few wickets, and leaving them at jar, by which no more than one can get in at a time, and that not without ſtooping and ſideling, and ſqueezing his body.

To

To all this I anſwer, That there is one darling inclination of mankind, which uſually affects to be a retainer to religion, though ſhe be neither its parent, its godmother, or its friend; I mean the ſpirit of oppoſition, that lived long before Chriſtianity, and can eaſily ſubſiſt without it. Let us, for inſtance, examine wherein the oppoſition of ſectaries among us conſiſts. We ſhall find Chriſtianity to have no ſhare in it at all. Does the goſpel any where preſcribe a ſtarched ſqueezed countenance, a ſtiff formal gait, a ſingularity of manners and habit, or any affected modes of ſpeech, different from the reaſonable part of mankind? Yet, if Chriſtianity did not lend its name to ſtand in the gap, and to employ or divert theſe humours, they muſt of neceſſity be ſpent in contraventions to the laws of the land, and diſturbance of the public peace. There is a portion of enthuſiaſm aſſigned to every nation, which, if it hath not proper objects to work on, will burſt out, and ſet all in a flame. If the quiet of a ſtate can be bought by only flinging men a few ceremonies to devour, it is a purchaſe no wiſe man would refuſe. Let the maſtiffs amuſe themſelves about a ſheep's ſkin ſtuffed with hay, provided it will keep them from worrying the flock. The inſtitution of convents abroad ſeems in one point a great ſtrain of wiſdom; there being few irregularities in human paſſions, that may not have recourſe to vent themſelves in ſome of thoſe orders; which are ſo many retreats for the ſpeculative, the melancholy, the proud, the ſilent, the politic, and the moroſe, to ſpend themſelves, and evaporate the noxious particles: for each of whom we in this iſland are forced to provide a ſeveral ſect of religion, to keep them quiet. And whenever Chriſtianity ſhall be aboliſhed, the legiſlature muſt find ſome other expedient to employ and entertain them. For what imports it how large a gate you open, if there

there will be always left a number, who place a pride and a merit in refuſing to enter?

Having thus conſidered the moſt important objections againſt Chriſtianity, and the chief advantages propoſed by the aboliſhing thereof; I ſhall now, with equal deference and ſubmiſſion to wiſer judgements as before, proceed to mention a few inconveniencies that may happen, if the goſpel ſhould be repealed; which perhaps the projectors may not have ſufficiently conſidered.

And, firſt, I am very ſenſible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleaſure are apt to murmur, and be ſhocked at the ſight of ſo many daggled-tail parſons, who happened to fall in their way, and offend their eyes. But, at the ſame time, theſe wiſe reformers do not conſider, what an advantage and felicity it is, for great wits to be always provided with objects of ſcorn and contempt, in order to exerciſe and improve their talents, and divert their ſpleen from falling on each other, or on themſelves; eſpecially when all this may be done without the leaſt imaginable danger to their perſons.

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: If Chriſtianity were once aboliſhed, how could the free-thinkers, the ſtrong reaſoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another ſubject ſo calculated in all points, whereon to diſplay their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit ſhould we be deprived of, from thoſe whoſe genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives againſt religion, and would therefore never be able to ſhine or diſtinguiſh themſelves upon any other ſubject? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us; and would we take away the greateſt, perhaps the only topic we have left? Who would ever have ſuſpected Aſgil for a wit, or Toland for a philoſopher, if the inexhauſtible ſtock of Chriſtianity had not been at hand

hand to provide them with materials? What other ſubject, through all art or nature, could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furniſhed him with readers? It is the wiſe choice of the ſubject that alone adorns and diſtinguiſhes the writer. For had an hundred ſuch pens as theſe been employed on the ſide of religion, they would have immediately ſunk into ſilence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundleſs, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the aboliſhing Chriſtianity may perhaps bring the church in danger, or at leaſt put the ſenate to the trouble of another ſecuring vote. I deſire I may not be miſtaken; I am far from preſuming to affirm, or think, that the church is in danger at preſent, or as things now ſtand; but we know not how ſoon it may be ſo, when the Chriſtian religion is repealed. As plauſible as this project ſeems, there may be a dangerous deſign lurking under it. Nothing can be more notorious than that the *Atheiſts*, *Deiſts*, *Socinians*, *Anti-trinitarians*, and other ſubdiviſions of free-thinkers, are perſons of little zeal for the preſent eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment. Their declared opinion is for repealing the ſacramental teſt; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies; nor do they hold the *jus divinum* of Epiſcopacy. Therefore this may be intended as one politic ſtep towards altering the conſtitution of the church eſtabliſhed, and ſetting up *Preſbytery* in the ſtead; which I leave to be further conſidered by thoſe at the helm.

In the laſt place, I think nothing can be more plain, than that, by this expedient, we ſhall run into the evil we chiefly pretend to avoid; and that the aboliſhment of the *Chriſtian* religion will be the readieſt courſe we can take to introduce Popery. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, becauſe we know it hath been the conſtant practice of the *Jeſuits*, to ſend over emiſſaries, with inſtructions to perſonate themſelves members of the ſe-

veral

veral prevailing ſects among us. So it is recorded, that they have at ſundry times appeared in the guiſe of *Preſbyterians*, *Anabaptiſts*, *Independents*, and *Quakers*, according as any of theſe were moſt in credit: ſo, ſince the faſhion hath been taken up of exploding religion, the *Popiſh* miſſionaries have not been wanting to mix with the freethinkers; among whom Toland, the great oracle of the *Anti-chriſtians*, is an Iriſh prieſt, the ſon of an Iriſh prieſt; and the moſt learned and ingenious author of a book called the *rights of the Chriſtian church*, was, in a proper juncture, reconciled to the Romiſh faith; whoſe true ſon, as appears by a hundred paſſages in his treatiſe, he ſtill continues. Perhaps I could add ſome others to the number: but the fact is beyond diſpute. And the reaſoning they proceed by is right: for ſuppoſing Chriſtianity to be extinguiſhed, the people will never be at eaſe till they find out ſome other method of worſhip; which will as infallibly produce ſuperſtition, as ſuperſtition will end in *Popery*.

And therefore, if, notwithſtanding all I have ſaid, it ſtill be thought neceſſary to have a bill brought in for repealing Chriſtianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that inſtead of the word *Chriſtianity*, may be put *religion* in general; which, I conceive, will much better anſwer all the good ends propoſed by the projectors of it. For as long as we leave in being a God and his providence, with all the neceſſary conſequences which curious and inquiſitive men will be apt to draw from ſuch premiſſes; we do not ſtrike at the root of the evil, though we ſhould ever ſo effectually annihilate the preſent ſcheme of the goſpel. For of what uſe is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action; which is the ſole end, how remote ſoever in appearance, of all objections againſt Chriſtianity? and therefore the freethinkers conſider it as a ſort of edifice, wherein all the parts have ſuch a

mutual

mutual dependence on each other, that, if you happen to pull out one ſingle nail, the whole fabric muſt fall to the ground. This was happily expreſſed by him, who had heard of a text brought for proof of the Trinity, which in an ancient manuſcript was differently read; he thereupon immediately took the hint, and, by a ſudden deduction of a long *ſorites* *, moſt logically concluded, Why, if it be as you ſay, I may ſafely whore and drink on, and defy the parſon. From which, and many the like inſtances, eaſy to be produced, I think nothing can be more manifeſt, than that the quarrel is not againſt any particular points of hard digeſtion in the Chriſtian ſyſtem; but againſt religion in general; which, by laying reſtraints on human nature, is ſuppoſed the great enemy to the freedom of thought and action.

Upon the whole, if it ſhall ſtill be thought for the benefit of church and ſtate, that Chriſtianity be aboliſhed; I conceive, however, it may be more convenient to defer the execution to a time of peace; and not venture in this conjuncture to diſoblige our allies; who, as it falls out, are all Chriſtians; and many of them, by the prejudices of their education, ſo bigotted, as to place a ſort of pride in the appellation. If, upon being rejected by them, we are to truſt to an alliance with the Turk, we ſhall find ourſelves much deceived: for as he is too remote, and generally engaged in war with the Perſian Emperor, ſo his people would be more ſcandalized at our infidelity, than our Chriſtian neighbours. For the Turks are not only ſtrict obſervers of religious worſhip; but, what is worſe, believe a God; which is more than is required of us, even while we preſerve the name of Chriſtians.

* A *ſorites* differs from a ſyllogiſm, in that it takes only the minor propoſition. An example of this figure may be ſeen, vol. 5. in John Bull, part 2. chap. 17. near the end.

To

To conclude: Whatever ſome may think of the great advantages to trade by this favourite ſcheme, I do very much apprehend, that in ſix months time after the act is paſſed for the extirpation of the goſpel, the Bank and Eaſt-India ſtock may fall, at leaſt, one *per cent.* And ſince that is fifty times more than ever the wiſdom of our age thought fit to venture for the *preſervation* of Chriſtianity, there is no reaſon we ſhould be at ſo great a loſs, merely for the ſake of *deſtroying* it.

A Project for the ADVANCEMENT of RELIGION and the REFORMATION of MANNERS *.

By a PERSON of QUALITY.

Written in the Year 1709.

To the Countess of BERKLEY †.

MADAM,

MY intention in prefixing your Ladyship's name, is not, after the common form, to desire your protection of the following papers; which I take to be a very unreasonable re-

* The author appears in earnest throughout this whole treatise; and the dedication, or introduction, is in a strain of serious panegyric which the Lady, to whom it is addressed, undoubtedly deserved. But as the pamphlet is of the satirical kind, I am apt to imagine, that the Dean put a violence upon himself, in chusing to appear candidly serious, rather than to smile under his usual mask of gravity. Methinks, upon these occasions, I perceive him writing in shakles. *Orrery.*

In the *Project*, &c. Dr. Swift appears in the character of a great inspired prophet. *He crieth aloud, he spareth not, he lifteth up his voice like a trumpet*, Is. lviii. 1. He rebuketh all ranks of men for their depravities and corruptions, their profaneness, their blasphemy and irreligion. His discourse he addresseth unto his sovereign, and, beyond all contradiction, proveth it to be an important duty incumbent on all princes, to encourage and inforce morals and religion, by exerting their utmost authority. He then applieth himself to the legislature, conjuring them to forward so noble a design, and provide remedies against that torrent of iniquity, which, if not vigorously opposed, would certainly increase, and never stop in its career, until it subverted the constitution. And, finally, he declares, in the prophetic style and spirit, that a reformation of manners, and turning unto God, are the best natural as well as religious means, to bring the war to an happy conclusion. *Swift.*

† This excellent Lady was Elisabeth, the daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Campden, and sister to Edward Earl of Gainsborough.

quest;

queſt; ſince, by being inſcribed to your Ladyſhip, though without your knowledge, and from a concealed hand, you cannot recommend them without ſome ſuſpicion of partiality. My real deſign is, I confeſs, the very ſame I have often deteſted in moſt dedications; that of publiſhing your praiſes to the world; not upon the ſubject of your noble birth; for I know others as noble; or of the greatneſs of your fortune, for I know others far greater; or of that beautiful race, (the images of their parents), which calls you mother; for even this may perhaps have been equalled in ſome other age or country. Beſides, none of theſe advantages do derive any accompliſhments to the owners, but ſerve, at beſt, only to adorn what they really poſſeſs. What I intend, is your piety, truth, good ſenſe and good nature, affability and charity; wherein I wiſh your Ladyſhip had many equals, or any ſuperiors; and I wiſh I could ſay I knew them too, for then your Ladyſhip might have had a chance to eſcape this addreſs. In the mean time, I think it highly neceſſary, for the intereſt of virtue and religion, that the whole kingdom ſhould be informed in ſome parts of your character: for inſtance, That the eaſieſt and politeſt converſation, joined with the trueſt piety, may be obſerved in your Ladyſhip, in as great perfection as they were ever ſeen apart in any other perſons: That, by your prudence and management under ſeveral diſadvantages, you have preſerved the luſtre of that moſt noble family into which you are grafted, and which the unmeaſurable profuſion of anceſtors, for many generations, had too much eclipſed: Then how happily you perform every office of life, to which Providence hath called you; in the education of thoſe two incomparable daughters, whoſe conduct is ſo univerſally admired; in every duty of a prudent, complying, affectionate wife; in that care which deſcends to the meaneſt of your domeſtics; and,

laſtly, in that endleſs bounty to the poor, and diſcretion where to diſtribute it. I inſiſt on my opinion, that it is of importance for the public, to know this, and a great deal more of your Ladyſhip; yet whoever goes about to inform them, ſhall, inſtead of finding credit, perhaps be cenſured for a flatter. To avoid ſo uſual a reproach, I declare this to be no dedication, but merely an introduction to a propoſal for the advancement of religion and morals, by tracing, however imperfectly, ſome few lineaments in the character of a Lady, who hath ſpent all her life in the practice and promotion of both.

AMong all the ſchemes offered to the public in this projecting age, I have obſerved, with ſome diſpleaſure, that there have never been any for the improvement of religion and morals: which, beſides the piety of the deſign from the conſequence of ſuch a reformation in a future life, would be the beſt natural means for advancing the public felicity of the ſtate, as well as the preſent happineſs of every individual. For as much as faith and morality are declined among us, I am altogether confident, they might, in a ſhort time, and with no very great trouble, be raiſed to as high a perfection as numbers are capable of receiving. Indeed the method is ſo eaſy and obvious, and ſome preſent opportunities ſo good, that, in order to have this project reduced to practice, there ſeems to want nothing more than to put thoſe in mind, who, by their honour, duty, and intereſt, are chiefly concerned.

But becauſe it is idle to propoſe remedies before we are aſſured of the diſeaſe, or to be in fear till we are convinced of the danger; I ſhall firſt ſhew in general, that the nation is extremely corrupted in religion and morals; and then I will offer a ſhort ſcheme for the reformation of both.

As

As to the firſt, I know it is reckoned but a form of ſpeech, when divines complain of the wickedneſs of the age. However, I believe, upon a fair compariſon with other times and countries, it would be found an undoubted truth.

For, firſt, to deliver nothing but plain matter of fact, without exaggeration or ſatire, I ſuppoſe it will be granted, that hardly one in an hundred among our people of quality or gentry appears to act by any principle of religion; that great numbers of them do entirely diſcard it, and are ready to own their diſbelief of all revelation in ordinary diſcourſe. Nor is the caſe much better among the vulgar, eſpecially in great towns, where the profaneneſs and ignorance of handicrafiſmen, ſmall traders, ſervants, and the like, are to a degree very hard to be imagined greater. Then it is obſerved abroad, that no race of mortals hath ſo little ſenſe of religion, as the Engliſh ſoldiers. To confirm which, I have been often told by great officers of the army, that, in the whole compaſs of their acquaintance, they could not recollect three of their profeſſion, who ſeemed to regard or believe one ſyllable of the goſpel. And the ſame, at leaſt, may be affirmed of the fleet. The conſequences of all which upon the actions of men, are equally manifeſt. They never go about, as in former times, to hide or palliate their vices, but expoſe them freely to view, like any other common occurrences of life, without the leaſt reproach from the world or themſelves. For inſtance, any man will tell you, he intends to be drunk this evening, or was ſo laſt night, with as little ceremony or ſcruple, as he would tell you the time of the day. He will let you know he is going to a wench, or that he has got a clap, with as much indifferency, as he would a piece of public news. He will ſwear, curſe, or blaſpheme, without the leaſt paſſion or provocation. And though all regard for reputation is not

quite laid aſide in the other ſex, it is however at ſo low an ebb, that very few among them ſeem to think virtue and conduct of any neceſſity for preſerving it. If this be not ſo, how comes it to paſs that women of tainted reputations find the ſame countenance and reception in all public places, with thoſe of the niceſt virtue, who pay and receive viſits from them without any manner of ſcruple? Which proceeding, as it is not very old among us, ſo I take it to be of moſt pernicious conſequence It looks like a ſort of compounding between virtue and vice; as if a woman were allowed to be vitious, provided ſhe be not a profligate; as if there were a certain point where gallantry ends, and infamy begins; or that an hundred criminal amours were not as pardonable as half a ſcore.

Beſides thoſe corruptions already mentioned, it would be endleſs to enumerate ſuch as ariſe from the exceſs of play or gaming; the cheats, the quarrels, the oaths, and blaſphemies, among the men; among the women, the neglect of houſehold-affairs, the unlimited freedoms, the indecent paſſion; and, laſtly, the known inlet to all lewdneſs, when after an ill run the *perſon* muſt anſwer the defects of the *purſe:* the rule on ſuch occaſions holding true in play, as it does in law, *Quod non habet in crumena, luat in corpore.*

But all theſe are trifles in compariſon, if we ſtep into other ſcenes, and conſider the fraud and cozenage of trading men and ſhopkeepers; that inſatiable gulf of injuſtice and oppreſſion, the *law*; the open traffic for all civil and military employments, (I wiſh it reſted there *), without the leaſt regard to merit or qualifications; the corrupt management of men in office; the many deteſtable abuſes in chuſing thoſe who repreſent the people; with the management of intereſts and factions a-

* Perhaps the author intended to intimate that it extended to eccleſiaſtical.

mong

mong the repreſentatives: to which I muſt be bold to add, the ignorance of ſome of the lower clergy; the mean ſervile temper of others; the pert pragmatical demeanour of ſeveral young ſtagers in divinity, upon their firſt producing themſelves into the world; with many other circumſtances needleſs, or rather invidious to mention; which falling in with the corruptions already related, have, however unjuſtly, almoſt rendered the whole order contemptible.

This is a ſhort view of the general depravities among us, without entering into particulars, which would be an endleſs labour. Now, as univerſal and deep-rooted as theſe appear to be, I am utterly deceived, if an effectual remedy might not be applied to moſt of them; neither am I at preſent upon a wild ſpeculative project, but ſuch a one as may be eaſily put in execution.

For, while the prerogative of giving all employments continues in the crown, either immediately, or by ſubordination, it is in the power of the *prince* to make piety and virtue become the faſhion of the age, if at the ſame time he would make them neceſſary qualifications for favour and preferment.

It is clear from preſent experience, that the bare example of the beſt prince will not have any mighty influence, where the age is very corrupt. For when was there ever a better prince on the throne than the preſent Queen? I do not talk of her talent for government, her love of the people, or any other qualities that are purely regal; but her piety, charity, temperance, conjugal love, and whatever other virtues do beſt adorn a private life; wherein, without queſtion or flattery, ſhe hath no ſuperior; yet neither will it be ſatire, or peeviſh invective, to affirm, that infidelity and vice are not much diminiſhed ſince her coming to the crown; nor will, in probability, till more effectual remedies be provided

Thus

Thus human nature ſeems to lie under the diſadvantage, that the example alone of a vitious prince will in time corrupt an age, but the example of a good one will not be ſufficient to reform it without further endeavours. Princes muſt therefore ſupply this defect by a vigorous exerciſe of that authority which the law has left them, by making it every man's intereſt and honour to cultivate religion and virtue, by rendering vice a diſgrace, and the certain ruin to preferment or pretenſions: all which they ſhould firſt attempt in their own courts and families. For inſtance, might not the queen's domeſtics of the middle and lower ſort be obliged, upon penalty of ſuſpenſion or loſs of their employments, to a conſtant weekly attendance on the ſervice of the church; to a decent behaviour in it; to receive the ſacrament four times a year; to avoid ſwearing, and irreligious profane diſcourſes; and to the appearance at leaſt of temperance and chaſtity? Might not the care of all this be committed to the ſtrict inſpection of proper officers? Might not thoſe of higher rank, and nearer acceſs to her Majeſty, receive her own commands to the ſame purpoſe, and be countenanced or diſfavoured according as they obey? Might not the Queen lay her injunctions on the biſhops, and other great men of undoubted piety, to make diligent inquiry, and give her notice, if any perſon about her ſhould happen to be of libertine principles or morals? Might not all thoſe who enter upon any office in her Majeſty's family, be obliged to take an oath parallel with that againſt ſimony, which is adminiſtered to the clergy? It is not to be doubted, but that, if theſe or the like proceedings were duly obſerved, morality and religion would ſoon become faſhionable court-virtues, and be taken up as the only methods to get or keep employments there; which alone would have mighty influence upon many of the nobility and principal gentry.

But

But if the like methods were purſued as far as poſſible with regard to thoſe who are in the great employments of ſtate, it is hard to conceive how general a reformation they might in time produce among us. For if piety and virtue were once reckoned qualifications neceſſary to preferment, every man thus endowed, when put into great ſtations, would readily imitate the Queen's example in the diſtribution of all offices in his diſpoſal; eſpecially if any apparent tranſgreſſion through favour or partiality would be imputed to him for a miſdemeanor, by which he muſt certainly forfeit his favour and ſtation. And there being ſuch great numbers in employment, ſcattered through every town and county in this kingdom, if all theſe were exemplary in the conduct of their lives, things would ſoon take a new face, and religion receive a mighty encouragement. Nor would the public weal be leſs advanced; ſince of nine offices in ten that are ill executed, the defect is not in capacity or underſtanding, but in common honeſty. I know no employment, for which piety diſqualifies any man; and if it did, I doubt the objection would not be very ſeaſonably offered at preſent; becauſe it is, perhaps, too juſt a reflection, that, in the diſpoſal of places, the queſtion, whether a perſon be *fit* for what he is recommended to? is generally the laſt that is thought on or regarded.

I have often imagined, that ſomething parallel to the office of cenſors anciently in Rome, would be of mighty uſe among us, and could be eaſily limited from running into any exorbitances. The Romans underſtood liberty at leaſt as well as we, were as jealous of it, and upon every occaſion as bold aſſerters: Yet I do not remember to have read any great complaints of the abuſes in that office among them; but many admirable effects of it are left upon record. There are ſeveral pernicious vices frequent and notorious among us, that

that eſcape or elude the puniſhment of any law we have yet invented, or have had no law at all againſt them; ſuch as atheiſm, drunkenneſs, fraud, avarice, and ſeveral others; which, by this inſtitution, wiſely regulated, might be much reformed. Suppoſe, for inſtance, that itinerary commiſſioners were appointed to inſpect, every where throughout the kingdom, into the conduct (at leaſt) of men in office, with reſpect to their morals and religion, as well as their abilities; to receive the complaints and informations that ſhould be offered againſt them, and make their report here upon oath to the court or the miniſtry, who ſhould reward or puniſh accordingly. I avoid entering into the particulars of this or any other ſcheme; which coming from a private hand, might be liable to many defects, but would ſoon be digeſted by the wiſdom of the nation. And, ſurely, ſix thouſand pounds a year would not be ill laid out among as many commiſſioners duly qualified, who in three diviſions ſhould be perſonally obliged to take their yearly circuits for that purpoſe.

But this is beſide my preſent deſign; which was only to ſhew what degree of reformation is in the power of the queen, without the interpoſition of the legiſlature; and which her Majeſty is, without queſtion, obliged in conſcience to endeavour by her authority, as much as ſhe doth by her practice.

It will be eaſily granted, that the example of this great town hath a mighty influence over the whole kingdom; and it is as manifeſt, that the town is equally influenced by the court, and the miniſtry, and thoſe who, by their employments or their hopes, depend upon them. Now, if under ſo excellent a princeſs as the preſent queen, we would ſuppoſe a family ſtrictly regulated, as I have above propoſed; a miniſtry where every ſingle perſon was of diſtinguiſhed piety; if we ſhould ſuppoſe all great

great offices of ſtate and law filled after the ſame manner, and with ſuch as were equally diligent in chuſing perſons, who, in their ſeveral ſubordinations, would be obliged to follow the examples of their ſuperiors, under the penalty of loſs of favour and place; will not every body grant, that the empire of vice and irreligion would be ſoon deſtroyed in this great metropolis, and receive a terrible blow through the whole iſland, which hath ſo great an intercourſe with it, and ſo much affects to follow its faſhions?

For, if religion were once underſtood to be the neceſſary ſtep to favour and preferment, can it be imagined that any man would openly offend againſt it, who had the leaſt regard for his reputation or his fortune? There is no quality ſo contrary to any nature, which men cannot affect, and put on upon occaſion, in order to ſerve an intereſt, or gratify a prevailing paſſion. The proudeſt man will perſonate humility, the moroſeſt learn to flatter, the lazieſt will be ſedulous and active, where he is in purſuit of what he hath much at heart: How ready therefore would moſt men be to ſtep into the paths of virtue and piety, if they infallibly led to favour and fortune!

If ſwearing and profaneneſs, ſcandalous and avowed lewdneſs, exceſſive gaming and intemperance, were a little diſcountenanced in the army, I cannot readily ſee what ill conſequences could be apprehended. If gentlemen of that profeſſion were at leaſt obliged to ſome external decorum in their conduct; or even if a profligate life and character were not a means of advancement, and the appearance of piety a moſt infallible hindrance, it is impoſſible the corruptions there ſhould be ſo univerſal and exorbitant. I have been aſſured by ſeveral great officers, that no troops abroad are ſo ill diſciplined as the Engliſh; which cannot well be otherwiſe, while the common ſoldiers have perpetually

petually before their eyes, the vitious example of their leaders; and it is hardly poſſible for thoſe to commit any crime, whereof theſe are not infinitely more guilty, and with leſs temptation.

It is commonly charged upon the gentlemen of the army, that the beaſtly vice of drinking to exceſs hath been lately, from their example, reſtored among us; which, for ſome years, before was almoſt dropt in England. But, whoever the introducers were, they have ſucceeded to a miracle; many of the young nobility and gentry are already become great proficients, and are under no manner of concern to hide their talent, but are got beyond all ſenſe of ſhame, or fear of reproach.

This might ſoon be remedied, if the Queen would think fit to declare, that no young perſon of quality whatſoever, who was notoriouſly addicted to that or any other vice, ſhould be capable of her favour, or even admitted into her preſence; with poſitive command to her miniſters, and others in great office, to treat them in the ſame manner: After which, all men who had any regard for their reputation, or any proſpect of preferment, would avoid their commerce. This would quickly make that vice ſo ſcandalous, that thoſe, who could not ſubdue, would at leaſt endeavour to diſguiſe it.

By the like methods a ſtop might be put to that ruinous practice of deep gaming: And the reaſon why it prevails ſo much, is, becauſe a treatment *directly oppoſite* in every point, is made uſe of to promote it; by which means, the laws enacted againſt this abuſe, are wholly eluded.

It cannot be denied, that the want of ſtrict diſcipline in the univerſities, hath been of pernicious conſequence to the youth of this nation, who are there almoſt left entirely to their own management, eſpecially thoſe among them of better quality and fortune; who, becauſe they are not under a neceſſity

ceſſity of making learning their maintenance, are eaſily allowed to paſs their time, and take their degrees with little or no improvement. Than which there cannot well be a greater abſurdity. For if no advancement of knowlege can be had from thoſe places, the time there ſpent is at beſt utterly loſt, becauſe every ornamental part of education is better taught elſewhere. And, as for keeping youths out of harm's way, I doubt, where ſo many of them are got together, at full liberty of doing what they pleaſe, it will not anſwer the end. But whatever abuſes, corruptions, or deviations from ſtatutes, have crept into the univerſities through neglect, or length of time, they might in a great degree be reformed, by ſtrict injunctions from court (upon each particular) to the viſitors and heads of houſes; beſides, the peculiar authority the Queen may have in ſeveral colleges, whereof her predeceſſors were the founders. And among other regulations, it would be very convenient to prevent the exceſs of drinking, with that ſcurvy cuſtom among the lads, and parent of the former vice, the taking of tobacco, where it is not abſolutely neceſſary in point of health.

From the univerſities, the young nobility, and others of great fortunes, are ſent for early up to town, for fear of contracting any airs of pedantry by a college-education. Many of the younger gentry retire to the inns of court, where they are wholly left to their own diſcretion. And the conſequence of this remiſſneſs in education appears by obſerving, that nine in ten of thoſe who riſe in the church or the court, the law or the army, are younger brothers, or new men, whoſe narrow fortunes have forced them upon induſtry and application.

As for the inns of court, unleſs we ſuppoſe them to be much degenerated, they muſt needs be the worſt inſtituted ſeminaries in any Chriſtian

country; but whether they may be corrected without interpoſition of the legiſlature, I have not ſkill enough to determine. However, it is certain, that all wiſe nations have agreed in the neceſſity of a ſtrict education; which conſiſted, among other things, in the obſervance of moral duties, eſpecially juſtice, temperance, and chaſtity, as well as the knowledge of arts, and bodily exerciſes. But all theſe among us are laughed out of doors.

Without the leaſt intention to offend the clergy, I cannot but think, that, through a miſtaken notion and practice, they prevent themſelves from doing much ſervice, which otherwiſe might lie in their power, to religion and virtue: I mean, by affecting ſo much to converſe with each other, and caring ſo little to mingle with the laity. They have their particular clubs, and particular coffee-houſes, where they generally appear in cluſters. A ſingle divine dares hardly ſhew his perſon among numbers of fine gentlemen; or, if he happens to fall into ſuch company, he is ſilent and ſuſpicious, in continual apprehenſion, that ſome pert man of pleaſure ſhould break an unmannerly jeſt, and render him ridiculous. Now, I take this behaviour of the clergy to be juſt as reaſonable, as if the phyſicians ſhould agree to ſpend their time in viſiting one another, or their ſeveral apothecaries, and leave their patients to ſhift for themſelves. In my humble opinion, the clergy's buſineſs lies entirely among the laity: neither is there perhaps a more effectual way to forward the ſalvation of mens ſouls, than for ſpiritual perſons to make themſelves as agreeable as they can in the converſations of the world; for which a learned education gives them great advantage, if they would pleaſe to improve and apply it. It ſo happens, that the *men of pleaſure*, who never go to church, nor uſe themſelves to read books of devotion, form their ideas of the clergy, from a few poor ſtrollers they often obſerve

ſerve in the ſtreets, or ſneaking out of ſome perſon of quality's houſe, where they are hired by the lady at ten ſhillings a-month: while thoſe of better figure and parts, do ſeldom appear to correct theſe notions. And let ſome reaſoners think what they pleaſe, it is certain, that men muſt be brought to eſteem and love the clergy, before they can be perſuaded to be in love with religion. No man values the beſt medecine, if adminiſtered by a phyſician, whoſe perſon he hates or deſpiſes. If the clergy were as forward to appear in all companies, as other gentlemen, and would a little ſtudy the arts of converſation, to make themſelves agreeable, they might be welcome to every party, where there was the leaſt regard for politeneſs or good ſenſe; and conſequently prevent a thouſand vitious or profane diſcourſes, as well as actions: neither would men of underſtanding complain, that a clergymen was a conſtraint upon the company, becauſe they could not ſpeak blaſphemy or obſcene jeſts before him. While the people are ſo jealous of the clergy's ambition, as to abhor all thoughts of the return of eccleſiaſtic diſcipline among them, I do not ſee any other method left for men of that function to take, in order to reform the world, than by uſing all honeſt arts to make themſelves acceptable to the laity. This, no doubt, is part of that wiſdom of the ſerpent, which the author of Chriſtianity directs; and is the very method uſed by St. Paul, who *became all things to all men, to the Jews a Jew, and a Greek to the Greeks.*

How to remedy theſe inconveniencies, may be a matter of ſome difficulty; ſince the clergy ſeem to be of an opinion, that this humour of ſequeſtering themſelves is a part of their duty; nay, as I remember, they have been told ſo by ſome of their biſhops in their paſtoral letters, particularly by *one**

* Suppoſed to be Dr. Burnet, Biſhop of Saliſbury.

among them of great merit and diſtinction; who yet, in his own practice, hath all his lifetime taken a courſe directly contrary. But I am deceived, if an aukward ſhame, and fear of ill uſage from the laity, have not a greater ſhare in this miſtaken conduct, than their own inclinations. However, if the outward profeſſion of religion and virtue were once in practice and countenance at court, as well as among all men in office, or who have any hopes or dependence for preferment, a good treatment of the clergy would be the neceſſary conſequence of ſuch a reformation; and they would ſoon be wiſe enough to ſee their own duty and intereſt, in qualifying themſelves for lay-converſation, when once they were out of fear of being choked by ribaldry or profaneneſs.

There is one further circumſtance upon this occaſion, which I know not whether it will be very orthodox to mention. The clergy are the only ſet of men among us, who conſtantly wear a diſtinct habit from others: the conſequence of which (not in reaſon, but in fact) is this, that as long as any ſcandalous perſons appear in that dreſs, it will continue, in ſome degree, a general mark of contempt. Whoever happens to ſee a *ſcoundrel in a gown*, reeling home at midnight, (a ſight neither *frequent* nor *miraculous*), is apt to entertain an ill idea of the whole order, and at the ſame time to be extremely comforted in his own vices. Some remedy might be put to this, if thoſe ſtraggling gentlemen, who come up to town to *ſeek their fortunes*, were fairly diſmiſſed to the Weſt Indies; where there is work enough, and where ſome better proviſion ſhould be made for them, than I doubt there is at preſent. Or, what if no perſon were allowed to wear the habit, who had not ſome preferment in the church, or at leaſt ſome temporal fortune ſufficient to keep him out of contempt? though, in my opinion, it were infinitely better, if all the clergy (except

(except the biſhops) were permitted to appear like other men of the graver ſort, unleſs at thoſe ſeaſons when they are doing the buſineſs of their function.

There is one abuſe in this town, which wonderfully contributes to the promotion of vice; that ſuch men are often put into the commiſſion of the peace, whoſe intereſt it is, that virtue ſhould be utterly baniſhed from among us; who maintain, or at leaſt enrich themſelves by encouraging the groſſeſt immortalities; to whom all the *bawds* of the *ward* pay contribution for ſhelter and protection from the laws. Thus theſe worthy magiſtrates, inſtead of leſſening enormities, are the occaſion of juſt twice as much debauchery as there would be without them. For thoſe infamous women are forced upon doubling their work and induſtry, to anſwer double charges, of paying the juſtice, and ſupporting themſelves; like thieves who eſcape the gallows, and are let out to ſteal, in order to diſcharge the gaoler's fees.

It is not to be queſtioned, but the Queen and miniſtry might eaſily redreſs this abominable grievance, by enlarging the number of juſtices of the peace, by endeavouring to chuſe men of virtuous principles, by admitting none who have not conſiderable fortunes; perhaps, by receiving into the number ſome of the moſt eminent clergy: then, by forcing all of them, upon ſevere penalties, to act when there is occaſion, and not permitting any who are offered, to refuſe the commiſſion. But in theſe two laſt caſes, which are very material, I doubt there will be need of the legiſlature.

The reformation of the ſtage is entirely in the power of the Queen; and in the conſequences it hath upon the minds of younger people, doth very well deſerve the ſtricteſt care. Beſides the indecent and profane paſſages; beſides the perpetual turning into ridicule the very function of the prieſthood,

with other irregularities, in moſt modern comedies, which have been often objected to them; it is worth obſerving, the diſtributive juſtice of the authors, which is conſtantly applied to the puniſhment of virtue, and the reward of vice; directly oppoſite to the rules of their beſt critics, as well as to the practice of dramatic poets, in all other ages and countries. For example, a country-'ſquire, who is repreſented with no other vice but that of being a clown, and having the provincial accent upon his tongue, which is neither a fault, nor in his power to remedy, muſt be condemned to marry a caſt wench, or a cracked chambermaid. On the other ſide, a rake-hell of the town, whoſe character is ſet off with no other accompliſhment but exceſſive prodigality, profaneneſs, intemperance, and luſt, is rewarded with a lady of great fortune, to repair his own, which his vices had almoſt ruined. And as, in a tragedy, the hero is repreſented to have obtained many victories, in order to raiſe his character in the minds of the ſpectators; ſo the hero of a comedy is repreſented to have been victorious in all his intrigues; for the ſame reaſon. I do not remember, that our Engliſh poets ever ſuffered a criminal amour to ſucceed upon the ſtage, till the reign of King Charles II. Ever ſince that time, the alderman is made a cuckold, the deluded virgin is debauched, and adultery and fornication are ſuppoſed to be committed behind the ſcenes, as part of the action. Theſe, and many more corruptions of the theatre, peculiar to our age and nation, need continue no longer, than while the court is content to connive at or neglect them. Surely a penſion would not be ill employed on ſome men of wit, learning, and virtue, who might have power to ſtrike out every offenſive or unbecoming paſſage, from plays already written, as well as thoſe that may be offered to the ſtage for the future. By which, and other wiſe regulations, the theatre might

might become a very innocent and uſeful diverſion, inſtead of being a ſcandal and reproach to our religion and country.

The propoſals I have hitherto made for the advancement of religion and morality, are ſuch as come within reach of the adminiſtration; ſuch as a pious active prince, with a ſteady reſolution, might ſoon bring to effect. Neither am I aware of any objections to be raiſed againſt what I have advanced; unleſs it ſhould be thought, that the making religion a neceſſary ſtep to intereſt and favour might increaſe hypocriſy among us; and I readily believe it would. But if one in twenty ſhould be brought over to true piety, by this or the like methods, and the other nineteen be only hypocrites, the advantage would ſtill be great. Beſides, hypocriſy is much more eligible than open infidelity and vice: It wears the livery of religion; it acknowledges her authority, and is cautious of giving ſcandal. Nay, a long continued diſguiſe is too great a conſtraint upon human nature, eſpecially an Engliſh diſpoſition. Men would leave off their vices out of mere wearineſs, rather than undergo the toil and hazard, and perhaps the expence, of practiſing them perpetually in private. And I believe it is often with religion, as it is with love; which, by much diſſembling, at laſt grows real.

All other projects to this great end, have proved hitherto ineffectual. Laws againſt immorality have not been executed; and proclamations occaſionally iſſued out to inforce them, are wholly unregarded, as things of form. Religious ſocieties, though begun with excellent intention, and by perſons of true piety, are ſaid, I know not whether truly or no, to have dwindled into factious clubs, and grown a trade to enrich little knaviſh informers of the meaneſt rank, ſuch as common conſtables, and broken ſhopkeepers.

And that ſome effectual attempt ſhould be made toward

toward ſuch a reformation, is perhaps more neceſſary than people commonly apprehend; becauſe the ruin of a ſtate is generally preceded by an univerſal degeneracy of manners, and contempt of religion; which is entirely our caſe at preſent.

Diis te minorem, quod geris, imperas. Hor.

Neither is this a matter to be deferred, till a more convenient time of peace and leiſure. A reformation in mens faith and morals, is the beſt natural, as well as religious means, to bring the war to a good concluſion: becauſe, if men in truſt performed their duty for conſcience ſake, affairs would not ſuffer through fraud, falſhood, and neglect, as they now perpetually do. And if they believed a God, and his providence, and acted accordingly, they might reaſonably hope for his divine aſſiſtance in ſo juſt a cauſe as ours.

Nor could the majeſty of the Engliſh crown appear, upon any occaſion, in a greater luſtre, either to foreigners or ſubjects, than by an adminiſtration, which producing ſuch great effects, would diſcover ſo much power. And power being the natural appetite of princes, a limited monarch cannot ſo well gratify it in any thing, as a ſtrict execution of the laws.

Beſides, all parties would be obliged to cloſe with ſo good a work as this, for their own reputation. Neither is any expedient more likely to unite them. For the moſt violent partymen I have ever obſerved, are ſuch, as, in the conduct of their lives, have diſcovered leaſt ſenſe of religion and morality; and when all ſuch are laid aſide, at leaſt thoſe among them who ſhall be found incorrigible, it will be a mattter perhaps of no great difficulty, to reconcile the reſt.

The many corruptions at preſent in every branch of buſineſs, are almoſt inconceivable. I have heard

it

it computed by ſkilful perſons, that of ſix millions raiſed every year for the ſervice of the public, one third, at leaſt, is ſunk and intercepted, through the ſeveral claſſes and ſubordinations of artful men in office, before the remainder is applied to the proper uſe. This is an accidental ill effect of our freedom. And while ſuch men are in truſt, who have no check from within, nor any views but towards their intereſt, there is no other fence againſt them, but the certainty of being hanged upon the firſt diſcovery, by the arbitrary will of an unlimited monarch, or his *vizier*. Among us, the only danger to be apprehended, is the loſs of an employment; and that danger is to be eluded a thouſand ways. Beſides, when fraud is great, it furniſhes weapons to defend itſelf: and, at worſt, if the crimes be ſo flagrant, that a man is laid aſide out of perfect ſhame, (which rarely happens), he retires loaded with the ſpoils of the nation; *et fruitur diis iratis*. I could name a commiſſion, where ſeveral perſons, out of a ſalary of five hundred pounds, without other viſible revenues, have always lived at the rate of two thouſand, and laid out forty or fifty thouſand upon purchaſes of land or annuities. An hundred other inſtances of the ſame kind might eaſily be produced. What remedy therefore can be found againſt ſuch grievances, in a conſtitution like ours, but to bring religion into countenance, and encourage thoſe, who, from the hope of future reward, and dread of future puniſhment, will be moved to act with juſtice and integrity?

This is not to be accompliſhed any other way, than by introducing religion as much as poſſible to be the turn and faſhion of the age; which only lies in the power of the adminiſtration; the prince with utmoſt ſtrictneſs regulating the court, the miniſtry, and other perſons in great employment; and

and theſe, by their example and authority, reforming all who have dependence on them.

It is certain, that a reformation ſucceſsfully carried on in this great town, would, in time, ſpread itſelf over the whole kingdom; ſince moſt of the conſiderable youth paſs here that ſeaſon of their lives, wherein the ſtrongeſt impreſſions are made, in order to improve their education, or advance their fortune; and thoſe among them who return into their ſeveral countries, are ſure to be followed and imitated, as the greateſt patterns of wit and good breeding.

And if things were once in this train; that is, if virtue and religion were eſtabliſhed as the neceſſary titles to reputation and preferment; and if vice and infidelity were not only loaden with infamy, but made the infallible ruin of all mens pretenſions; our duty, by becoming our intereſt, would take root in our natures, and mix with the very genius of our people; ſo that it would not be eaſy for the example of one wicked prince to bring us back to our former corruptions.

I have confined myſelf (as it is before obſerved) to thoſe methods for the advancement of piety, which are in the power of a prince limited like ours, by a ſtrict execution of the laws already in force. And this is enough for a project that comes without any name or recommendation; I doubt a great deal more than will be ſuddenly reduced into practice. Though, if any diſpoſition ſhould appear towards ſo good a work, it is certain, that the aſſiſtance of the legiſlative power would be neceſſary to make it more complete. I will inſtance only a few particulars.

In order to reform the vices of this town, which, as we have ſaid, hath ſo mighty an influence on the whole kingdom, it would be very inſtrumental to have a law made, that all taverns and alehouſes ſhould be obliged to diſmiſs their company by twelve

twelve at night, and ſhut up their doors; and that no woman ſhould be ſuffered to enter any tavern or alehouſe, upon any pretence whatſoever. It is eaſy to conceive, what a number of ill conſequences ſuch a law would prevent; the miſchiefs of quarrels, and ledwneſs, and thefts, and midnight-brawls, the diſeaſes of intemperance and venery, and a thouſand other evils needleſs to mention. Nor would it be amiſs, if the maſters of thoſe public houſes were obliged, upon the ſevereſt penalties, to give only a proportioned quantity of drink to every company; and when he found his gueſts diſordered with exceſs, to refuſe them any more.

I believe there is hardly a nation in Chriſtendom, where all kind of fraud is practiſed in ſo unmeaſurable a degree as with us. The lawyer, the tradeſman, the mechanic, have found ſo many arts to deceive in their ſeveral callings, that they far outgrow the common prudence of mankind, which is in no ſort able to fence againſt them. Neither could the legiſlature in any thing more conſult the public good, than by providing ſome effectual remedy againſt this evil; which in ſeveral caſes deſerves greater puniſhment, than many crimes that are capital among us. The vintner, who, by mixing poiſon with his wines, deſtroys more lives than any malignant diſeaſe; the lawyer, who perſuades you to a purchaſe, which he knows is mortgaged for more than the worth, to the ruin of you and your family; the banker or ſcrivener, who takes all your fortune to diſpoſe of, when he has beforehand reſolved to break the following day, do ſurely deſerve the gallows much better than the wretch who is carried there for ſtealing a horſe.

It cannot eaſily be anſwered to God or man, why a law is not made for limiting the preſs; at leaſt ſo far as to prevent the publiſhing of ſuch pernicious books, as, under pretence of *free-thinking*, endeavour to overthrow thoſe tenets in religion, which have

have been held inviolable almoſt in all ages, by every ſect that pretends to be Chriſtian; and cannot therefore, with any colour of reaſon, be called *points in controverſy*, or *matters of ſpeculation*, as ſome would pretend. The doctrine of the *Trinity*, the *divinity of Chriſt*, the *immortality of the ſoul*, and even the truth of all *revelation*, are daily exploded and denied in books openly printed; though it is to be ſuppoſed, neither party * avow ſuch principles, or own the ſupporting of them to be any way neceſſary to their ſervice.

It would be endleſs to ſet down every corruption or defect which requires a remedy from the legiſlative power. Senates are like to have little regard for any propoſals that come from without doors; though, under a due ſenſe of my own inabilities, I am fully convinced, that the unbiaſſed thoughts of an honeſt and wiſe men, employed on the good of his country, may be better digeſted, than the reſults of a multitude, where faction and intereſt too often prevail; as a ſingle guide may direct the way, better than five hundred who *have contrary views*, or *look aſquint*, or *ſhut their eyes*.

I ſhall therefore mention but one more particular, which I think the parliament ought to take under conſideration; whether it be not a ſhame to our country, and a ſcandal to Chriſtianity, that in many towns, where there is a prodigious increaſe in the number of houſes and inhabitants, ſo little care ſhould be taken for the building of churches, that five parts in ſix of the people are abſolutely hindered from hearing divine ſervice? particularly here in London *, where a ſingle miniſter, with one or two ſorry curates, hath the care ſometimes of above

* Neither Whig nor Tory.

* This paragraph is known to have given the firſt hint to certain Biſhops, particularly to Biſhop Atterbury, in the Earl of Oxford's miniſtry, to procure a fund for building fifty new churches in London.

twenty

twenty thouſand ſouls incumbent on him: A neglect of religion ſo ignominious, in my opinion, that it can hardly be equalled in any civilized age or country.

But, to leave theſe airy imaginations of introducing new laws for the amendment of mankind; what I principally inſiſt on, is a due execution of the old, which lies wholly in the crown, and in the authority derived from thence. I return therefore to my former aſſertion, That if ſtations of power, truſt, profit, and honour, were conſtantly made the rewards of virtue and piety, ſuch an adminiſtration muſt needs have a mighty influence on the faith and morals of the whole kingdom: and men of great abilities would *then* endeavour to excel in the duties of a religious life, in order to qualify themſelves for public ſervice. I may poſſibly be wrong in ſome of the means I preſcribe towards this end: but that is no material objection againſt the deſign itſelf. Let thoſe who are at the helm contrive it better, which perhaps they may eaſily do. Every body will agree, that the diſeaſe is manifeſt, as well as dangerous; that ſome remedy is neceſſary, and that none yet applied hath been effectual; which is a ſufficient excuſe for any man who wiſhes well to his country, to offer his thoughts when he can have no other end in view but the public good. The preſent Queen is a Princeſs of as many and great virtues, as ever filled a throne: how would it brighten her character, to the preſent and after ages, if ſhe would exert her utmoſt authority to inſtil ſome ſhare of thoſe virtues into her people, which they are too degenerate to learn only from her example? and, be it ſpoke with all the veneration poſſible for ſo excellent a ſovereign, her beſt endeavours in this weighty affair, are a moſt important part of her duty, as well as of her intereſt and her honour.

But it must be confessed, that, as things are now, every man thinks he has laid in a sufficient stock of merit, and may pretend to any employment, provided he hath been loud and frequent in declaring himself hearty for the government. It is true, he is a *man of pleasure*, and a *freethinker*; that is, in other words, he is profligate in his morals, and a despiser of religion; but in point of party he is one to be *confided* in; he is an assertor of liberty and property; he rattles it out against *Popery* and *arbitrary power*, and *priestcraft* and *high-church*. It is enough: he is a person fully qualified for any employment in the court or the navy, the law or the revenue; where he will be sure to leave no arts untried of bribery, fraud, injustice, or oppression, that he can practise with any hope or impunity. No wonder such men are true to a government, where liberty runs high, where property, *however attained*, is so well secured, and where the administration is at least so gentle: it is impossible they could chuse any other constitution, without changing to their loss.

Fidelity to a present establishment, is indeed the principal means to defend it from a foreign enemy; but without other qualifications, will not prevent corruptions from within; and states are more often ruined by these than the other.

To conclude: Whether the proposals I have offered towards a reformation, be such as are most prudent and convenient, may probably be a question: but it is none at all, whether some reformation be absolutely necessary; because the nature of things is such, that if abuses be not remedied, they will certainly increase, nor ever stop, till they end in a subversion of a commonwealth. As there must always of necessity be some corruptions, so in a well-instituted state, the executive power will be always contending against them, by *reducing things* (as Machiavel speaks) *to their first principles*, never

never letting abuſes grow inveterate, or multiply ſo far that it will be hard to find remedies, and perhaps impoſſible to apply them. As he that would keep his houſe in repair, muſt attend every little breach or flaw, and ſupply it immediately, elſe time alone will bring all to ruin; how much more the common accidents of ſtorms and rain? He muſt live in perpetual danger of his houſe falling about his ears; and will find it cheaper to throw it quite down, and build it again from the ground, perhaps upon a new foundation, or at leaſt in a new form, which may neither be ſo ſafe, nor ſo convenient as the old.

The SENTIMENTS of a CHURCH-of-ENGLAND MAN, with reſpect to REEIGION and GOVERNMENT *.

Written in the year 1708.

WHoever hath examined the conduct and proceedings of both *parties* for ſome years paſt, whether in or out of power, cannot well conceive it poſſible to go far towards the extremes of either, without offering ſome violence to his integrity or underſtanding. A wiſe

* This piece is adapted to that particular period in which it was written. The ſtyle of the whole pamphlet is nervous, and, except in ſome few places, impartial. The ſtate of Holland is juſtly, and, at the ſame time, conciſely delineated. This tract is very well worth one's reading and attention: and it confirms an obſervation which will perpetually occur, that Swift excells in whatever ſtyle or manner he aſſumes. When he is in earneſt, his ſtrength of reaſon carries with it conviction; when in jeſt, every competitor in the race of wit is left behind him. *Orrery.*

This piece ſeemeth to have been one of Swift's projects for uniting of parties, and written with a deſign to check that rage and violence which ſubſiſted in thoſe times between the contending factions of Whig and Tory; and perhaps to recommend, in the place of that abominable rancour and malice, which had broken all the laws of charity and hoſpitality among human kind, thoſe candid ſalutary principles, with reſpect to religion and government, which, if rightly comprehended and vigorouſly purſued, might certainly preſerve the whole conſtitution, both of *church* and *ſtate*, for ten thouſand generations. *Swift.*

This appears to be an apology for the Tories, and a juſtification of them againſt the miſrepreſentations of the Whigs, who were then in the miniſtry, and uſed every artifice to perpetuate their power. Mr. Harley, afterwards Lord Oxford, had, by the influence of the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Treaſurer Godolphin, been lately removed from his poſt of Principal Secretary of State; and Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, reſigned his place of Secretary of War, and Sir Simon Harcourt that of Attorney-General.

and

and a good man may indeed be ſometimes induced to comply with a number, whoſe opinion he generally approves, though it be perhaps againſt his own. But this liberty ſhould be made uſe of upon very few occaſions, and thoſe of ſmall importance, and then only with a view of bringing over his own ſide another time *to* ſomething of greater and more public moment. But to ſacrifice the innocency of a friend, the good of our country, or our own conſcience, to the humour or paſſion, or intereſt of a party, plainly ſhews, that either our heads or our hearts are not as they ſhould be. Yet this very practice is the very fundamental law of each faction among us; as may be obvious to any, who will impartially, and without engagement, be at the pains to examine their actions; which, however, is not ſo eaſy a taſk; for it ſeems a principle in human nature, to incline one way more than another, even in matters where we are wholly unconcerned. And it is a common obſervation, that in reading a hiſtory of facts done a thouſand years ago, or ſtanding by at play among thoſe who are perfect ſtrangers to us, we are apt to find our hopes and wiſhes engaged on a ſudden in favour of one ſide more than another. No wonder then that we are all ſo ready to intereſt ourſelves in the courſe of public affairs, where the moſt inconſiderable have ſome *real* ſhare, and, by the wonderful importance which every man is of to himſelf, a very great *imaginary* one.

And, indeed, when the two parties that divide the whole commonwealth, come once to a rupture, without any hopes left of forming a third with better principles, to balance the others, it ſeems every man's duty to chuſe one of the two ſides, though he cannot entirely approve of either; and all pretences to neutrality are juſtly exploded by both, being too ſtale and obvious; only intending the ſafety and eaſe of a few individuals, while the pub-

lic is imbroiled. This was the opinion and practice of the latter Cato, whom I eſteem to have been the wiſeſt and beſt of all the Romans *. But before things proceed to open violence, the trueſt ſervice a private man may hope to do his country, is by unbiaſſing his mind as much as poſſible, and then endeavouring to moderate between the rival powers; which muſt needs be owned a fair proceeding with the world; becauſe it is of all others the leaſt conſiſtent with the common deſign of making a fortune by the *merit* of an *opinion*.

I have gone as far as I am able in qualifying myſelf to be ſuch a moderator. I believe I am no *bigot* in religion, and I am ſure I am none in government. I converſe in full freedom with many conſiderable men of both parties; and if not in equal number, it is purely accidental and perſonal, as happening to be near the court, and to have made acquaintance there, more under one miniſtry than another. Then, I am not under the neceſſity of declaring myſelf by the proſpect of an employment. And, laſtly, if all this be not ſufficient, I induſtriouſly conceal my name, which wholly exempts me from any hopes and fears in delivering my opinion.

In conſequence of this free uſe of my reaſon, I cannot poſſibly think ſo well or ſo ill of either party, as they would endeavour to perſuade the world of each other, and of themſelves. For inſtance, I do not charge it upon the body of the *Whigs* or the *Tories*, that their ſeveral principles lead them to introduce Preſbytery, and the religion of the church of Rome, or a commonwealth, and arbitrary power. For why ſhould any party be accuſed of a principle, which they ſolemnly diſown and proteſt againſt? But to this they have a mutual anſwer ready: they both aſſure us, that their adverſaries are not to be believed; that they diſown their principles out of fear, which are manifeſt enough, when we exa-

* One of the ſextumvirate in Gulliver, part 3. chap. 7.

mine

mine their practices. To prove this, they will produce instances, on one side, either of avowed Presbyterians, or persons of libertine and atheistical tenets; and on the other, of professed Papists, or such as are openly in the interest of the abdicated family. Now, it is very natural for all subordinate sects and denominations in a state, to side with some general party, and to chuse that which they find to agree with themselves in some general principle. Thus, at the *restoration*, the Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Independents, and other sects, did all, with very good reason, unite and solder up their several schemes to join against the *church*; who, without regard to their distinctions, treated them all as equal adversaries. Thus our present dissenters do very naturally close in with the Whigs, who profess *moderation*, declare they abhor all thoughts of *persecution*, and think it hard, that those who differ only in a few *ceremonies* and *speculations*, should be denied the privilege and profit of serving their country in the highest employments of state. Thus, the Atheists, libertines, despisers of religion and revelation in general; that is to say, all those who usually pass under the name of *free-thinkers*, do properly join with the same body; because *they* likewise preach up *moderation*, and are not so over-nice to distinguish between an unlimited liberty of conscience, and an unlimited freedom of opinion. Then, on the other side, the professed firmness of the Tories for Episcopacy, as an apostolical institution; their aversion to those sects who lie under the reproach of having once destroyed their constitution, and who, they imagine, by too indiscreet a zeal for reformation, have defaced the primitive model of the church; next, their veneration for monarchical government in the common course of succession, and their hatred to republican schemes: these, I say, are principles which not only the nonjuring zealots profess, but even Papists themselves fall readily in with. And

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every extreme here mentioned, flings a general ſcandal upon the whole body it pretends to adhere to.

But ſurely no man whatſoever ought, in juſtice or good manners, to be charged with principles he actually diſowns, unleſs his practices do openly, and without the leaſt room for doubt, contradict his profeſſion; not upon ſmall ſurmiſes, or becauſe he has the misfortune to have ill men ſometimes agree with him in a few general ſentiments. However, though the extremes of *Whig* and *Tory* ſeem, with little juſtice, to have drawn religion into their controverſies, wherein they have ſmall concern; yet they both have borrowed one leading principle from the abuſe of it; which is, to have built their ſeveral ſyſtems of political faith, not upon inquiries after truth, but upon oppoſition to each other; upon injurious appellations, charging their adverſaries with horrid opinions, and then reproaching them for the want of charity; *et neuter falſo.*

In order to remove theſe prejudices, I have thought nothing could be more effectual, than to deſcribe the ſentiments of a *Church-of-England man* with reſpect to *religion* and *government*. This I ſhall endeavour to do in ſuch a *manner*, as may not be liable to the leaſt objection from either party, and which I am confident would be aſſented to by great numbers in both, if they were not miſled to thoſe mutual miſrepreſentations, by ſuch motives as they would be aſhamed to own.

I ſhall begin with *religion*.

And here, though it makes an odd ſound, yet it is neceſſary to ſay, that whoever profeſſeth himſelf a member of the church of England, ought to believe a God, and his providence, together with revealed religion, and the divinity of *Chriſt*. For beſides thoſe many thouſands, who (to ſpeak in the phraſe of divines) do practically deny all this by the immorality of their lives, there is no ſmall number, who, in their converſation and writings, directly,

or

or by consequence, endeavour to overthrow it; yet all these place themselves in the list of the national church, though at the same time (as it is highly reasonable) they are great sticklers for liberty of conscience.

To enter upon particulars: A *church-of-England man* has a true veneration for the scheme established among us of ecclesiastical government; and though he will not determine whether Episcopacy be of divine right, he is sure it is most agreeable to primitive institution; fittest of all others for preserving order and purity, and, under its present regulations, best calculated for our civil state; he should therefore think the abolishment of that order among us, would prove a mighty scandal and corruption to our faith, and manifestly dangerous to our monarchy; nay, he would defend it by arms against all the powers on earth, except our own legislature; in which case he would submit as to a general calamity, a dearth, or a pestilence.

As to rites and ceremonies, and forms of prayer, he allows there might be some useful alterations; and more, which in the prospect of uniting Christians might be very supportable, as things declared in their own nature indifferent; to which he therefore would readily comply, if the *clergy*, or (tho' this be not so fair a method) if the *legislature* should direct; yet at the same time he cannot altogether blame the former for their unwillingness to consent to any alteration; which beside the trouble, and perhaps disgrace, would certainly never produce the good effects intended by it. The only condition that would make it prudent and just for the clergy to comply in altering the ceremonial, or any other indifferent part, would be a firm resolution in the legislature to interpose, by some strict and effectual laws, to prevent the rising and spreading of new sects, how plausible soever, for the future; else there must never be an end; and it would be to act like

like a man, who ſhould pull down and change the ornaments of his houſe, in compliance to every one who was diſpoſed to find fault as he paſſed by; which, beſides the perpetual trouble and expenſe, would very much damage, and perhaps in time deſtroy the building. Sects in a ſtate ſeem only tolerated with any reaſon, becauſe they are already ſpread; and becauſe it would not be agreeable with ſo mild a government, or ſo pure a religion as ours, to uſe violent methods againſt great numbers of *miſtaken* people, while they do not manifeſtly endanger the conſtitution of either. But the greateſt advocates for general liberty of conſcience will allow, that they ought to be checked in their beginnings, if they will allow them to be an evil at all, or, which is the ſame thing, if they will only grant, it were better for the peace of the ſtate, that there ſhould be none. But while the clergy conſider the natural temper of mankind in general, or of our own country in particular, what aſſurances can they have, that any compliances they ſhall make, will remove the evil of diſſenſion, while the liberty ſtill continues of profeſſing whatever new opinions we pleaſe? Or how can it be imagined, that the body of diſſenting teachers, who muſt be all undone by ſuch a revolution, will caſt about for ſome new objections to with-hold their flocks, and draw in freſh proſelytes by ſome further innovations or refinements?

Upon theſe reaſons he is for tolerating ſuch different forms in religious worſhip as are already admitted; but by no means for leaving it in the power of thoſe who are tolerated, to advance their own models upon the ruin of what is already eſtabliſhed; which it is natural for all ſects to deſire, and which they cannot be juſtified by any conſiſtent principles, if they do not endeavour; and and yet which they cannot ſucced in, without the utmoſt danger to the public peace.

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To prevent these inconveniencies, he thinks it highly just, that all rewards of trust, profit or dignity, which the state leaves in the disposal of the administration, should be given only to those whose principles direct them to preserve the constitution in all its parts. In the late affair of *occasional conformity*, the general argument of those who were against it, was not, to deny it an evil in itself, but that the remedy proposed was violent, untimely, and improper; which is the Bishop of Salisbury's * opinion, in the speech he made and published against the bill. But however just their fears or complaints might have been upon that score, he thinks it a little too gross and precipitate, to employ their writers already in arguments for repealing the sacramental test, upon no wiser a maxim, than that no man should, on the account of conscience, be deprived the liberty of serving his country; a topic which may be equally applied to admit *Papists*, *Atheists*, *Mahometans*, *Heathens*, and *Jews*. If the church wants members of its own to employ in the service of the public, or be so unhappily contrived, as to exclude from its communion such persons who are likeliest to have great abilities, it is time it should be altered, and reduced into some more perfect, or at least more popular form; but in the mean while it is not altogether improbable, that when those who dislike the constitution, are so very zealous in their offers for the service of their country, they are not wholly unmindful of their party or of themselves.

The Dutch, whose practice is so often quoted to prove and celebrate the great advantages of a general liberty of conscience, have yet a national religion professed by all who bear office among them. But why should they be a precedent for us, either in religion or government? Our country differs

* D. Burnet.

from

from theirs, as well in ſituation, ſoil, and productions of nature, as in the genius and complexion of inhabitants. They are a commonwealth founded on a ſudden, by a deſperate attempt, in a deſperate condition; not formed or digeſted into a regular ſyſtem by mature thought and reaſon, but huddled up under the preſſure of ſudden exigencies; calculated for no long duration, and hitherto ſubſiſting by accident in the midſt of contending powers, who cannot yet agree about ſharing it amongſt them. Theſe difficulties do indeed preſerve them from any great corruptions, which their crazy conſtitution would extremely ſubject them to in a long peace. That confluence of people in a perſecuting age to a place of refuge neareſt at hand, put them upon the neceſſity of trade, to which they wiſely gave all eaſe and encouragement. And if we could think fit to imitate them in this laſt particular, there would need no more to invite foreigners among us; who ſeem to think no farther than how to ſecure their property and conſcience, without projecting any ſhare in that government which gives them protection, or calling it *perſecution*, if it be denied them. But I ſpeak it for the honour of our adminiſtration, that although our ſects are not ſo numerous as thoſe in Holland, which I preſume is not our *fault*, and I hope is not our *misfortune*, we much excel them, and all *Chriſtendom* beſides, in our indulgence to tender conſciences *. One ſingle compliance with the national form of receiving the ſacrament, is all we require to qualify any ſectary among us for the greateſt employments in the ſtate; after which he is at liberty to rejoin his own aſſemblies for the reſt of his life. Beſides, I will ſuppoſe any of the numerous ſects in Holland to have ſo far prevailed, as to have raiſed a civil war,

* When this was written, there was no law againſt occaſional conformity.

deſtroyed

deſtroyed their government and religion, and put their *adminiſtrators* to death; after which I will ſuppoſe the people to have recovered all again, and to have ſettled on their old foundation. Then I would put a query, whether that ſect which was the unhappy inſtrument of all this confuſion, could reaſonably expect to be intruſted for the future with the greateſt employments, or indeed to be hardly tolerated among them?

To go on with the ſentiments of a *church-of-England man*: He does not ſee how that mighty paſſion for the church, which ſome men pretend, can well conſiſt with thoſe indignities and that contempt they beſtow on the perſons of the clergy. It is a ſtrange mark whereby to diſtinguiſh *high-churchmen*, that they are ſuch who imagine the clergy can never be too *low*. He thinks the maxim theſe gentlemen are ſo fond of, that they are for an humble clergy, is a very good one; and ſo is he, and for an humble laity too; ſince humility is a virtue that perhaps equally befits and adorns every ſtation of life.

But then, if the ſcriblers on the other ſide freely ſpeak the ſentiments of their party, a divine of the church of England cannot look for much better quarter from thence. You ſhall obſerve nothing more frequent in their weekly papers, than a way of affecting to confound the terms of *clergy* and *high church*; of applying both indifferently, and then loading the latter with all the calumny they can invent. They will tell you, they honour a clergyman; but talk at the ſame time, as if there were not three in the kingdom who could fall in with their definition. After the like manner they inſult the *univerſities*, as poiſoned fountains, and corrupters of youth.

Now, it ſeems clear to me, that the *Whigs* might eaſily have procured and maintained a majority among the clergy, and perhaps in the univerſities, if

they had not too much encouraged or connived at this intemperance of ſpeech, and virulence of pen, in the worſt and moſt proſtitute of their party; among whom there hath been, for ſome years paſt, ſuch a perpetual clamour againſt the ambition, the implacable temper, and the covetouſneſs of the *prieſthood*; ſuch a cant of *high church*, and perſecution, and being *prieſt-ridden*; ſo many reproaches about *narrow principles*, or *terms of communion*; then ſuch ſcandalous reflections on the *univerſities* for infecting the youth of the nation with arbitrary and *Jacobite* principles, that it was natural for thoſe who had the care of religion and education, to apprehend ſome general deſign of altering the conſtitution of both. And all this was the more extraordinary, becauſe it could not eaſily be forgot, that whatever oppoſition was made to the uſurpations of *King James*, proceeded altogether from the church of England, and chiefly from the clergy, and one of the *univerſities*. For if it were of any uſe to recall matters of fact, what is more notorious than that prince's applying himſelf firſt to the church of England; and, upon their refuſal to fall in with his meaſures, making the like advances to the *diſſenters* of all kinds? who readily, and almoſt univerſally complied with him, affecting, in their numerous addreſſes and pamphlets, the ſtyle of *our brethren the Roman Catholics*; whoſe intereſts they put on the ſame foot with their own: And ſome of Cromwell's officers took poſts in the army raiſed againſt the Prince of Orange. Theſe Proceedings of theirs they can only extenuate by urging the provocations they had met from the church in King Charles's reign; which, though perhaps excuſable upon the ſcore of human infirmity, are not by any means a plea of merit equal to the conſtancy and ſufferings of the biſhops and clergy, or of the head and fellows of Magdalen-college, that furniſhed the Prince of Orange's declaration

claration with ſuch powerful arguments to juſtify and promote the *revolution*.

Therefore a *church-of-England man* abhors the humour of the age, in delighting to fling ſcandals upon the clergy in general; which, beſides the diſgrace to the *reformation*, and to religion itſelf, caſt an ignominy upon the kingdom, that it doth not deſerve. We have no better materials to compound the prieſthood of, than the maſs of mankind, which corrupted as it is, thoſe who receive orders muſt have ſome vices to leave behind them when they enter into the church; and if a few do ſtill adhere, it is no wonder, but rather a great one, that they are no worſe. Therefore he cannot think *ambition* or *love of power* more juſtly laid to their charge, than to other men; becauſe that would be to make religion itſelf, or at leaſt the beſt conſtitution of *church-government*, anſwerable for the errors and depravity of human nature.

Within theſe laſt two hundred years, all ſorts of temporal power have been wreſted from the clergy, and much of their eccleſiaſtic: the reaſon or juſtice of which proceeding I ſhall not examine; but that the remedies were a little too violent, with reſpect to their *poſſeſſions*, the legiſlature hath lately confeſſed by the remiſſion of their *firſt fruits*. Neither do the common libellers deny this; who, in their invectives, only tax the church with an inſatiable deſire of power and wealth, (equally common to all bodies of men, as well as individuals), but, thank God, that the laws have deprived them of both. However, it is worth obſerving the juſtice of parties. The ſects among us are apt to complain, and think it hard uſage, to be reproached now, after fifty years, for overturning the ſtate, for the murder of a king, and the indignity of an uſurpation; yet theſe very men, and their partiſans, are continually reproaching the clergy, and laying to their charge the pride, the avarice, the

luxury, the ignorance, and ſuperſtition of *Popiſh* times, for a thouſand years paſt.

He thinks it a ſcandal to government, that ſuch an unlimited liberty ſhould be allowed of publiſhing books againſt thoſe doctrines in religion, wherein all Chriſtians have agreed; much more to connive at ſuch tracts as reject all revelation, and by their conſequences often deny the very being of a God. Surely it is not a ſufficient atonement for the writers, that they profeſs much loyalty to the preſent government, and ſprinkle up and down ſome arguments in favour of the *diſſenters*; that they diſpute as ſtrenuouſly as they can for liberty of conſcience, and inveigh largely againſt all eccleſiaſtics under the name of *high-church*; and, in ſhort, under the ſhelter of ſome popular principles in politics and religion, undermine the foundations of all piety and virtue.

As he doth not reckon every *ſchiſm* of that damnable nature which ſome would repreſent, ſo he is very far from cloſing with the new opinion of thoſe who would make it no crime at all; and argue at a wild rate, that God almighty is delighted with the variety of faith and worſhip, as he is with the varieties of nature. To ſuch abſurdities are men carried by the affectation of *free-thinking*, and *removing the prejudices of education*; under which head they have for ſome time begun to lift *morality* and *religion*. It is certain, that before the rebellion in 1642, though the number of *Puritans* (as they were then called) were as great as it is with us, and though they affected to follow paſtors of that denomination; yet thoſe paſtors had Epiſcopal ordination, poſſeſſed preferments in the church, and were ſometimes promoted to biſhoprics themſelves. But a breach in the general form of worſhip was, in thoſe days, reckoned ſo dangerous and ſinful in itſelf, and ſo offenſive to *Roman Catholics* at home and abroad, that it was

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too unpopular to be attempted; neither, I believe, was the expedient then found out, of maintaining ſeparate paſtors out of private purſes.

When a *ſchiſm* is once ſpread in a nation, there grows at length a diſpute, which are the ſchiſmatics. Without entering on the arguments uſed by both ſides among us to fix the guilt on each other, it is certain, that, in the ſenſe of the law, the *ſchiſm* lies on that ſide which oppoſeth itſelf to the religion of the ſtate. I leave it among the *divines* to dilate upon the danger of *ſchiſm* as a ſpiritual evil; but I would conſider it only as a temporal one. And I think it clear, that any great ſeparation from the eſtabliſhed worſhip, though to a new one that is more pure and perfect, may be an occaſion of endangering the public peace; becauſe it will compoſe a body always in reſerve, prepared to follow any diſcontented heads, upon the plauſible pretexts of advancing *true religion*, and oppoſing error, ſuperſtition, or idolatry. For this reaſon Plato lays it down as a maxim, That "men "ought to worſhip the gods according to the law "of the country;" and he introduces Socrates, in his laſt diſcourſe, utterly diſowning the crime laid to his charge, of *teaching new divinities*, or methods of worſhip. Thus the poor *Hugonots* of France were engaged in a civil war by the ſpecious pretences of ſome, who, under the guiſe of religion, ſacrificed ſo many thouſand lives to their own ambition and revenge. Thus was the whole body of *Puritans* in England drawn to be inſtruments or abetters of all manner of villany, by the artifices of a *few men*, whoſe deſigns from the firſt were levelled to deſtroy the conſtitution both of religion and government *. And thus, even in Holland itſelf, where it is pretended that the variety of ſects live ſo amicably together, and in ſuch

* Lord Clarendon's hiſtory.

perfect obedience to the magistrate, it is notorious, how a turbulent party joining with the Arminians, did, in the memory of our fathers, attempt to destroy the liberty of that republic, So that, upon the whole, where sects are tolerated in a state, it is fit they should enjoy a full liberty of conscience, and every other privilege of free-born subjects, *to which no power is annexed.* And to preserve their obedience upon all emergencies, a government cannot give them too much ease, nor trust them with too little *power.*

The *clergy* are usually charged with a *persecuting spirit,* which they are said to discover by an implacable hatred to all *dissenters*; And this appears to be more unreasonable, because they suffer less in their interests by a *toleration,* than any of the *conforming laity*; for while the *church* remains in its present form, no dissenter can possibly have any share in its dignities, revenues, or power; whereas, by once receiving the sacrament, he is rendered capable of the highest employments in the state. And it is very possible, that a narrow education, together with a mixture of human infirmity, may help to beget among some of the *clergy in possession* such an aversion and contempt for all *innovators,* as *physicians* are apt to have for *empirics*; or *lawyers* for *pettifoggers,* or *merchants* for *pedlars:* but since the number of sectaries doth not concern the clergy, either in point of interest or conscience, (it being an evil not in their power to remedy), it is more fair and reasonable to suppose their dislike proceeds from the dangers they apprehend to the peace of the commonwealth, in the ruin whereof they must expect to be the first and greatest sufferers.

To conclude this *section,* it must be observed, that there is a very good word, which hath of late suffered much by both parties; I mean *moderation*; which the one side very justly disowns, and the other as unjustly pretends to. Beside what passes every

every day in converſation, any man who reads the papers publiſhed by Mr. Leſley, and others of his ſtamp, muſt needs conclude, that if this author could make the nation ſee his adverſaries under the colours he paints them in, we have nothing elſe to do, but riſe as one man, and deſtroy ſuch wretches from the face of the earth. On the other ſide, how ſhall we excuſe the advocates for *moderation?* among whom I could appeal to a hundred papers of univerſal approbation, by the cauſe they were writ for, which lay ſuch principles to the whole body of the *Tories*, as, if they were true, and believed, our next buſineſs ſhould, in prudence, be, to erect gibbets in every pariſh, and hang them out of the way. But, I ſuppoſe, it is preſumed, the common people underſtand *raillery*, or at leaſt *rhetoric*; and will not take *hyperboles* in too literal a ſenſe; which, however, in ſome junctures might prove a deſperate experiment. And this is *moderation*, in the *modern* ſenſe of the word; to which, ſpeaking impartially, the bigots of both parties are *equally* intitled.

SECT. II.

The ſentiments of a church-of-England man *with reſpect to government.*

WE look upon it as a very juſt reproach, though we cannot agree where to fix it, that there ſhould be ſo much violence and hatred in religious matters among men who agree in all fundamentals, and only differ in ſome ceremonies, or, at moſt, mere ſpeculative points. Yet is not this frequently the caſe between contending parties in a ſtate? For inſtance, do not the generality of *Whigs* and *Tories* among us profeſs to agree in the ſame

ſame *fundamentals*, their loyalty to the Queen, their abjuration of the *pretender*, the ſettlement of the crown in the Proteſtant line, and a revolution-principle? their affection to the church eſtabliſhed, with toleration of diſſenters? Nay, ſome times they go farther, and paſs over into each other's principles; the *Whigs* become great aſſerters of the prerogative, and the *Tories*, of the people's liberty; theſe crying down almoſt the whole ſet of biſhops, and thoſe defending them: So that the differences fairly ſtated, would be much of a ſort with thoſe in religion among us, and amount to little more than, *who ſhould take place*, or *go in and out firſt*, or *kiſs the Queen's hand*; and what are theſe but a few *court-ceremonies?* or, *who ſhould be in the miniſtry*; and what is that to the body of the nation, but a mere *ſpeculative point?* Yet I think it muſt be allowed, that no religious ſects ever carried their mutual averſions to greater heights than our ſtate-parties have done, who, the more to inflame their paſſions, have mixed religious and civil animoſities together; borrowing one of their appellations from the church, with the addition of *high* and *low*, how little ſoever their diſputes relate to the term, as it is generally underſtood.

I now proceed to deliver the ſentiments of a *church of-England man*, with reſpect to government.

He doth not think the church of England ſo narrowly calculated, that it cannot fall in with any regular ſpecies of government; nor doth he think any one regular ſpecies of government more acceptable to God than another. The three generally received in the *ſchools* have, all of them, their ſeveral perfections, and are ſubject to their ſeveral depravations. However, few ſtates are ruined by any defect in their inſtitution, but generally by the corruption of manners, againſt which the beſt inſtitution is no longer a ſecurity, and without which

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a very ill one may ſubſiſt and flouriſh; whereof there are too pregnant inſtances now in Europe. The firſt is, the *ariſtocracy* of Venice; which, founded upon the wiſeſt maxims, and digeſted by a great length of time, hath in our age admitted ſo many abuſes, through the degeneracy of the nobles, that the period of its duration ſeems to approach. The other is the united republics of the *States-General* where a vein of temperance, induſtry, parſimony, and a public ſpirit, running through the whole body of the people, hath preſerved an infant commonwealth, of an untimely birth and ſickly conſtitution, for above an hundred years, through ſo many dangers and difficulties, as a much more healthy one could never have ſtruggled againſt without thoſe advantages.

Where ſecurity of perſon and property are preſerved by laws, which none but the *whole* can repeal, there the great ends of government are provided for, whether the adminiſtration be in the hands of *one* or of *many*. Where any one *perſon* or *body* of men, who do not repreſent the *whole*, ſeize into their hands the power in the laſt reſort, there is properly no longer a government, but what Ariſtotle and his followers call the *abuſe* or *corruption* of one. This diſtinction excludes arbitrary power, in whatever numbers; which, notwithſtanding all that Hobbes, Filmer, and others, have ſaid to its advantage, I look upon as a greater evil than *anarchy* itſelf; as much as a *ſavage* is in a happier ſtate of life, than a ſlave at the oar.

It is reckoned ill manners, as well as unreaſonable, for men to quarrel upon difference in opinion; becauſe that is uſually ſuppoſed to be a thing which no man can help in himſelf. But this I do not conceive to be an univerſal infallible maxim, except in thoſe caſes where the queſtion is pretty equally diſputed among the learned and the wiſe. Where it is otherwiſe, a man of tolerable reaſon, ſome experience,

experience, and willing to be inſtructed, may apprehend he has got into a wrong opinion, though the whole courſe of his mind and inclination would perſuade him to believe it true: he may be convinced that he is in an error, though he does not ſee where it lies, by the bad effects of it in the common conduct of his life, and by obſerving thoſe perſons, for whoſe wiſdom and goodneſs he hath the greateſt deference, to be of a contrary ſentiment. According to Hobbes's compariſon of *reaſoning* with *caſting up accounts*, whoever finds a miſtake in the *ſum total*, muſt allow himſelf out, though, after repeated trials, he may not ſee in which article he has miſreckoned. I will inſtance in one opinion, which I look upon every man obliged in conſcience to quit, or in prudence to conceal; I mean, that whoever argues in defence of abſolute power in a ſingle perſon, though he offers the old plauſible plea, that *it is his opinion, which he cannot help, unleſs he be convinced*, ought in all free ſtates to be treated as the common enemy of mankind. Yet this is laid as a heavy charge upon the *clergy* of the two reigns before the *revolution*, who, under the terms of *paſſive obedience* and *non-reſiſtance*, are ſaid to have preached up the unlimited power of the prince, becauſe they found it a doctrine that pleaſed the court, and made way for their preferment. And I believe, there may be truth enough in this accuſation to convince us, that human frailty will too often interpoſe itſelf among perſons of the holieſt function. However, it may be offered in excuſe for the clergy, that in the beſt ſocieties there are ſome ill members, which a corrupted court and miniſtry will induſtriouſly find out and introduce. Beſides, it is manifeſt, that the greater number of thoſe who held and preached this doctrine, were miſguided by equivocal terms, and by perfect ignorance in the principles of government, which they had not made any part of their ſtudy. The

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queſtion originally put, and as I remember to have heard it diſputed in public ſchools, was this, *Whether, under any pretence whatſoever, it may be lawful to reſiſt the ſupreme magiſtrate?* which was held in the negative; and this is certainly the right opinion. But many of the clergy, and other learned men, deceived by a dubious expreſſion, miſtook the *object* to which *paſſive obedience* was due. By the *ſupreme magiſtrate* is properly underſtood the *legiſlative* power, which in all governments muſt be abſolute and unlimited. But the word *magiſtrate* ſeeming to denote a *ſingle perſon*, and to expreſs the *executive* power, it came to paſs, that the obedience due to the *legiſlature* was, for want of knowing or conſidering this eaſy diſtinction, miſapplied to the *adminiſtration*. Neither is it any wonder, that the clergy, or other well-meaning people, ſhould fall into this error, which deceived *Hobbes* himſelf ſo far, as to be the foundation of all the political miſtakes in his books; where he perpetually confounds the *executive* with the *legiſlative* power; though all well-inſtituted ſtates have ever placed them in different hands; as may be obvious to thoſe who know any thing of Athens, Sparta, Thebes, and other republics of Greece, as well as the greater ones of Carthage and Rome.

Beſides, it is to be conſidered, that when theſe doctrines began to be preached among us, the kingdom had not quite worn out the memory of that horrid *rebellion*, under the conſequences of which it had groaned almoſt twenty years. And a *weak prince*, in conjunction with a ſucceſſion of moſt proſtitute miniſters, began again to diſpoſe the people to new attempts, which it was, no doubt, the clergy's duty to endeavour to prevent; though ſome of them, for want of knowledge in temporal affairs, and others, perhaps, from a worſe principle, proceeded upon a topic, that, ſtrictly followed, would inſlave all mankind.

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Among other theological arguments made uſe of in thoſe times in praiſe of monarchy, and juſtification of abſolute obedience to a prince, there ſeemed to be one of a ſingular nature. It was urged, That *heaven* was governed by a *monarch*, who had none to control his power, but was abſolutely obeyed: then it followed, that earthly governments were the more perfect, the nearer they imitated the government in heaven. All which I look upon as the ſtrongeſt argument againſt *deſpotic* power that ever was offered; ſince no reaſon can poſſibly be aſſigned, why it is beſt for the world, that God Almighty hath ſuch a power, which doth not directly prove that no mortal man ſhould ever have the like.

But though a *church-of England man* thinks every ſpecies of government equally *lawful*, he does not think them equally *expedient*; or for every country indifferently. There may be ſomething in the climate, naturally diſpoſing men towards one ſort of obedience; as it is manifeſt all over *Aſia*, where we never read of any commonwealth, except ſome ſmall ones on the weſtern coaſts eſtabliſhed by the Greeks. There may be a great deal in the ſituation of a country, and in the preſent *genius* of the people. It hath been obſerved, that the temperate climates uſually run into moderate governments, and the extremes into deſpotic power. It is a remark of Hobbes, that the youth of England are corrupted in their principles of government, by reading the authors of Greece and Rome, who writ under commonwealths. But it might have been more fairly offered for the honour of liberty, that while the reſt of the known world was overrun with the arbitrary government of ſingle perſons, *arts* and *ſciences* took their riſe, and flouriſhed, only in thoſe few ſmall territories where the people were *free*. And though *learning* may continue after *liberty* is loſt, as it did in Rome, for a while,

while, upon the foundations laid under the commonwealth, and the particular patronage of ſome emperors, yet it hardly ever began under a *tyranny* in any nation: becauſe *ſlavery* is, of all things, the greateſt clog and obſtacle to *ſpeculation*. And, indeed, arbitrary power is but the firſt natural ſtep from *anarchy*, or the *ſavage life*; the adjuſting *power* and *freedom* being an effect and conſequence of maturer thinking: and this is no where ſo duly regulated as in a limited monarchy; becauſe I believe it may paſs for a maxim in ſtate, That *the adminiſtration cannot be placed in too* few *hands*, nor the *legiſlature in too* many. Now, in this material point the conſtitution of the Engliſh government far exceeds all others at this time on the earth; to which the preſent eſtabliſhment of the *church* doth ſo happily agree, that, I think, whoever is an enemy to *either*, muſt of neceſſity be ſo to *both*.

He thinks, as our monarchy is conſtituted, an *hereditary* right is much to be preferred before *election*; becauſe the government here, eſpecially by ſome late amendments, is ſo regularly diſpoſed in all its parts, that it almoſt *executes* itſelf: and therefore, upon the death of a prince among us, the adminiſtration goes on without any rub or interruption. For the ſame reaſons, we have leſs to apprehend from the *weakneſs* or *fury* of our monarchs, who have ſuch wiſe councils to guide the firſt, and laws to reſtrain the other. And therefore this hereditary right ſhould be kept ſo ſacred, as never to break the ſucceſſion, unleſs where the preſerving it may endanger the conſtitution; which is not from any intrinſic merit or unalienable right in a *particular family*, but to avoid the conſequences that uſually attend the ambition of competitors, to which elective kingdoms are expoſed; and which is the only obſtacle to hinder them from arriving at the greateſt perfection that government can poſſibly

reach. Hence appears the abſurdity of that diſtinction between a king *de facto* and one *de jure*, with reſpect to us. For every *limited* monarch is a king *de jure*; becauſe he governs by the conſent of the *whole*, which is authority ſufficient to aboliſh all precedent right. If a king come in by *conqueſt*, he is no longer a *limited* monarch; if he afterwards conſent to limitations, he becomes immediately king *de jure*, for the ſame reaſon.

The great advocates for *ſucceſſion*, who affirm it ought not to be violated upon any regard or conſideration whatſoever, do inſiſt much upon one argument, that ſeems to carry little weight. They would have it, that a *crown* is a prince's birth-right, and ought at leaſt to be as well ſecured to him and his poſterity, as the inheritance of any private man; in ſhort, that he has the ſame title to his kingdom, which every individual has to his property. Now, the conſequence of this doctrine muſt be, that as a man may find ſeveral ways to waſte, miſ-ſpend, or abuſe his patrimony, without being anſwerable to the laws; ſo a king may in like manner do what he will with *his own*; that is, he may ſquander and miſapply his revenues, and even alienate the crown, without being called to an account by his ſubjects. They allow ſuch a prince to be guilty indeed of much folly and wickedneſs; but for theſe he is *anſwerable to God*, as every private man muſt be that is guilty of miſmanagement in his own concerns. Now, the folly of this reaſoning will beſt appear, by applying it in a parallel caſe. Should any man argue, that a phyſician is ſuppoſed to underſtand his own art beſt; that the law protects and encourages his profeſſion; and therefore, although he ſhould manifeſtly preſcribe *poiſon* to all his patients, whereof they ſhould immediately die, he cannot be juſtly puniſhed, but is anſwerable only to God: or ſhould the ſame be offered in behalf of a divine, who would preach againſt religion and

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moral duties: In either of these two cases every body would find out the sophistry, and presently answer, that although common men are not exactly skilled in the composition or application of medicines, or in prescribing the limits of duty; yet the difference between *poisons* and *remedies* is easily known by their effects; and common reason soon distinguishes between *virtue* and *vice*: and it must be necessary to forbid both these the further practice of their professions, because their crimes are not purely personal to the physician or the divine, but destructive to the public. All which is infinitely stronger in respect to a prince, in whose good or ill conduct the happiness or misery of a whole nation is included; whereas it is of small consequence to the public, farther than example, how any private person manageth his property.

But granting that the right of a lineal successor to a crown were upon the same foot with the property of a subject; still it may at the same time be transferred by the legislative power, as other properties frequently are. The supreme power in a state can *do no wrong*; because whatever that doth, is the action of all: and when the *lawyers* apply this maxim to the *king*, they must understand it only in that sense, as he is the administrator of the supreme power; otherwise it is not universally true, but may be controlled in several instances, easy to produce.

And these are the topics we must proceed upon to justify our exclusion of the young *pretender* in France; that of his suspected birth being merely popular, and therefore not made use of, as I remember, since the revolution, in any speech, vote, or proclamation, where there was occasion to mention him.

As to the *abdication* of King James, which the advocates on that side look upon to have been forcible and unjust, and consequently void in itself, I

think a man may obſerve every article of the Engliſh church, without being in much pain about it. It is not unlikely, that all doors were laid open for his departure, and perhaps not without the privity of the Prince of Orange; as reaſonably concluding, that the kingdom might better be ſettled in his abſence. But to affirm he had any cauſe to apprehend the ſame treatment with his *father*, is an improbable ſcandal flung upon the nation by a few bigotted French ſcribblers, or the invidious aſſertion of a ruined party at home in the bitterneſs of their ſouls; not one material circumſtance agreeing with thoſe in 1648; and the greateſt part of the nation having preſerved the utmoſt horror for that ignominious *murder*. But whether his removal were cauſed by his own *fears*, or other mens *artifices*, it is manifeſt to me, that, ſuppoſing the throne to be vacant, which was the foot the nation went upon, the body of the people was thereupon left at liberty to chuſe what form of goverment they pleaſed, by themſelves, or their repreſentatives.

The only difficulty of any weight againſt the proceedings at the revolution, is an obvious objection, to which the writers upon that ſubject have not yet given a direct or ſufficient anſwer; as if they were in pain at ſome conſequences, which they apprehend thoſe of the contrary opinion might draw from it. I will repeat this objection, as it was offered me ſome time ago, with all its advantages, by a very pious, learned, and worthy gentleman of the nonjuring party *.

The force of his argument turned upon this, That the laws made by the ſupreme power cannot otherwiſe than by the ſupreme power be annulled: That this conſiſting in England of a King, Lords, and Commons, whereof each have a negative voice,

* Mr. Nelſon, author of the feaſts and faſts of the church of England.

no

no two of them can repeal or enact a law without consent of the third; much less may any one of them be entirely excluded from its part of the legislature by a *vote* of the other two: That all these maxims were openly violated at the revolution; where an assembly of the *nobles* and *people*, not summoned by the King's writ, (which was an essential part of the constitution), and consequently no lawful meeting, did, merely upon their own authority, declare the King to have abdicated, the throne vacant; and gave the crown by a vote to a *nephew*, when there were three children to inherit; though, by the fundamental laws of the realm, the next heir is immediately to succeed. Neither doth it appear, how a prince's *abdication* can make any other sort of vacancy in the throne, than would be caused by his death; since he cannot abdicate for his children, (who claim their right of succession by act of parliament), otherwise than by his own consent, in form, to a bill from the two houses.

And this is the difficulty that seems chiefly to stick with the most reasonable of those who, from a mere scruple of conscience, refuse to join with us upon the revolution-principle; but for the rest are, I believe, as far from loving arbitrary government as any others can be, who are born under a free constitution, and are allowed to have the least share of common good sense.

In this objection there are two questions included, First, Whether, upon the foot of our constitution, as it stood in the reign of the late King James, a king of England may be deposed? The second is, Whether the people of England, convened by their own authority, after the king had withdrawn himself in the manner he did, had power to alter the succession?

As for the first, it is a point I shall not presume to determine; and shall therefore only say, that, to any man who holds the negative, I would de-

mand the liberty of putting the caſe as ſtrongly as I pleaſe. I will ſuppoſe a prince limited by laws like ours, yet running into a thouſand caprices of cruelty, like Nero or Caligula; I will ſuppoſe him to murder his mother and his wife; to commit inceſt, to raviſh matrons, to blow up the ſenate, and burn his metropolis; openly to renounce God and Chriſt, and worſhip the Devil: theſe, and the like exorbitancies, are in the power of a ſingle perſon to commit without the advice of a miniſtry, or aſſiſtance of an army. And if ſuch a king as I have deſcribed, cannot be depoſed but by his own conſent in parliament, I do not well ſee how he can be *reſiſted*; or what can be meant by a *limited* monarchy; or what ſignifies the people's conſent in making and repealing laws, if the perſon who adminiſters hath no tie but conſcience, and is anſwerable to none but God. I deſire no ſtronger proof that an opinion muſt be falſe, than to find very great abſurdities annexed to it; and there cannot be greater than in the preſent caſe: for it is not a bare ſpeculation, that kings may run into ſuch enormities as are above mentioned; the practice may be proved by examples, not only drawn from the firſt Cæſars, or later Emperors, but many modern princes of Europe; ſuch as Peter the cruel, Philip II. of Spain, John Baſilovits of Muſcovy; and, in our own nation, King John, Richard III. and Henry VIII. But there cannot be equal abſurdities ſuppoſed in maintaining the contrary opinion; becauſe it is certain, that princes have it in their power to keep a majority on their ſide by any tolerable adminiſtration, till provoked by continual oppreſſions; no man indeed can then anſwer where the madneſs of the people will ſtop.

As to the ſecond part of the objection, Whether the people of England, convened by their own authority, upon King James's precipitate departure, had power to alter the ſucceſſion?

In

In anſwer to this, I think it is manifeſt from the practice of the wiſeſt nations, and who ſeem to have had the trueſt notions of freedom, that when a prince was laid aſide for male-adminiſtration, the *nobles* and *people*, if they thought it neceſſary for the public weal, did reſume the adminiſtration of the ſupreme power, (the power itſelf having been always in them), and did not only alter the ſucceſſion, but often the very form of government too; becauſe they believed there was no natural right in one man to govern another, but that all was by inſtitution, force, or conſent. Thus, the cities of Greece, when they drove out their tyrrannical kings, either choſe others from a new family, or aboliſhed the kingly government, and became free ſtates. Thus the Romans, upon the expulſion of Tarquin, found it inconvenient for them to be ſubject any longer to the pride, the luſt, the cruelty, and arbitrary will of ſingle perſons; and therefore, by general conſent, entirely altered the whole frame of their government. Nor do I find the proceedings of either, in this point, to have been condemned by any hiſtorian of the ſucceeding ages.

But a great deal hath been already ſaid by other writers upon this invidious and beaten ſubject; therefore I ſhall let it fall; though the point is commonly miſtaken, eſpecially by the *lawyers*; who, of all others, ſeem leaſt to underſtand the nature of government in general; like underworkmen, who are expert enough at making a ſingle wheel in a clock, but are utterly ignorant how to adjuſt the ſeveral parts, or regulate the movements.

To return, therefore, from this digreſſion: It is a *church-of-England man*'s opinion, that the freedom of a nation conſiſts in an abſolute *unlimited legiſlative power*, wherein the whole body of the people are fairly repreſented, and in an *executive* duly *limited*;

mited; becauſe on this ſide likewiſe there may be dangerous degrees, and a very ill extreme. For when two parties in a ſtate are pretty equal in *power*, *pretenſions*, *merit*, and *virtue*, (for theſe two laſt are, with relation to parties and a court, quite different things), it hath been the opinion of the beſt writers upon government, that a prince ought not in any ſort to be under the guidance or influence of either; becauſe he declines, by this means, from his office of preſiding over the *whole*, to be the head of a *party*; which, beſides the indignity, renders him anſwerable for all public miſmanagements, and the conſequences of them: and in whatever ſtate this happens, there muſt either be a weakneſs in the prince or miniſtry, or elſe the former is too much reſtrained by the nobles, or thoſe who repreſent the people.

To conclude: A *church-of-England man* may, with prudence and a good conſcience, approve the profeſſed principles of one party more than the other, according as he thinks they beſt promote the good of the church and ſtate; but he will never be ſwayed by paſſion or intereſt to advance an opinion, merely becauſe it is *that* of the party he moſt approves; which one ſingle principle he looks upon as the root of all our civil animoſities. To enter into a party, as into an order of *friars*, with ſo reſigned an obedience to ſuperiors, is very unſuitable both with the civil and religious liberties we ſo zealouſly aſſert. Thus the underſtandings of a whole ſenate are often inſlaved by three or four leaders on each ſide; who, inſtead of intending the public weal, have their hearts wholly ſet upon ways and means how to get or to keep employments. But, to ſpeak more at large, how has this ſpirit of faction mingled itſelf with the maſs of the people, changed their nature and manners, and the very genius of the nation? broke all the laws of charity, neighbourhood, alliance, and hoſpitality, deſtroyed

ed all ties of friendſhip, and divided families againſt themſelves? And no wonder it ſhould be ſo, when, in order to find out the character of a perſon, inſtead of inquiring whether he be a man of virtue, honour, piety, wit, good ſenſe, or learning; the modern queſtion is only, Whether he be a *Whig* or a *Tory?* under which terms all good and ill qualities are included.

Now, becauſe it is a point of difficulty to chuſe an exact middle between two ill extremes, it may be worth inquiring, in the preſent caſe, which of theſe a wiſe and good man would rather ſeem to avoid. Taking therefore their own good and ill characters, with due abatements and allowances for partiality and paſſion, I ſhould think, that, in order to preſerve the conſtitution entire in church and ſtate, whoever hath a true value for both, would be ſure to avoid the extremes of *Whig* for the ſake of the former, and the extremes of *Tory* on account of the latter.

I have now ſaid all that I could think convenient upon ſo nice a ſubject, and find I have the ambition common with other reaſoners, to wiſh at leaſt that both parties may think me *in the right*; which would be of ſome uſe to thoſe who have any virtue left, but are blindly drawn into the extravagancies of either, upon falſe repreſentations, to ſerve the ambition or malice of deſigning men, without any proſpect of their own. But if that is not to be hoped for, my next wiſh ſhould be, that both might think me *in the wrong*; which I would underſtand as an ample juſtification of myſelf, and a ſure ground to believe, that I have proceeded at leaſt with impartiality, and perhaps with truth.

END of VOL. I.

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